Saturday Review

May 29, 1965 25¢

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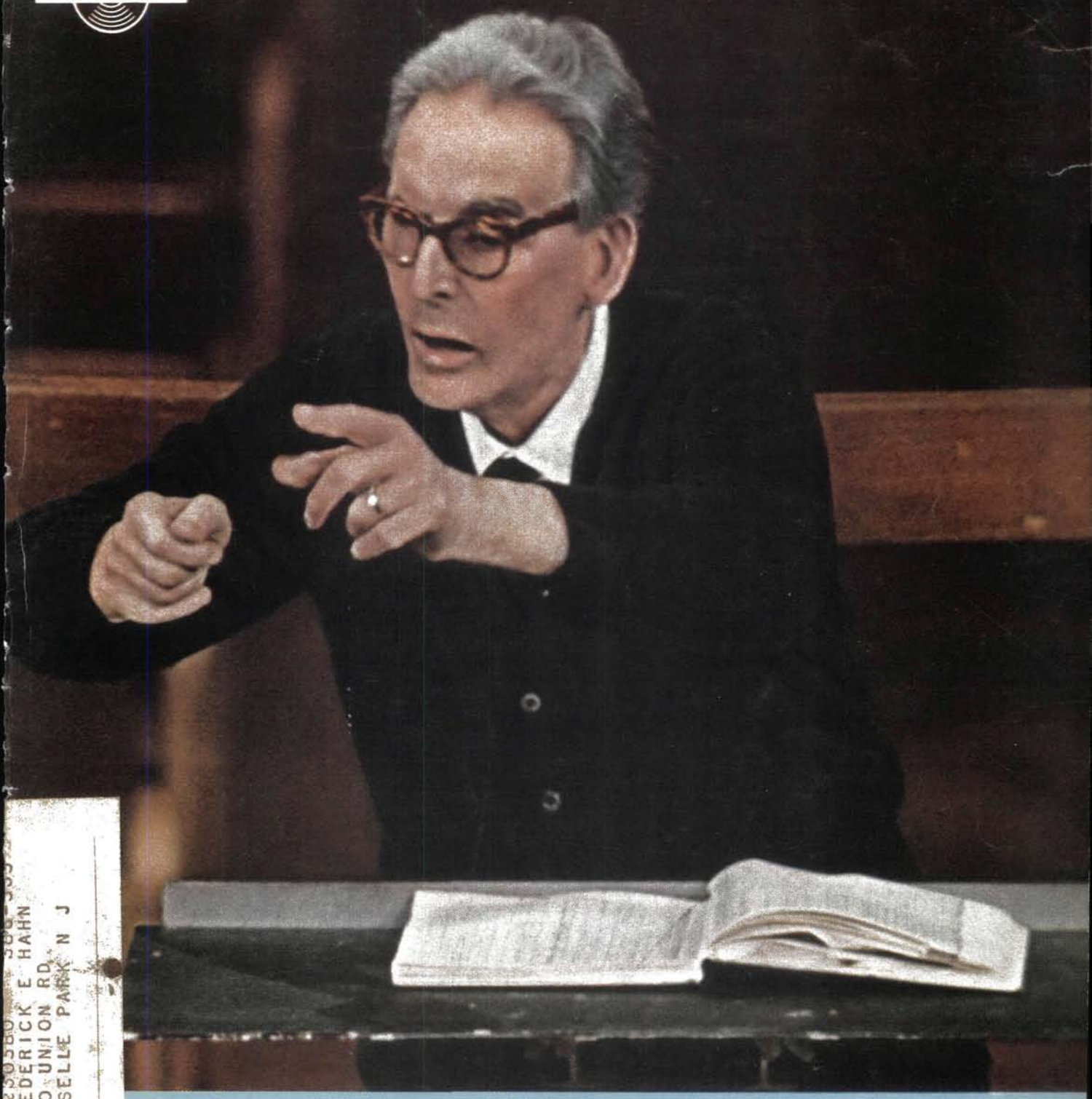

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Otto Klemperer—Articles by Neville Cardus and William Steinberg on "The Decade of Klemperer" (See Recordings)

MASS MAN AND MASS MEDIA

By Herbert Brucker

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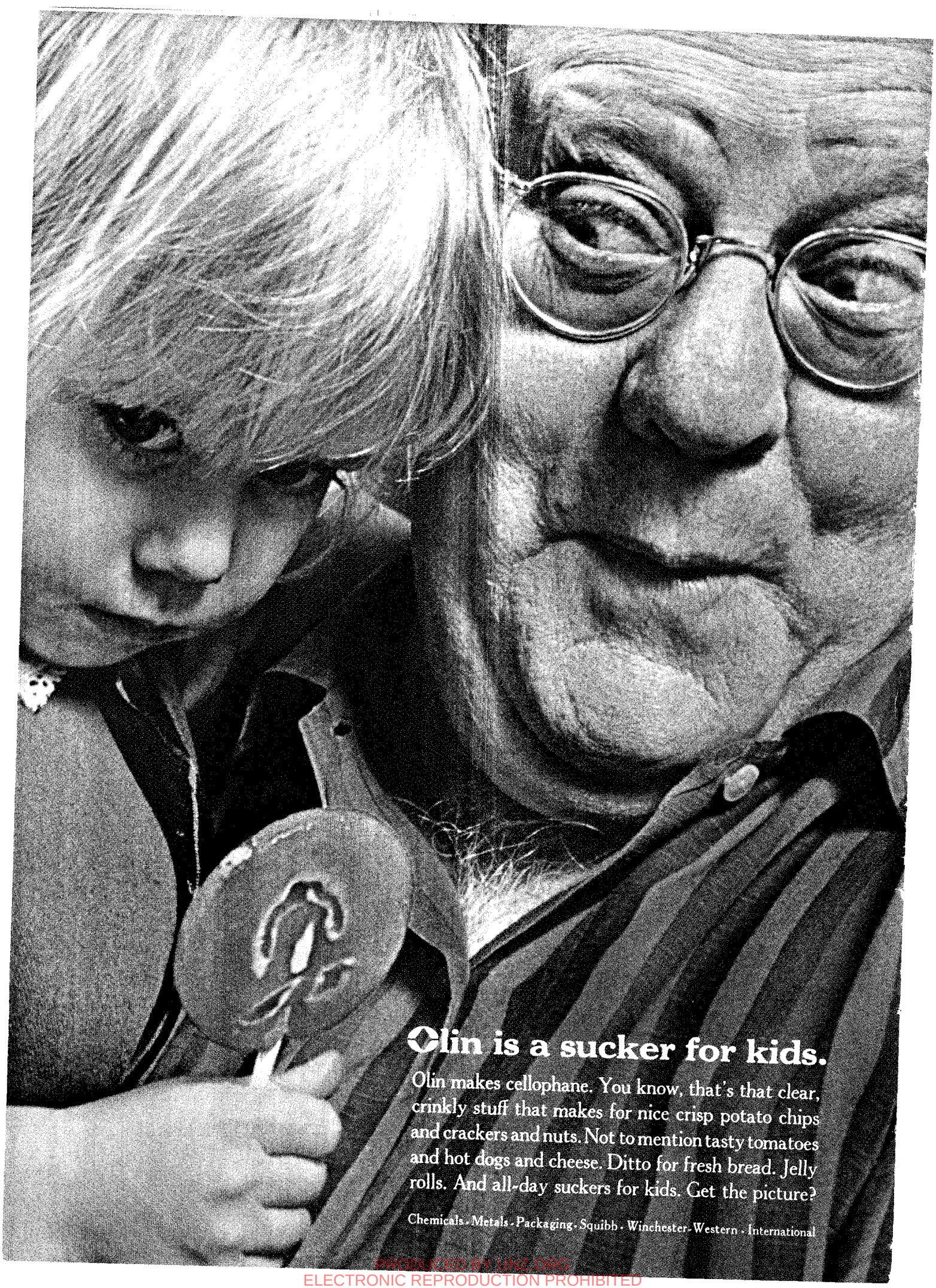
Olin is a sucker for kids.
Olin makes cellophane. You know, that's that clear, crinkly stuff that makes for nice crisp potato chips and crackers and nuts. Not to mention tasty tomatoes and hot dogs and cheese. Ditto for fresh bread. Jelly rolls. And all-day suckers for kids. Get the picture?
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—Disraeli

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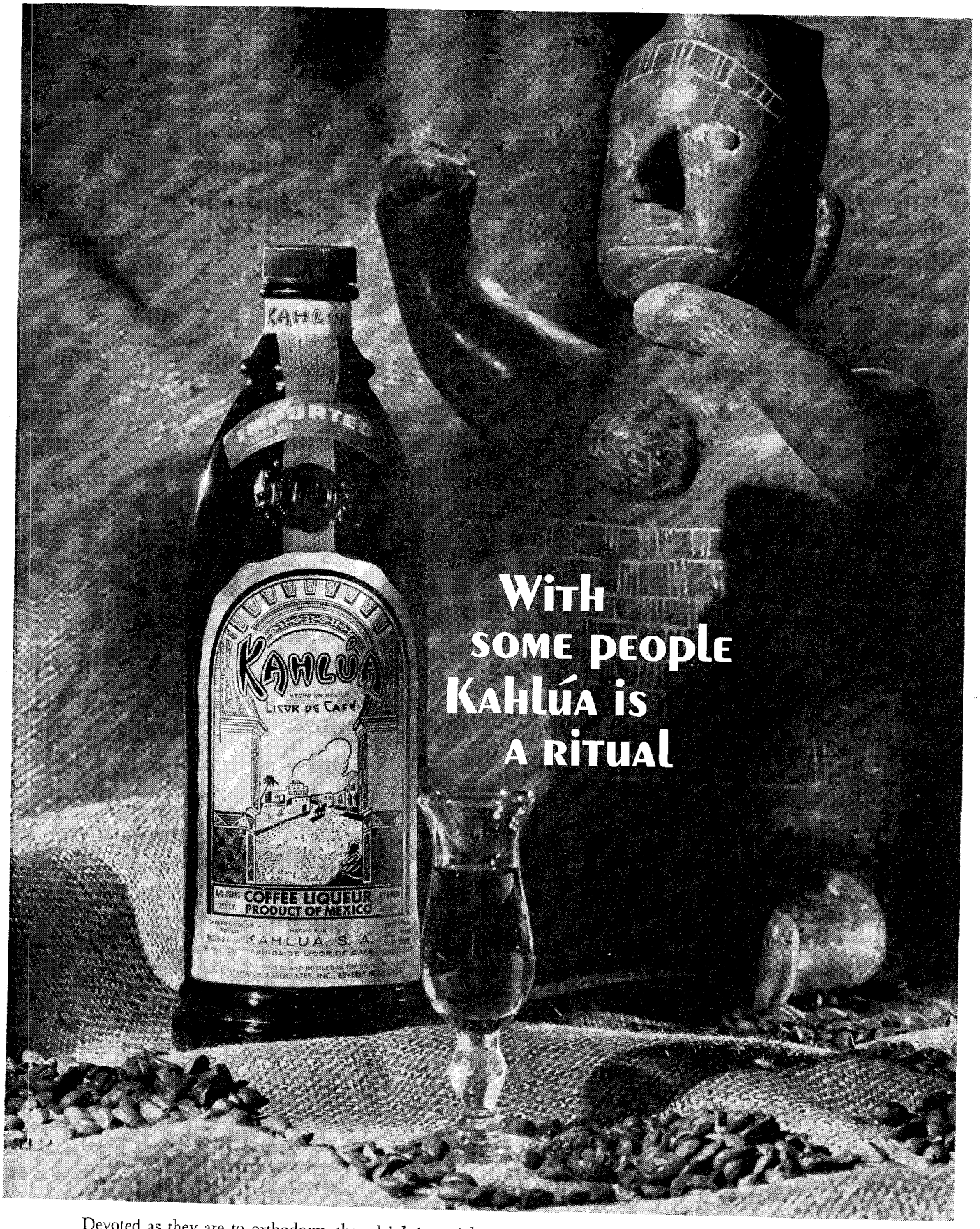

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How to Tell a Big City

BEFORE I was in my teens, front-stoop bull sessions, bubble-gum picture cards, and baseball-player Dixie-cup lids, supplemented by the sports section of the papers, gave me a firm grasp of the relative importance of a hundred or more urban communities. For twenty years thereafter I thought I had the measure of these cities without reference to population figures, or box-car loadings, or pot-handling tonnages.

After our megalopolis of New York came the other really big cities—Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and St. Louis. (If anyone had suggested that I named these cities because they boasted a baseball club in each major league I would have claimed in all sincerity the converse—that they had two major-league teams because they *were* the largest cities.) The only other cities worthy of the title were of course Detroit, Washington, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh. Below them ranked the Newarks, the Rochesters, the Wilkes-Barres—urban centers weighty enough to support an International League ball club, but hardly *cities*. My reasoning mind was informed that Minneapolis contained more inhabitants than Cincinnati, but I would not admit it was *bigger*. How could a community represented on the diamond by a group known as the Millers seriously ask to be called a city?

But all that is well behind me. When the major-league club owners started transferring their franchises, uprooting ball clubs like radishes, I was jolted as I imagine the Europeans of Galileo's day were by the reshuffling of their ordered universe. My rating system had contained the seed of its own destruction. In the end I broke with it, and I've come to be glad, because last year, a year of heavy travel in my business, I hammered out what I believe to be a foolproof, empirical method of determining whether a given place is a city. Its nine practical standards completely disregard that fickle indicator, baseball, and I pass them along for the guidance of others who may be troubled as I was. A total of twenty-six points is required for minimal city status.

In the given community:

1. The policemen look like policemen. (Value, 3 pts. If they can be taken for bank guards or doormen, 1 pt. No credit if they resemble campus police, postmen, stage cops, or officers of the British Colonial Service.)

2. A cab may be hailed by stepping to the curb and lifting an arm. (2 pts. No credit if cabs contain two-way radio.)

3. The visitor from out of town is told by fewer than 30 per cent of those he meets that they "get to New York every so often to catch up on the shows" (or anything else). (2 pts. 4 pts. if fewer than 10 per cent. Immediately disqualify community in which residents explain to visitors, "Do you realize we're less than —— miles from Chicago [Boston, St. Louis, Los Angeles]?")

4. There is a symphony orchestra. (2 pts. 4 pts. if no one mentions it to the visitor.)

5. There is a bookstore that sells only books. (2 pts.)

6. The menus of the two best restaurants do not offer "New York cuts." (2 pts.)

7. The day war breaks out between any two countries, that event is the lead story in every newspaper in town. (2 pts. 4 pts. if on the same day there is a local crime involving a woman under fifty.)

8. No Army-Navy store is located on either of the two most fashionable shopping streets. (2 pts. Add two more if no shop window on these streets displays a roasting pan.)

9. Two or more hotels mean by the inscription "fresh orange juice" on their breakfast menus fresh-squeezed and not fresh-thawed. (2 pts. Subtract a point if waitress asks, "How're you this morning?")

There you have it. I've found it works—anyway, it's simpler than keeping track of the major leagues.

—Gordon Cotler.

Urban Renewal

Peekaboo!

A GOVERNMENT institute has asked Congress for more than $1,000,000 to build a social research center where scientists will be able to watch young children in a family environment through one-way windows. I foresee nothing but trouble.

If it comes off as smoothly as many other bureaucratic projects, those one-way windows may well get installed the wrong way. Then it will be the kiddies who will be studying the scientists—and seeing them at their worst. Exposing impressionable tots to the sight of a group of frustrated social researchers who are clawing the walls in a frenzied

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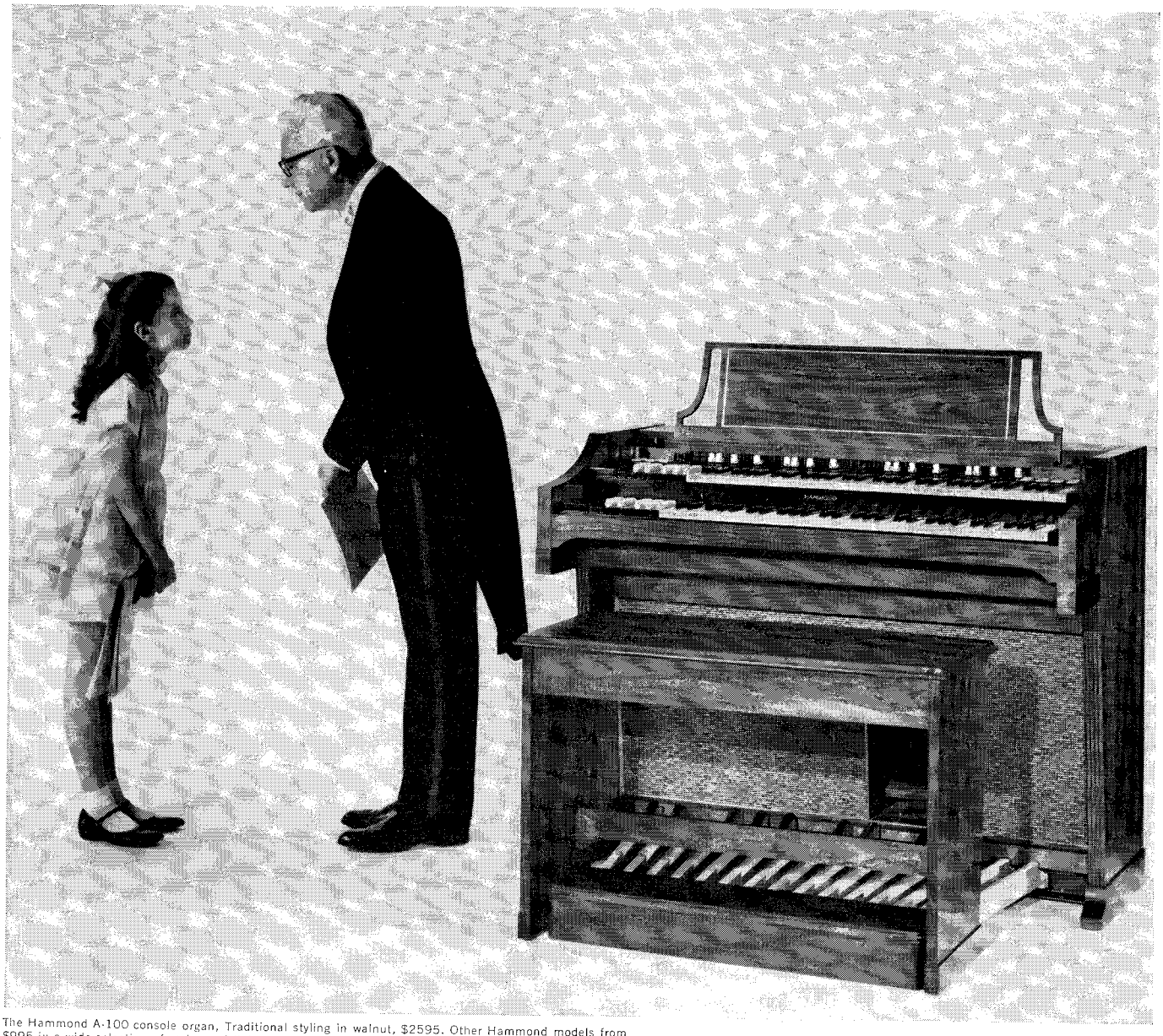

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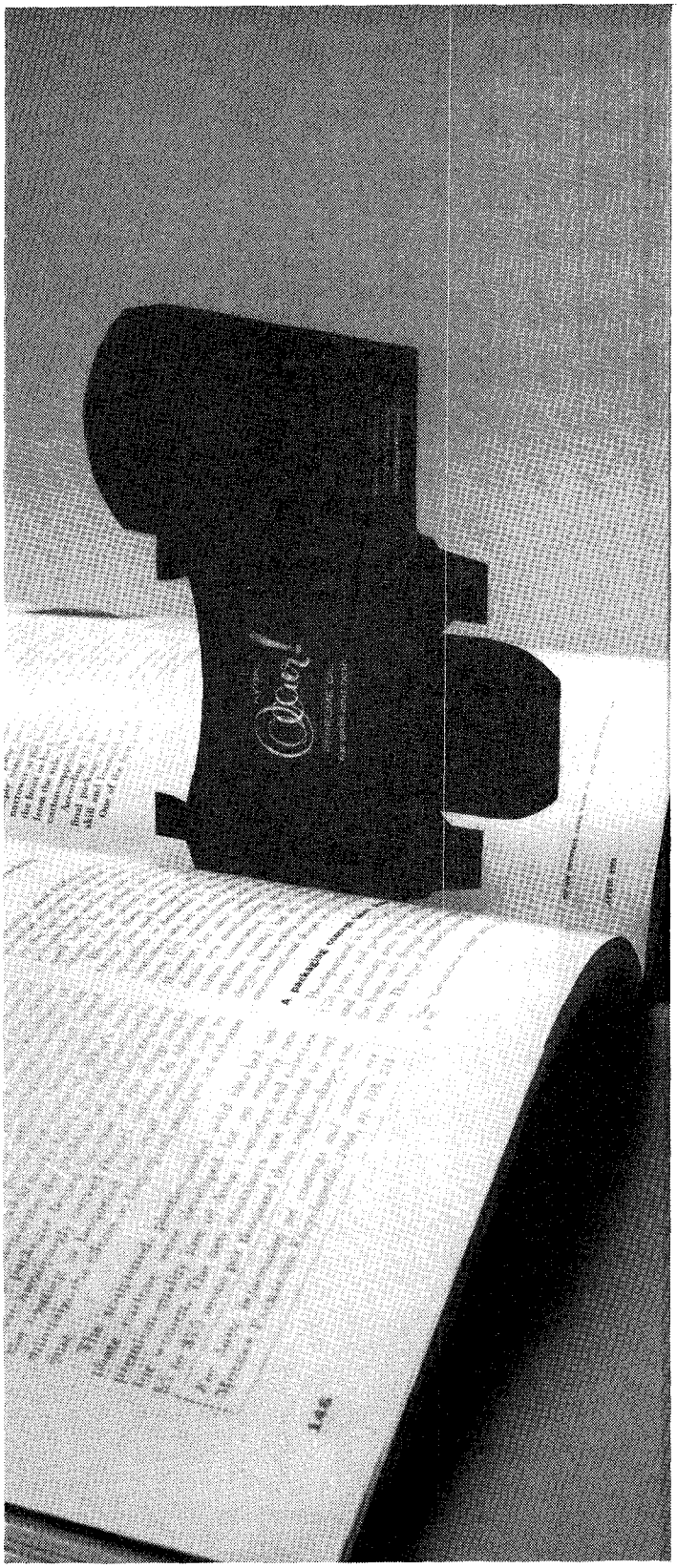
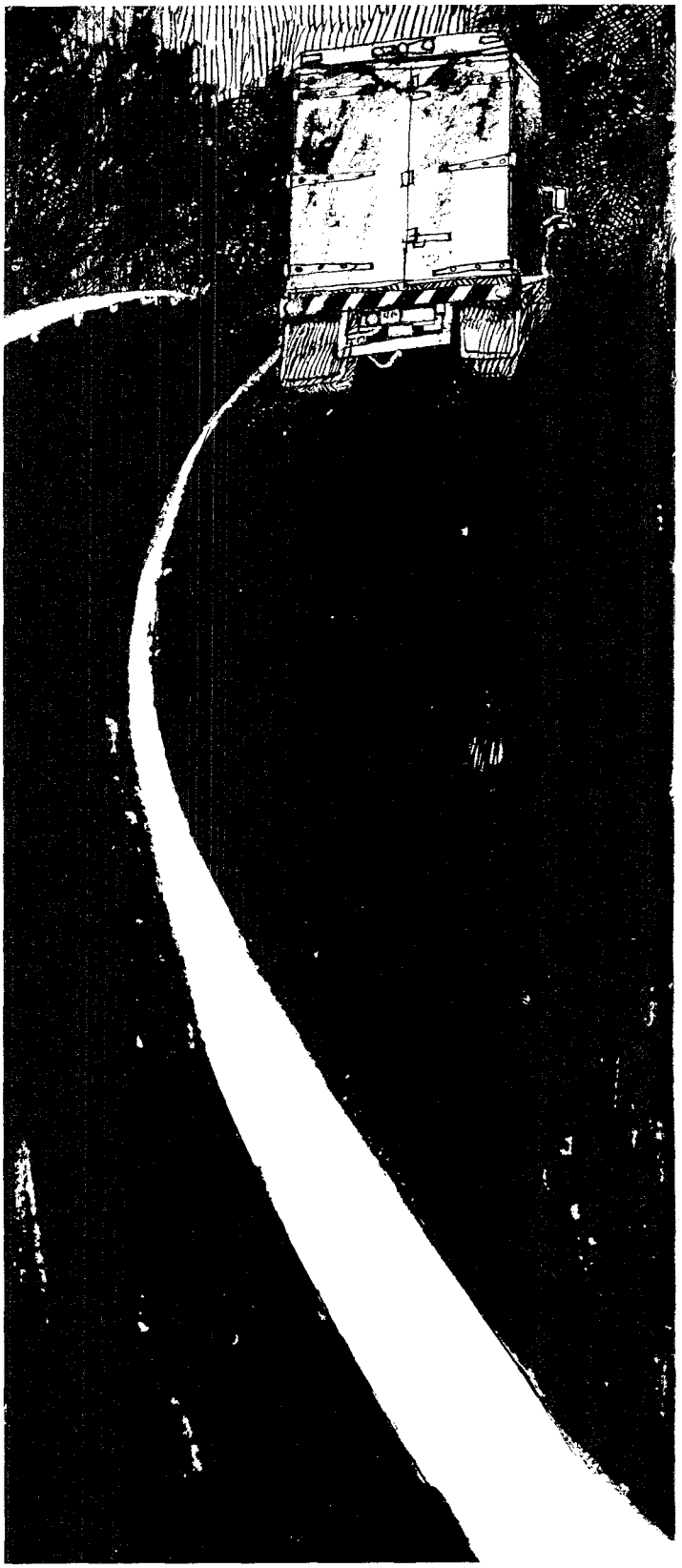


DEMONSTRATIVE If you are an average U. S. consumer, last year you used 490 glass bottles, 658 cartons, 240 cans,and thousands of other packages. This year you'll use more. To keep pace with its field's growth, McGraw-Hill's MODERN PACKAGING magazine uses many editorial techniques, may even bind in examples of actual packages. Readers thus can see, feel... even take apart... the newest advances in the field.



FUGITIVE The explosive drama of illegal trucking—carrying unauthorized cargo—may read like a television script, but it's a dangerous problem. A regulated trucking system is vital to both our everyday economy and national defense. McGraw-Hill's FLEET OWNER magazine recently probed this problem. Its perceptive analysis won an award for outstanding business paper journalism and is now used to instruct law enforcement officers.

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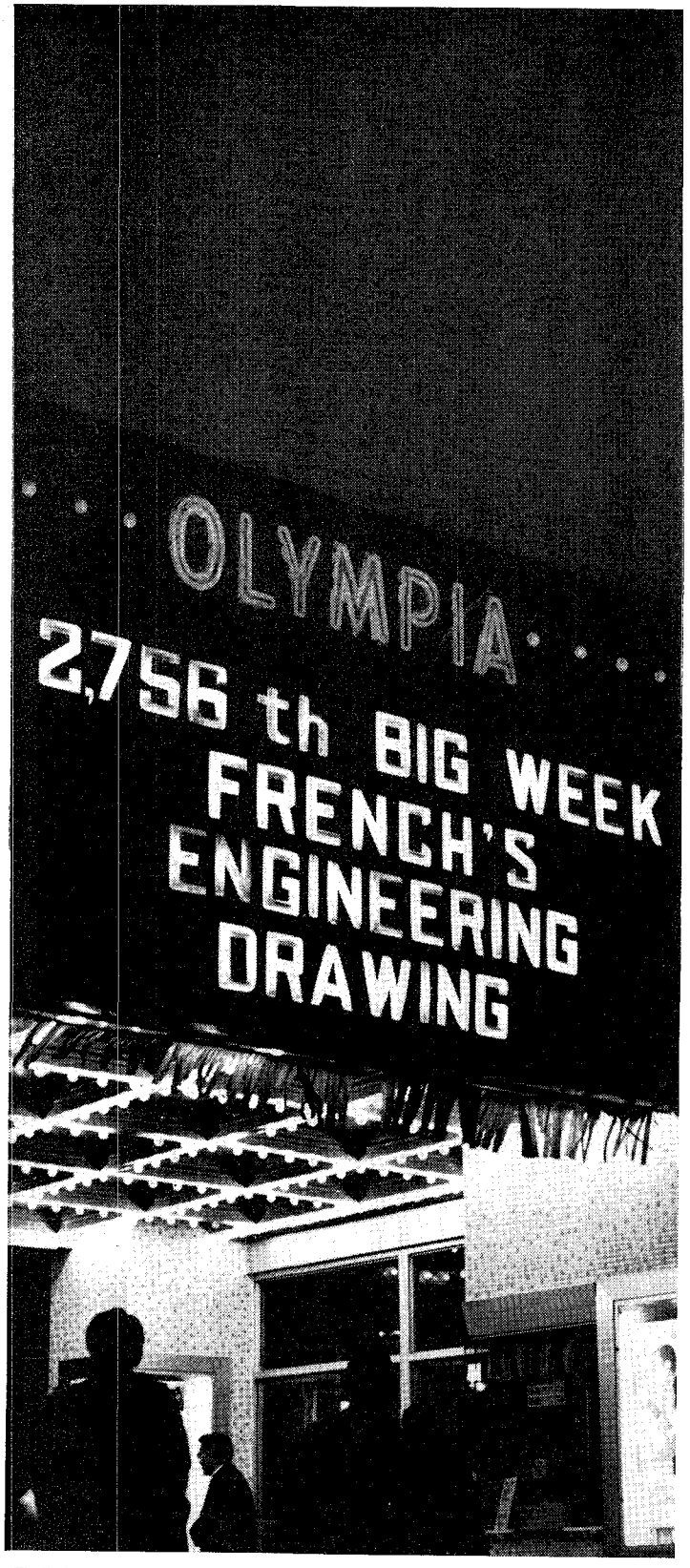
ILLUSTRATIVE If you are a gasoline marketer, want to provide on-the-job training for employees of your service station dealers, how do you go about it? Humble Oil found a unique answer—teaching machines that use a 14-unit training course in a program developed by McGraw-Hill's Information and Training Services Division. This is just one of many ITS solutions to corporate communications problems.



SUPERLATIVE You may think of a "best seller" as a novel with big sales that ends up as a hit movie. McGraw-Hill's Book Company has had its share of these, but it also has another type of best seller. French's ENGINEERING DRAWING is an example. Nobody has asked for the movie rights, yet it has been in print 53 years, sold over 1,750,000 copies-two yardsticks that measure best sellers in the field of education.

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attempt to look through a one-way window that has been twisted about scarcely seems like a good idea. No child can be expected to grow up with a high regard for science after an experience like that.

Of course, the scientists eventually will tumble to what went wrong, and back they'll go to Congress for another $1,000,000 grant to finance turning the windows around the right way. This will be a case of throwing good money after bad; the kiddies will catch on quickly that now there's a mirror where that window used to be. (Kiddies aren't stupid, if that's what they're trying to find out.) And, as every kiddy knows, mirrors are for smearing toothpaste over. Presently, the researchers will be staring into an opaque frosting of foam, and their old frustrations will set in again.

A much better plan would be if the researchers forget that $1,000,000 center and simply ask Congress for travel allowances and a small ladder. That way they may tour the country peeping into picture windows, and, if they really want to know what children in a family environment act like, they may start with our house. I personally can guarantee them an eyeful.

—W. F. Miksch.

Nicotine Spring

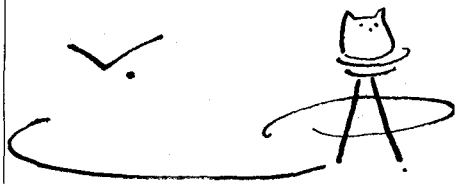
This is the age when Spring
Comes packaged in cigarettes,
And menthol smoke can bring
Grasses in pirouettes
Where sunlit girls and lads
Are strolling in cigarette ads.

Unbothered by cobwebs or sin
Or smallish gnats (called midges),
The light-hearted smokers grin
And linger on rustic bridges,
Before them a fabulous day—
And the world is one mammoth
ash tray.

They pause in meadow of sun
Each splendidly youthful pair,
Absorbed in the sheerest fun
Of freshening mildly the air
With a puff or two in reason
To epitomize the whole season.

Alas! The cigarette fires
Deposit their ashes pale,
And the smoker's taste soon tires
As menthol smoke grows stale,
And the advertiser's glamorous page
Becomes slightly jaundiced with
age.

—Addison Barker.



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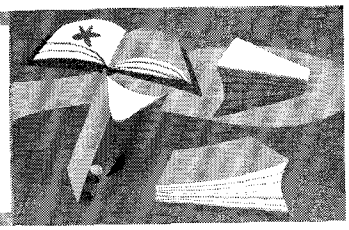
Trade Winds



Just about the most difficult thing to come by in the writing world is a good anecdote. Webster defines "anecdote" as a narrative, usually brief, of an interesting and often amusing incident or event. People are constantly telling anecdotes. The chances of any one of them being

good is another matter entirely. But when they are good, they are delightful.

For instance, we were chatting recently with Jim Nelson, one of the men who have been helping Don Hyatt and NBC make *Project 20* the success that it is. He told us of a friend of his who holds a franchise on a Howard Johnson restaurant along a heavily traveled highway. He dropped into the establishment one day to have a quick lunch and, even though he was the owner, had a tough job persuading the waitress to break the house rules by serving a Mickey Mouse menu item intended only for youngsters. Only after he explained that he had had a very big breakfast would she give in.

In a few moments, she brought out the moppet luncheon and served it stiffly.

"By the way," the owner said, as she put the platter on the table. "I think I'll have a beer with this."

"On a *children's* lunch?" the waitress said. "Sir, I simply *can't* go that far!"

Roy Doty is an artist whose whimsical and delightful line drawings have brightened many a national magazine. He tells of the time he spent nearly ten days completing a humorous scene for a client, showing nearly 900 people gathered in an auditorium and looking rapturously at the speaker on the platform. Each little person in the drawing had a personality and expression of his own.

When he brought the finished drawing in, the client was ecstatic. "Exactly what I wanted!" the client said. "Couldn't be better! Except for one tiny little thing. I wonder if you could have those faces looking just a little bit more to the left?"

The lengths to which Scrabble players will go is sometimes startling. We recently learned about one Richard W. Boeth, who was visiting in Memphis and was challenged by an opponent on his use of the word "zag." Since it was nighttime and there were no libraries open and no unabridged dictionaries in the house, the outlook was black for Mr. Boeth.

Just when he was about to concede, however, he recalled that a friend in New York owned a giant Webster's New International Dictionary (Third Edition), which is satisfyingly liberal in its acceptance of words. He put in a long-distance call, only to find a babysitter at the other end, with strict instructions not to give out *any* information. The sitter was unyielding, until Mr. Boeth pried from her the information she was a crossword puzzle fan. Probing this weakness, he finally persuaded her to go to the dictionary and look the word up.

Result: We won the game.

Bert Gilden and his wife, authors of the highly successful marathon novel *Hurry Sundown*, have brought back several anecdotes from their recent trip to Birmingham, where they spoke at a book-and-author luncheon. The luncheon, a part of this city's International Festival of the Arts, was threatened by John Birchers for such vague and inglorious reasons as: a) the luncheon was desegregated and "international" in character, b) Bill Sands, author of *My Shadow Ran Fast* and another speaker, was an "ex-con," and c) *Hurry Sundown* was a novel that really was a "plot to spread Communism."

"It was no joke to the Southern moderates who were doing a great job in sponsoring and promoting the festival," Bert Gilden told us. "But they went ahead anyway—and the net result of all the John Birch fuss was that the luncheon was oversubscribed for the first time in its history. The only fear that Mrs. H. B. Rust, the chairman, had was that people would be afraid to come. They weren't, as the attendance proved.

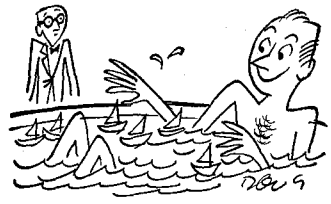
"And one of the most touching things to me was the story that one of the Praytor sisters—they run a big bookstore there—told me. She said that a Negro woman had come into her shop to look at some books, and Miss Praytor walked right up to her and urged her to come to the luncheon. 'You know,' Miss Praytor told me, 'it made me so proud! It's the first time in my life I've been able to do such a thing!'"

What's more, Mr. Gilden points out, he and his wife have spoken before book-and-author luncheon audiences in Denver, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Chicago, Hartford, New Haven, and other Northern cities. Of all these communities, Birmingham had the largest percentage of Negro guests.

"I'm convinced of one thing from my trip," Mr. Gilden says. "Not only the Negro needs help in the South. The Southern white moderate needs our support more than ever."

We recently heard, through a friend, of a market research company helping to design a new container for a wine to be known as "Swiss Mist." Assigned to the project was a young lady by the name of Miss Swist.

A bright young matron by the name of Anne Wexler tells us about two true incidents that are part of the neighborhood lore where she lives. Her father used to make a carefully timed phone call every day to his home, because he was convinced it would make his dog less lonely and more reassured if it knew that someone was thinking of it. A neighbor who knew about this ritual happened to be at the house when the regular call



came in. He unceremoniously picked up the phone and said: "Woof!"

The wagster had the tables turned on him a short time later. He was taking a bath with his two-year-old son and was helping him to sail some toy boats around the tub. His wife took the baby out and found a friend waiting downstairs to see her husband. She silently beckoned him up and sent him into the bathroom to discover her husband alone in the tub, playing with a dozen toy boats. —John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's
Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1624)

Emily Kimbrough:
Forever Old (Forever New)

To have gone our separate ways from New York in May with an engagement to meet on the afternoon of July the third at the King George Hotel in Athens and actually come face to face on that date in that spot seemed to me to border on the supernatural.

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KATHLEEN WINSOR'S

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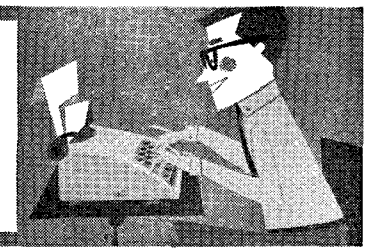

There's No Business Like No Business

NO MATTER how you slice it, the World's Fair is show business. And its producer, director, choreographer, and Fuhrer is that venerable showman, Mr. Robert Moses, who gave us the entertaining Staten Island Bridge and all those spectacular beaches and parkways.

But when it comes to running a World's Fair, Mr. Moses is not any David Merrick. Mr. Moses's name-alike led his children out of Egypt to the Red Sea. But this one is not only having trouble leading them to Flushing, but Egypt is even threatening to pull out of his fair.

The World's Fair, of course, is not a Broadway show, but it is a form of the entertainment business. But if a Broadway show were being run the way the fair seems to be run financially, it would close Saturday night. The figures alone would indicate something's gone wrong. But no one seems to pay any attention to the figures. As one small indicative instance, let's take the matter of the Venezuelan pavilion.

Before the fair opened its second year, the man from Venezuela in the office of Mr. Moses announced that his country would construct an added feature in its pavilion—a huge waterfall after the manner of the Angel Waterfall. It would cost $250,000. The man said, in the presence of Mr. Moses, that he was doing this because he knew the fair would be an even greater success than it was last year. This was in a story in the *New York Times*. The week before, the *Times* had reported that Mr. Moses's Fair had lost $17,000,000 the first year.

I know there's no business like show business, but a $17,000,000 loss—Holy Moses! They're going to have to sing a different tune. When a show on Broadway is in that kind of relative trouble, the different tune is to start giving out two-fors. (Pronounced by the ticket brokers "two-fers"). But not New York's Robert Moses.

In order to get even for last year, Mr. Moses, in a triumphant feat of legerdemain and mathematical finagling, opened his second season by raising the price of general admission from $2 to $2.50, on the theory that if they didn't come for $2 they would for $2.50. Anybody knows that $2.50 is more than $2 and it wouldn't be long till those extra fifty-cent pieces would add up to $17,000,000.

But somehow or other this 25 per cent increase in admission has so far resulted in a 28 per cent decrease in attendance. The first twenty days this year showed an attendance of 1,689,697—which was 643,458 fewer than in the comparable period of 1964. That's a lot of half-dollars fewer than he got last year.

But a World's Fair is not entirely a matter of dollars and cents, profit and loss, although there is such a thing as trying to break even. A World's Fair is supposed to be largely cultural and informative, but culture and information presented with a touch of showmanship. That touch is lacking in many of the pavilions, to say nothing of the amusement area of the fair.

I haven't seen a showman's name on any list of the fair's presentations. Our last fair had Billy Rose and his famous Aquacade with Eleanor Holm, which sold out every performance. The nearest to that spectacle is something called "The Dancing Waters," a colorful display with lights playing on the water. Now this year the management of these dancing waters had conceived the idea of engaging a young lady to do a mild strip dance to add to the entertainment.

Fair officials threw up their hands in horror. The young lady offered to audition the dance to prove it was more artistic than offensive and the officials said they would come over and have a look at it. The young lady wisely asked that the fair officials bring along a more sympathetic group—the press, for instance—and she would demonstrate its acceptability. The officials refused. Just as they have refused, at this writing, to lower the price of admission to the fair. And to finalize it they issued a dictum: "No stripping at the fair." Since the admission to this colossal spectacle of seeing a lot of water dancing, and not even the frug, is 75 cents, the public is the only one being stripped.

This is not to indicate that a mild strip will make the fair, but there is the impression there are no show-wise people running it. And if things keep on, Mr. Moses may even surpass his last year's $17,000,000 loss. What a beautiful tax deduction that will make. I hope he's keeping a diary.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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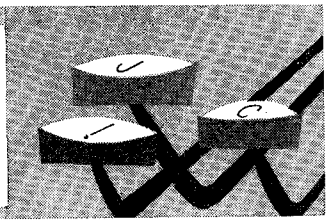
Manner of Speaking



From the *Journal of Lazarus Smith* (or, No Subject Again, except—vaguely—New York): I came out of the Crazy Cafeteria and floated along the avenue as lost and as wavering as everyone else there. Because it cost me no more to be lost in a sidestreet, I turned at random and found myself in a *bolgia* of pushcarts, all of which seemed to be selling dried cod, in the fullest aroma of southern Italy fertilized by Greek myth.

Southern Italy, as the traveler may learn if he insists on eating off the tourist lanes, is the land of *baccala,* that sun-baked betrayal of protein that begins as cod and ends up looking like great chunks of ripped pasteboard, and tasting about as pasteboard might taste, though there are lost souls who will call it a delicacy. The fact is that *baccala* is not even a comestible but a social disaster in which cod is perverted in order to sustain that perversion we call poverty. It is, I am sure, what the damned are served in the mess halls of Hell, and at the moment, except for the humidity, I was sure I had stumbled into Hell's own commissary just as the souls of all cod had risen in rebellion.

For the humidity was so high that a waft of air was enough to reconstitute the salted flesh, and the heat so generative that it fermented life into the reswollen bodies. One by one the ragged pasteboards sucked back their mother-wet and became fish again, flopping in their pails, flapping out on the sidewalks and into the gutters, slithering down into the sewers, and so back to the harbor and the main deep again.

The pushcart men chased them in panic, slithering after them on all fours, diving even into the sewers, from which, now and then, one of them would crawl back like a soiled crab, dragging strings of squirming cod that he would then place between two manhole covers to bake flat and saleable again, only to have to leave them at once to go chasing after a fresh cascade of reincarnated fish. It was a miracle like spontaneous combustion, but this was from the Book of Poseidon and its creed was spontaneous humidity.

And in or out of the sewers, slithering along the gutters, or occasionally on their feet beside their steaming pushcarts, the peddlers kept shouting their wares—*Ba - cca - laaa!*—in their long Calabrian and Sicilian and Neapolitan voices. (For part of their damnation was to be forever active to no end.) And the local ladies, half enmeshed in their own string bags (that being part of their damnation) would pause, sniff, and soon pass on.

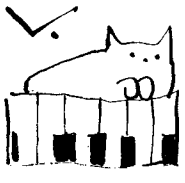
Moved by example, I tested the air myself with the tiniest sniff and went back instantly to not breathing. Life was at least bearable in suspension.

But the uproar of it confused my senses. One sniff and I found it impossible to get back to being dead. It was worse than insomnia: this was insomnia made eternal. I began to think I could *hear* the stench of it: the salted fish like a low bass throb, the agony of the softening and swelling flesh like an electronic squeak and waver growing into a wild whine as of an approaching bomb, and then a sonic boom of stench as the skin popped back around each reincarnation, and the flopping began. While from the sewers, like the ripest corruption, the sounds of everyone's radios called up from the bilge ducts to the sea.

Even in suspension, I decided, I could not walk all the way through it. Nor could I find my way out. Ahead of me a surf of dark, wild as the combers off the Pipeline, was breaking and flinging a spume of salted cod. And when I turned, the pushcarts had closed in behind me, and from them the reborn cod kept cascading at my feet.

It was just then I was struck by—of all things—a jonquil. It hit me just at the right temple and fell at my feet, where it instantly gathered about itself a mossy bank of violets about six feet long and about three wide. There was no way of imagining such violets, nor the air that breathed cool from them around that one jonquil lying on its side, its yellow, fringed bell and its light stem and leaves seeming actually to flicker in the green of the moss and the purple-studded ears of the violet leaves.

It takes longer to speak a springtime than to see one. It would be true to say I stared down at that mossy bank for all of a lifetime. It would be just as true to say I looked up instantly to see where the jonquil had come from. And whether at the end of my life or instantly here beyond it, I saw an old, shawled woman nodding and smiling at me from her second-story fire escape, her remaining jonquil still in her hand, its bell touching the side of her nose, and all this world's jonquils still in her eyes, which were benignly flirtatious for my own good.



It was, of course, Beatrice. Isn't all poetry the curse of Tithonus?

And there I stood without a soul to send her.

There were, however, the violets and, therefore, there was soul enough. I knelt and picked a whole flowerdom for her, leaving another for its own sake.

When my left hand was as full as I could make it without crushing anything, I stopped one of the urchins who were running about kicking at the fish that flopped everywhere. Handing him a $5 bill, I gave him the flowers and pointed to Beatrice on her balcony.

And she saw what I did and thanked me by touching her lips with her last jonquil.

The urchin nodded, put my money in his pocket, and started for what must have been her doorway. But he was no sooner out of reach than he made an evil gesture at me and ran off, flinging the violets into the street where they exploded, clearing a path for traffic all the way to Central Park. Ladies in air-conditioned furs stepped out of cabs on long, naked legs to walk around the scars my violets had left on the pavement.

Immediately my jonquil began to wilt and my bank of violets to shrivel. Frantic as the fish peddlers, I knelt and snatched what I could, crushing as much as I salvaged.

It was a thinner handful I ended with by the time my plot had mouldered, but when I looked up again Beatrice smiled them bright with understanding, her eyes eternal.

I stopped another urchin and showed him another $5 bill but did not give it to him. It would be his, I told him, when he had delivered the violets. He disappeared at once into the doorway, and Beatrice, understanding, turned away to enter her flat and to receive them at the door to which my messenger was already mounting.

But once her eyes were off me—the old hag—I was not to be caught again. I popped into a cab with one of the ladies in air-conditioned fur and told the cabdriver to take us to the Four Seasons or to any other eternity.

My urchin could find his fellow thief and split with him.

The old hag could buy jonquils enough cheap enough. Some other fool would always be coming by to be caught by her eyes, and even to believe them.

And if it was not really the world I was going back to, I could go expectantly and without fear: all its airs would be conditioned, the fur would peel, and nothing would really come back to life.

—John Ciardi.

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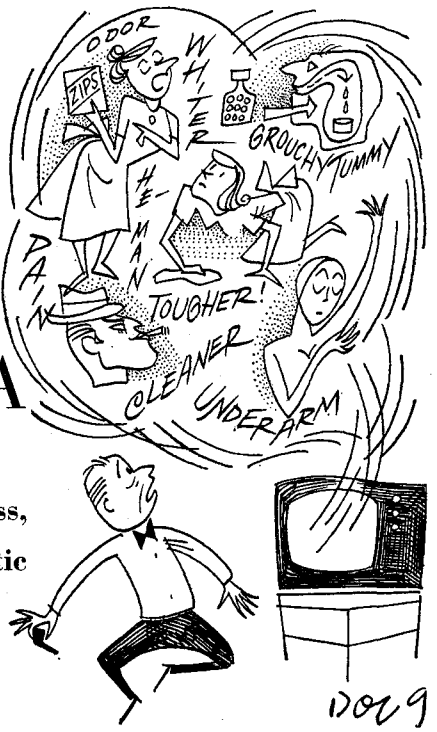
Saturday Review
May 29, 1965



MASS MAN AND MASS MEDIA

A veteran newspaper editor asks whether the nation's free press, once a basic guarantee against despotism, is itself becoming despotic

By HERBERT BRUCKER

THIS IS the day of the mass man. Already our population nears 200,000,000. But even if we shrank back to the 100,000,000 we were during World War I our contemporary society would still be a single, interrelated whole. We used to live on farms, or at most in villages, towns, or cities that were clusters of individuals. Now everything in our lives, from what we eat and wear almost to what we think, comes prepackaged from some distant, impersonal source.

This is true of much that we read in our newspapers, hear on the radio, and see on TV. But if mass society is thus swallowing up the individual, why has not journalism in particular come to his rescue? The free press was established to articulate the yearnings of the individual. It was not written into the Constitution for the benefit of the million-circulation newspaper or the multimillion-circulation magazine, still less for the network that on occasion speaks to the nation. When the First Amendment was written, freedom of the press was a civil liberty of the individual, guaranteeing him the right to present his facts or his views to his fellow citizens by the use of a simple, hand-operated printing press. But the lone pamphleteer, the contributor to *Common Sense* or the Federalist Papers, to the Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary weeklies, has long since vanished. He has been swallowed up in the mass media.

Listen to what the sociologist Elisabeth Noelle-Neumann had to say about this a few years ago: "To many, the publishing world appears to be an independent, autonomous power that does not reproduce public opinion formed elsewhere, but manufactures them. The press was once regarded as the decisive instrument for the liberation of the individual from absolute government, and nowadays we are more inclined to ask ourselves how we can liberate the individual from the spiritual despotism of mass communication media."

NOT only that, but there is occasion to wonder whether the mass media are adequately doing their job of informing the citizen about the world he lives in. The trouble is that we can never put the genii back in the bottle. We cannot dismantle today's *Daily News*, or *Life*, or the networks, and turn them back into the hand-set newspaper out of which they all grew.

We can most readily see how difficult it is to get variety and flavor and depth and meaning into our mass media if we look at television.

In one sense, of course, television is the ultimate ideal of journalism. For journalism is reporting—and how can you report better than by transporting the citizen to the scene of action, so that he may see the news for himself as it happens? This is precisely what television often does—when it is journalism. Any football game, or speech by a President, or other event covered live is an example. Even more memorable is the TV reporting of great moments in history like the assassination of President Kennedy and its aftermath, or the funeral of Winston Churchill. Finally, the news-background documentaries are often journalism of the highest quality. But, alas, television is but one-fifth journalism and four-fifths show business.

In broadcasting circles it is fashionable to say that in this country we have free television. But it isn't free at all. It is 100 per cent bought and paid for because American commercial TV and radio, alone among all the world's broadcasters, live exclusively on advertising. Therefore, whether programing is done by an advertising agency or by a network, the result is identical. It must be, because he who pays the piper calls the tune, and no one pays for programing but the sponsor. His one concern, naturally enough, is to reach the widest possible audience. In this way our system of broadcasting puts a premium on appealing to the lowest possible common denominator among the mass of men.

If this pressure worked its remorseless way on but a single network at a time it might not be bad. But inevitably each competing station or network strives to capture a rating that is higher (which often means through standards that are lower) than its rivals. Small wonder that last year our three networks were in a dead heat in the ratings' verdict on their success in mesmerizing the mass. And small wonder that our TV screens, most of the time, do not remotely come near tapping the brilliant possibilities of the medium.

Whatever is done to put economic nourishment into more individuality and quality in programing will have to be done by law. But if it is true that one-third of Congress (and even the President) has a financial stake in some piece of the broadcasting business, then changing our system even modestly will not be easy.

Let us therefore turn to printed journalism, which promises to remain our

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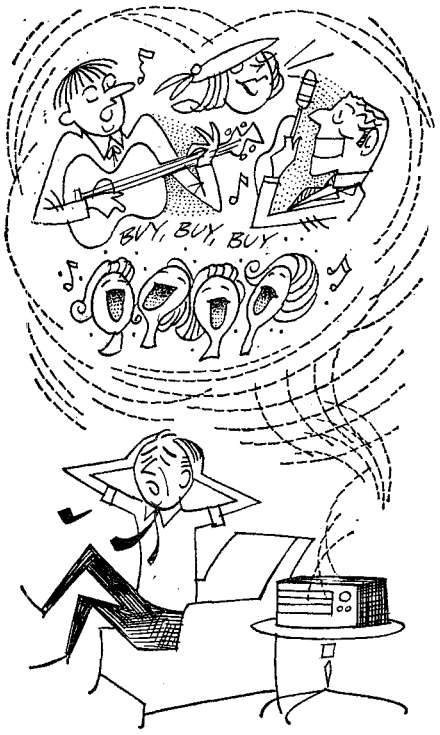

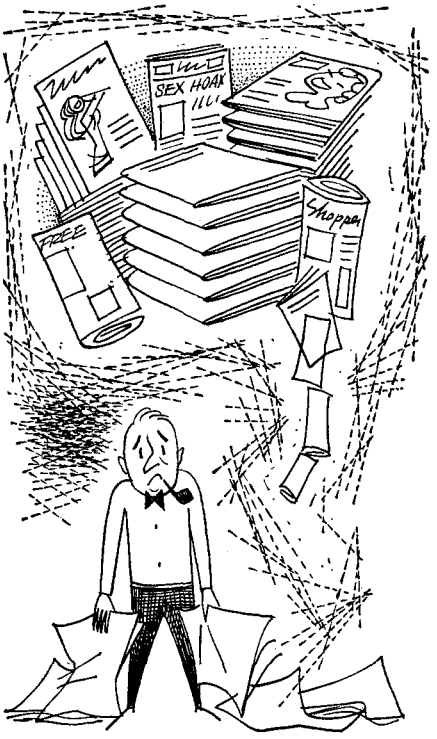

most important and useful form of journalism if only because a newspaper is portable and relatively imperishable. In addition, it can cover the news with a depth and variety impossible for loudspeaker and screen. Only recently David Brinkley assured the American Society of Newspaper Editors that TV could never replace the newspaper: "Most of the news in the papers we cannot cover and we never will be able to. When it comes to covering the news in any kind of detailed way, we are just almost not in the ball game."

Printed journalism also has it over electronic journalism when it comes to paying the piper, because newspapers stand on two economic feet rather than one. Much the sturdier foot, to be sure, is advertising. But there is another foot, the subscription price paid by the reader. Readers supply from one-quarter to one-third or sometimes even more of a newspaper's revenue.

On top of that, our newspapers today are in many ways the best the world has ever seen. They are bigger, and they get news from all over the world in seconds. Their managements are more responsible than those of the supposedly good old days, and their staffs are better educated, more numerous, and often more expertly specialized than they used to be. Finally, while the production and distribution of a column of news still requires almost as many pairs of hands as it did 100 years ago, automation and indeed outright revolution in the printing process are at last in sight. The savings we may expect from this revolution in printing should enable us to turn out a better product at a lower unit cost.

For all that, newspapers, like broadcasting and the mass magazines, have in good part lost touch with the individual. One reason is obvious: the declining proportion of newspapers to population. One of the significant statistics in my town, which is not abnormal, illustrates this. A century and a quarter ago Hartford, then a community of 13,000, supported thirteen newspapers. That made it easy to satisfy the individual tastes of the various groups in a population more homogeneous than today's. Even now Hartford is unusual among cities of its size in still supporting two wholly separate newspapers. Yet those two papers serve a population of 162,000 in the ancient and tiny city of Hartford proper. Actually they serve a larger city: a geographic, economic, and social unit—despite its division into twenty-seven political compartments—that numbers 600,000.

THUS serving many masters, these papers inevitably have less distinctive individuality than their abolitionist or temperance or Whig predecessors used to have. We make up for this in part by more objective and comprehensive news coverage, and by printing columns and other expressions of opinion to please the various segments of the community. But still we have to serve the whole vast body of our citizens. Inevitably, therefore, we become more of a mass medium than our predecessors used to be. And small papers, in small towns, are much the same. A single paper has to make do for everybody in town, no matter what kind of egghead, or middlebrow, or clod he may be.

Probably the most relentless pressure keeping the newspapers from doing their job as well as they ought is the cost squeeze. This arises because expenses rise with ever-increasing pressure against a ceiling of revenue that usually does not rise as fast. The result is that few among us are spending as much money on improving our reporting and interpretation of the world, near and far, as we should.

No doubt that is why Earl J. Johnson, just retired as vice president and editor of United Press International, wrote last year:

> A seminar for managing editors . . . gave an afternoon to studying national and foreign news dispatches in the newspapers that had sent representatives.
>
> It was found that these newspapers on an average had omitted to publish about half of ten important stories that the wire services had delivered on a given day in ample time for publication.
>
> Eight stories which no telegraph editor was likely to miss were excluded from the test list. These were the easy choices. The study centered on ten other national and foreign stories that would indicate how well the newspapers had informed their readers. . . . The network newscasts covered all ten, and several were in the news magazines the next week.
>
> Some of the newspapers used more of the stories than others, but still omissions ran surprisingly high. I have seen these average 33 per cent in previous such studies, but never before this close to 50 per cent.

What Mr. Johnson discovered was not an isolated example. Not far from Hartford is Middletown, a small city that is the seat of Wesleyan University. A few years ago two young brothers bought the daily newspaper there, the Middletown *Press*. They have improved it enormously. But they are still hampered by the cost of what they feel they ought to do, a cost for which there is no compensating income. Russell G. D'Oench, Jr., the brother who is editor, puts it this way: "I would say the source of my unease concerning the general condition of the American press is that in too many communities the newspaper is expected to perform beyond its economic limitations—and indeed it should. Most of the 1,700-odd daily newspapers in the United States are small newspapers. Often the majority of their readers see no other newspaper. But a newspaper's revenue from its readers is limited. Ten cents is about the top. It is also limited by its advertising rates, which are in turn controlled by what it would cost a local advertiser to get his message to a customer by direct mail. Therefore there is a definable and controlled amount of money that can be spent by a small newspaper. . . . This means that only so much space is available for national and international news, and in

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many small communities the amount is not enough. The responsibilities and commitments of the United States have changed beyond description, but the news hole of the American newspaper has remained relatively constant."

The Middletown *Press*, an average small newspaper except that the quality of its editorial performance is higher than most, finds that it must hold its editorial costs to between 12 and 14 per cent of the total. On our larger Hartford *Courant*, news, interpretation, and features account for about 17 per cent of all expenses. Last year—1964 having been a prosperous one all around—one anonymous paper of 50,000 circulation was able to raise this percentage to 19. This is high. But it seems absurd that an important industry cannot devote even one-fifth of its expenditures to its reason for being.

As though that were not enough, another cloud has appeared on the horizon. I refer to a heterogenous collection of what are called controlled-circulation publications—otherwise shoppers, or throwaways.

Actually these are free publications —free in the same double-think sense that our television is free. The reader doesn't pay a penny for them. Weekly and even daily newspapers of this kind have proliferated in California, usually in the suburbs. They are also scattered elsewhere throughout the country.

The flowering of this form of journalism may be seen in one slick version, a magazine circulated only among those who manage business. You cannot subscribe to this magazine or buy it on a newsstand. It comes to you without charge—if you are one of "a selected list of management executives in U.S. manufacturing, finance, government, and military." The idea is that if you are one of this strategically situated group the magazine will deliver you to advertisers, who will pay handsomely for the privilege. The editorial content is presumably designed to interest the management group, in proof of which you are required to signify once a year that you are willing to continue getting the magazine for nothing, just as you do your TV programs.

OTHER forms of these supposedly free publications don't even have editorial content, or at least much of it, designed to interest the desired group or class of readers. In fact, the economic principle behind this kind of journalism may be seen in its purest form in the local community shopper or throwaway. One such publication blankets some of the prosperous suburbs that surround Hartford. It does not even pretend to be a magazine or newspaper. Beyond a crude cartoon on the cover there is no editorial content, and its typography is equally crude. But because of the junk-mail loophole in our postal laws that allows the sender to address any householder without even giving his name, at minuscule postal rates, this throwaway is distributed willy-nilly to everybody in the communities selected by the publisher. Thus it has saturation coverage of the desired area. What it offers is mostly classified advertising, though there is also considerable display advertising.

Now, advertising often has news value. So this publication serves as a community bulletin board for those who have something to buy or sell. I know, because my wife and I have used it several times to realize a bit of cash from items we no longer wanted, from old ski boots to a camp trailer. Apparently it works just as well with larger items like automobiles and real estate.

What bothers me is that this cheaply printed, rather unprepossessing weekly, by a success founded on its amazingly low advertising rates that the mailing privilege makes possible, sucks the lifeblood from the various suburban weekly newspapers that try to do a more or less responsible reporting and editorial job, of the kind for which the First Amendment's protection of a free press was written into the Constitution.

The shoppers constitute quite a different kind of free press. But we dare not forget that there has never yet been a newspaper or magazine that has long survived without advertising revenue to help support its editorial services to its readers.

So far this free or controlled-circulation journalism has not become a large part of the whole. But it is growing, often forcing the community newspaper to get out a shopper of its own. The possibilities are plain. One is that publications supported wholly by advertisers will duplicate in printed journalism the pressures that control TV programing.

Perhaps there will always be readers willing to pay at least part of the cost of the news and comment they read. But one cannot help wondering what an advertiser-oriented, advertiser-supported, journalism will do to the independent, reader-oriented, editorial appeal on which journalism is supposedly founded. It can have hardly any other effect than to pull the economic rug out from under it.

CLEARLY, it is time for journalistic initiative. There is a vast amount of experimenting we could and should do. We should cease following the habits and the traditions that have come down to us as developed to meet the needs of another day, and try to meet the needs of today's readers in today's technological and economic climate.

For one thing, we could cut the space we give to items of bread-and-butter news, the so-called hard news that often isn't so hard. We could report the identical events, as the news magazines have shown for a generation, in far less space than the traditional formula demands. And we could use the space thus saved for enterprise reporting, magazine-type reporting, that could bring to our readers vast amounts of human and meaningful information from our own neighborhoods, or from near or

(*Continued on page 44*)

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"President Lincoln, that little girl who asked you to grow a beard now wants you to shave it off."

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Livy's Early Rome

By KENNETH REXROTH

THE AVERAGE well-informed layman is quite unaware that we know little indeed about Roman religion. The gods and goddesses of Rome are Greek and the myths and legends we associate with them are not only Greek in origin but the end product of centuries of literary treatment by agnostic Hellenistic and Latin writers. Before the great gods of Greek Olympus were given foreign names and Italian residence by Latins and Etruscans, Roman religion seems to have resembled that of pre-Buddhist Japan. Deities, *noumena*, were something like Japanese *kami*—amorphous, floating clusters of holiness that attached themselves to things and places—sacred stones and springs, holy trees, the hearth, or haunted the crises of individual life and of nature in its seasons, but hardly emerged as persons. Marmar, who became the Greek Ares under the name of Mars, was more the focus of rites of passage and of the year than he was a god. With the beginning of the Empire under Augustus, Roman religion and the Roman past underwent a restatement and re-evaluation disguised as a revival again much like the pseudo-revival of Shinto, nativist literature, and emperor worship in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Japan.

The intellectuals patronized by Augustus created a past that rapidly became history, accepted as true by most people to this day. Along with this fictional archaism went a tremendous reorganization of religion, culminating in vast civic ceremonies provided with imaginary tradition, new temples, and rites of the gods of the assimilated Greek Pantheon, all centered around the first deity to be recruited to their ranks since Hercules—the divine Augustus, once a priggish but prodigious young general called Octavian. We can't understand Livy unless we realize that the first books of his great history of Rome provided the citizens of the empire with many of the satisfactions we identify with religion. The kings, the formation of the republic, the first conflicts of the classes, the deeds of heroes, function as the *Gospels* do for us. This certainly is history as operative myth. We have no way of knowing if any of it is true and we do know that many strands of Livy's story are false—the distortion of Etruscan hegemony, the interpretation of the class struggle, the relations with the other Italian tribes, the early kingship, the Hellenistic religion, and, not least, the portrayal of a small, barbarous town in the vesture and with the ideals of the republic in its last hundred years. More subtly inaccurate is the imaginary spirit, the *Geist*, that Livy has taught all succeeding centuries to think of as peculiarly Roman. Vesture and ideals indeed—these were realities at the end of the republic but as the pieties of a special group of intellectuals.

For all this, Livy is not false. Myths are not false or true but more or less effective in gaining the allegiance of men and sustaining them in their achievements. No historian has been more effective in this way than Livy. He provided not just generals and leaders and poets and orators of the empire with a meaning for their own history. His gospel remained effective when Rome had long ceased to be pagan, and the empire stumbled into night. His heroes gave the German Theodoric inspiration as a ruler and were a consolation to Theodoric's senator, consul, and finally prisoner, Boethius, on the eve of torture and death, and Livy was an inspiration to Gibbon when he came to tell that story. Livy's heroes were to revive again and again—in eighteenth-century Virginia and in revolutionary Paris. There are still statues in the public parks of the founders of the American and French republics and of the great politicians and soldiers of England clad in the togas or the armor of Cincinnatus or Horatius. It is only a little while ago that the veriest schoolboy, as Macaulay would say, knew

by heart Macaulay's retelling of Livy in his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, probably the only poetry most schoolboys have ever enjoyed memorizing. Macaulay was effective because he himself had modeled himself with the most consummate care on the perfect Roman gentleman as he emerges as a composite from the pages of Livy.

What a gallery of gentlemen they are. Romulus, who might have founded one of the first families of Virginia; Numa, a shaman with the dignity of Archbishop Laud; Tarquin the Proud; the wily queen, Tanaquil; Coriolanus, Scaevola, Manlius, the sinister Etruscans like the villains played by Von Stroheim, gentlemen all. Livy is so effective because, although what the nineteenth century accepted as facts may well be myths, his myths have the power of living fact.

THE anthropological background is probably true. The connection with Troy or the Levant, the first settlement in the marshes by the ford "where Hercules crossed with the oxen," children ritually suckled by a she-wolf, young men plunging into earthquake fissures, marriage by capture, the ever-burning community hearth fire guarded by virgins, priestly brotherhoods dancing in full armor, the Pontifex, a sort of head witch-doctor, outlandish jujus like Horse-Neptune, the hardly personified sky like the Chinese Tien, speaking to man in birds and lightning bolts, Quirinus, Lares, Penates, a witch who guarded a spring and slept with King Numa and taught him the art of ruling—all this is very un-Greek—at least, unlike historic Greece. Yet Classic Greek civilization was coming to its close before Rome emerges into true history. Livy, not Virgil, gave Rome her epic. The first books of Livy's history are the epic of the beginnings of Iron Age civilization, as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are really Bronze Age epics and *Gilgamesh* a neolithic one. The economic picture is fundamentally different, as is the organization of society, however primitive. Livy's heroes no longer fight from chariots but are commanders of heavy-armed infantry and of gentlemen cavalry. The knight appears in history and replaces the prince hurling javelins from his chariot. This provincial Early Iron Age culture must have been more squalid than anything in the *Nibelungenlied* or the sagas and comparable to the societies that produced the earliest Russian epics.

Livy populates this backwoods culture with the artistocrats, as they fancied themselves, of his own day. How convincing they are. So convincing that whenever the type reappears in history, Livy provides the models. However incongruously, both Corneille and Henry Adams look to Livy for their patterns of contemporary noble conduct.

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The Jet-Age Malady

By ENRIQUE VARGAS

A U.S. MALE brought up on the East Coast stands eighteen to twenty inches away from another male when in conversation. In talking to a woman he will increase the distance by about four inches. To stand at a distance of about thirteen inches usually has a sexual or an aggressive connotation. However, in most parts of Latin America thirteen inches is just the right distance when talking with a person. When a man brought up in a Latin American environment tries to talk to a man brought up on the East Coast of the U.S., an interesting thing happens. The Latin will attempt to maintain what he considers the proper and normal talking distance. The American will, of course, step back. Both will feel uncomfortable without quite knowing why. All they do know is that there is something wrong with the other person. Most culture-blind Latins feel that the Americans are withdrawn and uncommunicative. Most culture-blind Americans feel that Latins are pushy.

In most American urban areas, to be two minutes late for an appointment is all right. Three minutes is significant, but an apology is not expected. After five minutes the latecomer mutters an apology. In most Latin countries a five-minute unit is not significant and apology is expected only for a time unit longer than twenty minutes. Latins, influenced by their own cultural conditioning, feel that Americans are not polite and are obsessed with time because they expect the persons with whom they have appointments to be at a certain place at precisely a certain time. A person who is unfamiliar with North American cultural conditioning has difficulty realizing that Americans handle time much like some tangible material—spending it, taking it, using it up, or wasting it. If a Spanish-American or a Spaniard comes late to work he says, "*El bus me dejó*" ("The bus missed me"), as opposed to the American "I missed the bus." In English, the clock "runs." In Spanish, "*El reloj anda*" (the clock walks).

Different societies live almost literally in different worlds, not just the same world with different labels attached. The barriers between cultures would perhaps be relatively unimportant if only a handful of people were crossing international borders. But people the world over are on the move today as never before, traveling for business and, more and more, for the sheer fun of seeing and experiencing other ways of life. All this has its obvious benefits. At the same time, however, there are some well-known dangers, particularly for a person who plans to spend any appreciable amount of time in another culture. One of these is the sense of confusion and misunderstanding that social psychologists call culture shock.

A PERSON who enters a foreign culture ordinarily passes through three phases of adjustment. First, he is a spectator; he observes what is going on about him but does not participate. Second, he becomes personally involved in the ways of the foreign culture and tries to come to terms with them. Finally, he will either have mastered the new situation and will get along smoothly in the new environment or he will realize that his own culture is the only workable one for him.

In the first phase, that of spectator, the initial reaction to a new country is likely to be one of curiosity and delight. Everything looks interesting. However, a few weeks' time changes the perception of the environment. Living in a country is quite different from just visiting it. As the person begins to move into the second and most difficult phase, that of personal involvement in the unfamiliar culture, he becomes aware of the great differences that exist between himself and the people with whom he is living. The situations which, during his first phase as spectator, were interesting are now incomprehensible and perhaps even unpleasant. He feels that he cannot "get through" to anyone, and he becomes uneasy and insecure because he doesn't know the "right" ways of doing things.

Culture shock is precipitated by the distressing feelings of uncertainty and anxiety that result from not finding all the familiar symbols, signs, and cues that guide a person through his own culture. He finds himself having to use a different "design for living." He doesn't know what people expect of him and what he should expect of them. He is not at all sure when to shake hands, how much to tip, how to buy the things he needs, or what to say to waiters, and he discovers that the social etiquette he has learned is no longer of use to him. Culture shock is usually accompanied by a linguistic shock that makes even more difficult the crossing of cultural barriers. When I was undergoing linguistic shock, English sentences would sound to me like a long, unpronounceable string of harsh noises. At that time I regretted deeply the fact that I had chosen to learn English instead of some sensible language. I couldn't see why the American people had to use those odd, barbaric utterances instead of speaking with normal human words like everyone else. I sometimes had the feeling that Americans spoke English in order to confuse unsuspecting foreigners. I felt very sympathetic toward American children who, when almost ready to speak normally, were made not only to utter English sounds but also to learn how to spell them (which in my opinion is even worse). Linguistic shock is influenced by a breakdown in communication that occurs while the ears are becoming used to the complexities of regional accents, individual mannerisms, or slang terms. A person coming from a competitive culture, finding that people smile when he mispronounces words or makes mistakes, will react more strongly than a person from a less competitive culture. Such a person will usually strive to improve only if he feels that he can suc-

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The author of this article has been doing research on culture shock for the past three years. He is currently serving as assistant director of the Kellogg Foundation Institute at Kalamazoo College, an orientation program for Latin American physicians studying in this country.

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ceed, and if his confidence is shaken he may either go into linguistic isolation, withdrawing into himself, or immerse himself in the protective environment of his fellow countrymen. He may not make any further attempts to use his foreign language, though this is, of course, the ideal way to learn it.

Other factors that account for the anxiety that produces culture shock include the strangeness of social customs. People in the new culture do not behave the way "normal" people behave, and since most of them feel that everyone should behave the way *they* do because their way is the normal way, conflicts are likely to occur. Then, too, there is the strangeness of food and living patterns. Usually the food doesn't *taste* right, and moreover the eating manners seem entirely senseless, as does the mealtime schedule. I still find it difficult to eat dinner at 7 P.M. In my own Colombian culture we usually don't sit down at the table before nine o'clock. So in the U.S. I have trouble getting hungry at the American mealtime. Finally, added to this already complicated picture is the factor of being physically separated from home. This in itself can produce a feeling of helplessness and loneliness.

THE symptoms of culture shock vary with the individual and the situation. But in general in its initial phase it manifests itself in feelings of depression and despair. Most people successfully overcome this first phase. But if the shock continues to develop, a rejection stage may set in. At this point, one thinks that by avoiding contact with the environment one can rid oneself of the discomfort. The "these people make me uncomfortable because they are bad" attitude is expressed at this point. The person becomes irritable over minor delays and frustrations. The "natives" are not worth associating with. There exists a fear of being cheated or perhaps robbed; and, above all, there is an urge to avoid physical contact with the people of the country. As a consequence of the rejection stage, the period of regression may begin. There is an increased interest in news from home. A person in this stage becomes more and more dependent on this news and tends to overemphasize its importance. He wants to be with "sensible" people, and, if there is a group of fellow countrymen with whom to share in the damning of the natives, he will immerse himself in it and stay immersed in it until he finally returns to his country.

Another symptom a person suffering from culture shock may have is the tendency to "go native." In an attempt to cure his discomfort (and in many cases to solve much deeper identity problems) he may take an overdose of the foreign culture. He tries to talk and dress like a native, and he may become a furious "anti-" whatever country he comes from. It is generally understood that the "natives" are never very sympathetic to this kind of caricature of themselves. Such a person is very likely to end up more frustrated and unhappy than when he started.

OF course, everyone does not go through all of these stages exactly as they have been described, nor do the stages necessarily develop in the same order. Undoubtedly, the first mild signs of culture shock will be experienced by nearly everyone. But if one is able to understand the phenomenon and the possible causes of the shock, there will be a good chance of avoiding it.

To overcome culture shock successfully, you must first of all be conscious of your own natural ethnocentricity; that is, the tendency to feel that your own cultural conditioning and setting are superior to all others, that your culture is in the center of the universe, and that all others should be scaled and graded with reference to it. The value system of your society becomes the mold within which your mind generally operates. What seems important to you is precisely that: important *to you*. It may be singularly insignificant to others.

In a world of growing mistrust and threats, nothing could be more dangerous than lack of intercultural sensitivity. Sensitivity is basically identification; one gains objectivity and widens perspectives by freeing oneself from the limitations imposed by national cultural mythologies.

Great cultural differences are obvious. Mountains are easy to see; it's the small rocks we stumble over. I used to have an undefined, uncomfortable sensation every time I sat at the table to eat with Americans. What bothered me, I realized later, was their custom of keeping their free hand under the table while eating. In Colombia this is bad manners.

The extent of an individual's culture shock will depend, first of all, upon the amount of change he can experience without having to feel that his sense of personal identity is being threatened; and, secondly, on his degree of involvement in a foreign experience and how much it differs from what he has been used to. A foreign experience can be as much a deep realization of one's humanness as it is an exercise in understanding and adaptability. Its value depends entirely on the individual.

Perhaps it would be possible to find harmony on this planet if each one of us were always aware that valid judgments of people can be made only after experiencing the other person's world. No one knows any reality at all until he is in it. Knowledge comes only from direct participation with life, not from thinking about it or looking at it from the outside.

"Dragons or no dragons, anything's better than listening to the shop talk around that damn round-table!"

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Writing and Thinking—Part 2

WE CAN'T recall having anyone disagree with us more agreeably than have English teachers and officials of the College Entrance Examination Board. Several weeks ago in this space we criticized CEEB for asking high school students to write an examination essay in twenty minutes, using as their theme a Shavian epigram on nonconformism. Our minor point was that a good epigram or aphorism, like a pithy anecdote, is a poor subject for explanation or elaboration. Our major point was that hasty thinking is the enemy of good writing and education in general. We thought that English teachers should be the last people in the world to put a premium on glibness or superficiality.

The response has been constructive and instructive. The gist of the rebuttal to our minor point was that an epigram or aphorism, whether by G.B.S. or anyone else, is not sacrosanct. Our critics held that the particular quotation used in the examination was a legitimate stimulator for comment. Their reasoning was persuasive, and we are inclined to believe we made too much of that particular point. Score one for the teachers.

As for our major point, CEEB said its job was to find some way of evaluating the student's ability to use the English language properly. They made a distinction between an exercise in creative writing and an exercise in basic expression. They were interested in the latter. They recognized the hazards of writing against the clock. They had considered a more generous allocation of both time and space but found this to be impracticable. They couldn't recruit enough teachers to grade the papers. Even without respect to college entrance examinations, open-end writing assignments, the teachers felt, put more of a burden on them than it is reasonable to expect them to sustain. Have a heart, they asked us in effect; it is difficult enough to cope with oversized classes without also having to get through a mound of interminable essays.

HERE we are sympathetic but hold our ground. We can't see sharp distinctions between creative writing and basic expression. Straightforward, clear writing is a highly creative exercise. It calls for the sequential organization of thought. It calls for proper words in proper places, and for the elimination of the extraneous. We persist in the view that there ought to be just as much respect for the requirements of time and thought in assessing short, straightforward exposition as in literary expression. In fact, the notion that the one is less demanding or artistic than the other is itself somewhat troubling.

As for the argument that it is unworkable in the first place and unfair in the second place to unload lengthy essays on already overburdened teachers, whether in the ordinary course of classroom work or in CEEB examinations, we fear our basic position was not clearly made. We were not arguing for *long* papers necessarily. Our main point—and we deserve a low grade for making it poorly—is that even a single paragraph should not be written (or judged) in a pressure cooker. Twenty minutes is not enough time for a thoughtful, clear response—whether in 500 words or 100 words—to a question testing ability to handle the English language on a "creative" or functional level. Is it impertinent to ask whether the tendency to associate short papers with short time limits may not itself be part of the problem?

We can see a number of advantages, to be sure, in the extended essay. It provides an opportunity to develop a basic idea and to demonstrate one's mastery of the highly essential art of qualifying a statement. And we can see how such essays would tax the facilities of CEEB. We wonder, however, whether it might not be possible for CEEB to recruit judging personnel outside the teaching profession. Competence for such an assignment exists in many areas. We wonder, too, whether essay responses have to be judged in one place. We can see how, in cases where accuracy is ascertainable, as in mathematics or science, the removal of papers from a central judging station could be hazardous. But the evaluation of writing ability calls for judgment rather than the application of precise criteria. Is it altogether impractical to send out papers for grading? In any case, we do not see that difficulties in grading justify shotgun time requirements for examinations in writing.

Of all the letters we received on the subject, none seemed to us more compelling than one from a high school student who intends to major in English. She said she had been at the head of her high school English class. When she came to the twenty-minute question, she found it difficult to put aside all the habits of thinking and writing she had been taught to develop over the years by her English teachers, all of whom had stressed careful, sustained thought and the rigorous organization of ideas for any essay, short or long. She became somewhat panicky when almost ten minutes had passed without anything having been committed to paper. She decided finally that she would try to bluff her way through which she did. Her paper received a high grade. We suppose that this experience may be cited to justify the present examination system, since it did not penalize a talented student and produced a specimen of writing adequate for testing purposes. But it did something else. It ran counter to, and was possibly destructive of, the requirements of good writing and thinking.

We are grateful to CEEB and our critics among the English teachers (most of the English teachers agreed with us, we were pleased to see) for their gracious and constructive comments. We have accepted an invitation to meet with CEEB officials to discuss examinations in general. We expect to report further in this space as matters develop. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

How Flexible Should We Be?

As a librarian, I see a great deal of print. Most of it I skip over. But occasionally I see an article that is clear, concise, thought-provoking, and has implications far outside a certain field or country.

"The Uses of Flexibility," by J. William Fulbright [*SR*, May 8], was such an article. Thank God a man like him can be a Senator in our government and can stay a Senator. And thank you for providing a forum for men like him.

Robert G. Cheshier,
Librarian,
Chicago Medical School.
Chicago, Ill.

Senator Fulbright appears to be either wilfully blind or incredibly naïve about the facts of life when he appeals for "benign humanism" in dealing with those who gleefully contemplate the eventual demise of our country.

As for tolerance, moderation, and accommodation, doesn't he know we're noted for them? We accommodate the trampling of our flag in the dust and the bombing of our embassies, libraries, people, and property in foreign countries. At home we accommodate the Mafia, the Communist Party, the KKK, the Nazi Party, student rioters, freedom riders, marchers, sit-inners and lie-inners, the purveyors of filth in literature, movies, and television, and the downgrading of the Puritan ethic.

In fact, about the only thing we don't accommodate any more is the Puritan ethic, or at least that part of it which is characterized by moral cleanliness and trustworthy character, and which expects people and nations to tell the truth, pay their just debts, respect law, order, and other people's property and persons, and earn an honest living.

Irene Prater Dell.
Carl Junction, Mo.

A clinical psychologist, devoted to helping individuals and small groups to pursue their best interests in reasonable fashion and to find themselves through experiencing human relationships, is confronted by many frustrations. Among these is the recognition that the clients' self-defeating stances are nearly universal and are expressed in, and derived from, the societal level—which is virtually immune to the impact of the individual practitioner.

Senator Fulbright provides me with hope. His recommendations relative to the destructiveness of ideology at the international level are a perfect parallel to what I and others have seen as the crucial problem in human growth: the "overcivilization" of the individual.

It has long been evident that attitudes and ideologies are built in psychologically very early in life, that they are reinforced by unreasonable guilt, and that they are enormously restrictive of the use of human abilities. Most of us are forced or persuaded in some degree to believe that we must be blindly virtuous, adhere to some dogma or ideology, renounce selfish motives, subdue our biological nature, and follow sets of precepts in thinking, feeling, and relating to others. The breadth and intensity of this adherence to rules are highly causative of self-alienation and obliviousness to interpersonal nuances and to the possibilities of enrichment by others; they are also an important determinant of reactive rage and destructiveness. It is no fluke that virtue engenders destruction. One can be ideologically virtuous only at the cost of disfranchising one's basic nature and, with or without awareness, resenting it. Civilizing, when it demands ideological conformity, causes rather than controls violence—even though such violence at times is labeled virtue. It is not at all surprising that "good" boys and girls sometimes erupt with antisocial acts that are so "unlike" them.

Bravos to Senator Fulbright for recognizing so eloquently the importance of the freedom to observe, to think, and to change one's mind.

Bertram R. Forer,
Clinical Psychologist.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Senator Fulbright believes that we have become so preoccupied with ideology that we fail to realize that other considerations may be of more importance in shaping policy in Communist countries. I agree that other than ideological motives may shape national goals. But with the Communists, Marxist-Leninist principles seem to be the foundation for much of their action, both in domestic affairs and in international relations. Their behavior in both areas may seem to deviate from basic principles at times, but when it does this is only a variation on a basic theme and not a change in the theme itself.

For instance, it has always been an essential part of Russian policy to establish control, or at least some form of paternalistic protection, over adjacent countries in order to ensure the security of Russia's own borders. This is Russian nationalism at work. The Soviet Union, however, has the additional objective of spreading Communism throughout the world by political subversion, military threats, and support of wars of "national liberation."

Possibly the United States is too preoccupied by ideology in its dealings with Russia, but we cannot forget that the leaders of China and the Soviet Union are Communists, and no matter what national historical considerations are brought into play, this ideological force sways, guides, and deeply influences any decisions they make. This is why ideology cannot be dismissed as readily as Senator Fulbright wishes it would be.

Donald H. Owen.
Spokane, Wash.

Art Explosion

Bravo to Katharine Kuh for a) her article on our new Los Angeles County Art Museum [*SR*, Apr. 3] and b) her tender tact. I am glad that for Miss Kuh, as for me, the great thing is the *existence* of the museum,

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

No Duke for the "Duke"—BBC, BRdCG

JUST ABOUT this time each year, along with the resumption of other outdoor sports, comes the open season on windmill tilting. The Don Q's change, but the object remains the same. Sometimes it is the press that takes issue with the Pulitzer Prize Committee; sometimes it is the members of the special juries that take issue with the committee for rejecting their choices. This year two members of the music jury have resigned noisily from posts which, the third member of the jury reminded them, they cannot resign (the appointment terminates when a recommendation is submitted).

If the resigned windmill-tilters are in error on this, they are even more in error in the assumption that the lack of a proper nominee for an award in the music category could be made good by nominating Duke Ellington for a special citation. Since one resignee replied, when asked if he had read the citation under which the prize in music is awarded, that he hadn't, perhaps it would be well to reprint it. The words are as follows: "For a distinguished composition in the larger forms of chamber, orchestral, or choral music, or for any operatic work including ballet, performed or published by a composer of established residence in the United States."

I yield to no one in admiration for Ellington's distinctions, and he is without doubt a resident, but large forms are precisely what he is *not* distinguished for. The citation may be all wrong, muddle-headed, and outmoded, but that is the rule of the road the jury members agreed to follow when they accepted appointment—had they bothered to read it.

Some mention has been made of the "precedent" established by the recognition, in 1957, of Kenneth Roberts for his historical novels in a year when no award to a novel was made. But it must be obvious that Roberts was cited for work in the category under which the award was made, and it is at least possible that this was designed to deal with a well-known foible of prize-giving by the calendar: a year rich in production may bring a head-on clash of two or more works worthy of a prize. And it very possibly may be followed by a year of scanty production in which any one of four works edged out the year before would make a very acceptable nominee.

Perhaps the category should be broadened; perhaps the specifications should be changed to take out "distinguished" and "large forms" and anything else that makes the prize worth winning. But that should be done in an orderly, forthright way, not in mid-competition. To attack those who rejected a nominee on the sound ground that he did not qualify is to engage in—well, in windmill-tilting.

Of the numerous orchestras that have visited Carnegie Hall this year, the one that I would most welcome as a resident ensemble was the last. Unfortunately, it already enjoys a position of honor as the No. 1 pride of the British Broadcasting Corporation, but that was only the more reason, after its series of six concerts spread over successive Fridays and Saturdays, to envy the audience that hears it regularly. Under the alternating guidance of Antal Dorati and Pierre Boulez, the BBC Symphony impressed me as being every bit as resourceful in a variety of styles as the New York Philharmonic, and more than a little better-sounding.

The variety of styles was a built-in part of the program scheme, which bore the catch-all title of *Masterworks of the Twentieth Century*. Probably everyone of the listed works would show the numerals "19" in the date of its premiere, but it was as hard to affiliate the Elgar Cello Concerto, Debussy's *Jeux*, or the Fourth Symphony of Mahler with anything truly of this century as it was to accept Gunther Schuller's *Dramatic Overture* or Blacher's *Concertante Music for Orchestra* as a masterwork. Doubtless there were reasons for performing them, and each was worth hearing, but it is torturing credibility to give Schuller and Blacher rank with Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* or *Chant du Rossignol*, the excerpts from Berg's *Wozzeck*, Schönberg Five Orchestral Pieces, or Webern's Opus 6 Pieces.

Of the works not previously heard in New York, there was the most substance in Michael Tippett's Piano Concerto, the most virtuosity in Roberto Gerhard's Concerto for Orchestra, and the greatest journalistic appeal in Boulez's *Doubles*. The last of these was conducted by the composer, with that penetration of substance, despite a primitive kind of conducting technique, that characterizes all of his efforts in this domain. It achieves its momentary objective, which is to make the kind of noise that is talked about, but the presence of weightier virtues did not come through. Gerhard's Concerto succeeds, too, in its objective, which is to extol means as an end in themselves—the sounds were alternately shimmering, dense, powerful and evanescent, a sure grindstone for whetting the edge of such a fine performing group. But the demonstration suggested that the work, like the grindstone, was fabricated for purely functional purposes.

The Tippett, on the other hand, is something else. It is a work of quality, in which the Prokofievan kind of instrumental lyricism is crossed with the strong structural sense possessed by some of Tippett's English predecessors, especially Vaughan Williams. It was strongly, poetically, performed by John Ogdon, with Dorati conducting. Some moments suggested that the orchestral part was slightly overwritten, or, perhaps, that it was underclarified, but the substance of a durable work is there.

OF the other English artists who participated (Heather Harper was the able soprano in several works with vocal parts), there was little doubt that the most will be heard, in years to come, of Jacqueline du Pre, who was the solo cellist in the Elgar Concerto. She is young and she is good-looking, which are qualities to enhance any musical performance, but the important fact is that Miss du Pre plays the cello with the assertiveness and assurance of one born to do nothing else. The first few measures of the Elgar tell much about the player who performs them, and Miss du Pre's supremely confident attack was a command to the attention. There is no doubt that she is her country's successor to Beatrice Harrison, with whom the work was long associated, and that she is destined for even higher international rank.

Arthur Grumiaux's incapacitating accident in Brussels recently brought on young Edith Peinemann of Germany as his successor to perform the Bartók Violin Concerto with the Philharmonic. As noted when she made her New York debut in Town Hall a few years ago (en route home from orchestral appearances in Cincinnati), Miss Peinemann has power, control, sensitivity, and musical individuality—a fair roster of attributes for any aspiring artist. The orchestra put its signature to an endorsement with a round of hand-clapping and *bravas* at the end of the concerto, which she might

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Books

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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Cold, Hard Look at Humankind

FLANNERY O'CONNOR died last summer in her fortieth year, having published two novels and a collection of short stories. She left enough short stories to make another collection, which has just been published: *Everything That Rises Must Converge* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95).

Already a kind of Flannery O'Connor legend is taking shape. Much has been written about her since her death, and *Esprit*, published by the University of Scranton, has devoted most of an issue to praise of her work by distinguished men and women of letters. Certain themes are emphasized: her devotion to Catholicism, the toughness of character that permitted her to survive and to triumph as a writer while living on an isolated Georgia farm, the courage with which she endured a crippling and incurable disease, her constant preoccupation with her craft.

Certain of Flannery O'Connor's virtues—particularly her courage and her craftsmanship—cannot be exaggerated, but she was not, as some of her admirers seem to suggest, a candidate for sainthood. She was a devout and proud Catholic: "I am no disbeliever in spiritual purpose and no vague believer," she wrote in her essay in *The Living Novel*, and, "I see from the standpoint of Christian orthodoxy." Yet she refused to conform to the literary standards set up by many priests and laymen in the name of the Church. (See, for instance, the text of one of her lectures printed in *Greyfriar*, published by Siena College, Loudonville, New York.) She insisted on expressing her orthodoxy in her own way.

Similarly, although she was an extraordinarily independent young woman, living a kind of life that few contemporary writers would put up with, she was by no means a solitary. Friends and admirers visited her in Milledgeville, and she was cordial with them, even making small talk when that seemed called for, in the best Southern manner. She corresponded with literary people she found congenial, and her letters were lively and often gay. (*Shenandoah* for the winter of 1965 prints a collection of letters written to Richard H. Stern that reveal sides of Flannery O'Connor few people saw.) Difficult as travel was for her, she spoke at many colleges. She was in the world as much as she wanted to be, as much as was consonant with the state of her health and her integrity as a writer.

She grew steadily in her art, and the best of the stories in *Everything That Rises* are the best things she ever wrote. They are superb, and they are terrible. She took a cold, hard look at human beings, and she set down with marvelous precision what she saw.

In the title story we have a pretentious, empty-headed woman who is struggling to dominate her son, for whom, as she frequently reminds him, she has sacrificed everything. The reader's sympathies are at first altogether with the son, but slowly, ruthlessly, Miss O'Connor strips him bare. He is weak, selfish, confused, afraid of the freedom he pretends to desire. The unhappy resolution of the situation comes by way of a Negro woman, who is herself arrogant, bitter, and violent.

Miss O'Connor shows us a number of these pompous, self-satisfied, middle-class women. In "Revelation" she holds up for our appalled gaze a peculiarly outrageous specimen, and then contrives a situation in which the woman sees herself as we see her. In "Greenleaf" a hard-working, narrow-minded woman, who thinks of herself as the epitome of virtue, is pitted against a shiftless farmer, and loses the struggle.

The weak intellectual also appears in several stories. ("Intellectual" was not a flattering term in her vocabulary; in one of her letters to Stern in Chicago she speaks of his being "in that cold place among them interlekchuls.") She was particularly distrustful of the rationalistic reformer, the do-gooder. She revealed her sentiments in her portrayal of Rayber in *The Violent Bear It Away*, but her study of the type in the story called "The Lame Shall Enter First" is even more dismaying. A social worker, a widower, befriends an intelligent but badly behaved boy of the streets, even putting him ahead of his own son. Gradually the reader comes to understand the futility and wickedness of the reformer's conduct, and the twist of the screw comes when he himself is forced to understand—too late.

There is violence in most of the stories, but it rarely seems to be dragged in for its own sake. Violence is an integral part of the world Miss O'Connor is describing, an inevitable consequence of the evil she portrays. In another horrible story, "A View of the Woods," an old man and his granddaughter, who are exactly alike in their meanness, are brought into physical conflict, which becomes grotesque and terrible.

I find almost no compassion in these

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stories. In "Judgment Day" Miss O'Connor seems to be sorry for the old man who has been transplanted from his Georgia farm to his daughter's New York City apartment, but she is not sorry for many of her characters. I was devastated by the fate of the reformer in "The Lame Shall Enter First," but Miss O'Connor appears to believe that he got what he deserved. I see him as a man who made mistakes but in the end was to be pitied. Miss O'Connor, I think, saw him as a man who rejected Divine Grace and could expect nothing but hellfire. (The urchin the man tries to befriend knows himself to be a child of Satan, but to the man that is all nonsense.)

I am not saying that Miss O'Connor's Catholicism was responsible for the harshness of her judgments; but the harshness, which probably had many causes, was compatible with her religion as she conceived it. The evil of unredeemed human nature was part of her dogma, and she saw plenty of evidence of it. She was not a pessimist, of course, because she believed there was a way of salvation, but I know of no pessimist who has painted a darker picture of the world we live in.

What are we who are not believers in her sense to make of this? Simply that she set down what she saw. We may have pity where she did not, but we cannot deny the testimony of her eyes. Again and again the reader is brought up short by the precision with which she communicates her insights. She appears to be a rather simple, even casual, sort of writer, but the more one analyzes her stories, the more one is impressed by her artistry. She may not have been a saint, but she was one of the best writers of short stories this era has seen.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

My Mentor, Flannery O'Connor

By SR. MARY-ALICE, O.P.

FLANNERY O'CONNOR died of lupus on the third of August in 1964. I died a little, too, the hour I received the news. A note from her, written only a short time before, contained literary advice, as had most of the many letters I had been privileged to receive from her. "I'll take on criticizing your work," she had said soon after we met in 1960, "if you'll take on praying for mine." It was an unfair bargain. My part was so easy; hers must have been a headache each time a manuscript of mine came in the mail. From her first letter to her last she was outspoken in her constructive criticism. About one of my early stories she wrote:

> I think the first thing you need to realize about fiction is that what the writer does when he writes a story is to try to see an action, or a series of actions, clearly. The key word is *see* . . . he wants to see it himself clearly and make the reader see it clearly. To make anyone see a thing, you have to say straight out what it is, you have to describe it with the greatest accuracy.
>
> The fiction writer is concerned with the way the world looks first of all. He establishes it by its looks. You should know what a character looks like before you go into his head and say what he is thinking about. You have to convince your reader that he is there.
>
> Conrad said that his aim as an artist was to render the highest possible justice to the created universe. This is the way the fiction writer works for God—by making us see God's creation; and not just the beautiful or pretty things. You must learn to look for whatever is in each person and each thing that make it itself. Hopkins called this "inescape." Look for this with your eyes *open*, not with them shut.

I sent Flannery another story soon after, and evidently I had learned little; she found it necessary to write back in the same vein:

> *Begin with the outside and when* you have the outside established, then you can go into the person's head. But don't go into the heads of people you don't know anything about and have them think with your words and not their own.
>
> You are in danger of floating off in your writing. You have to keep it anchored to the earth. If you have a detail that is just the traditional kind of prettiness, reject it, and look for one that is closer to the heart of the matter, that is a little more grotesque, but that gives us a better idea of the reality of the thing.

Flannery discovered I had tried a character sketch of her and insisted on seeing it. The notes she made in the margin did not surprise me. I had, by this time, gotten to know her reactions, if not herself, very well.

> She is 100 per cent cardboard in this. This picture is too one-sided to be believable. Remember what I told you about the grotesque? Don't get poetic when you are writing prose. Don't even get poetic when you are writing poetry. Only bad poets are poetic.

Before I stopped writing what Flannery called pious stuff, she criticized a story I called "The Interim":

> "The Interim" is a good deal better written than the other one, particularly when you let us see what you're talking about. Be direct, do not be coy. When you write something like this with a very pious person in it, you usually have to suggest why the person is pious, as piety is an oddity in our world and you have either to explain the oddity or make it clear that in this girl's world it is not an oddity.
>
> I certainly hope the next superior will let you write. Even if you don't publish anything, it will improve your thinking and sharpen your observation, which

Flannery O'Connor and self-portrait: "The key word is *see*."

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all things being equal is good for the soul.

Finally, however, Flannery's patience with me burst asunder. It was the best thing she could have done for me:

> No matter what you write I see that it is going to be in the category of "edifying" literature, so you should remember that the word "edify" used to mean "to build a house, raise an edifice." When you write a story that is edifying then, it should be solid, with no useless bricks and with enough support not to fall down when the Big Bad Wolf (me) huffs and puffs outside of it.

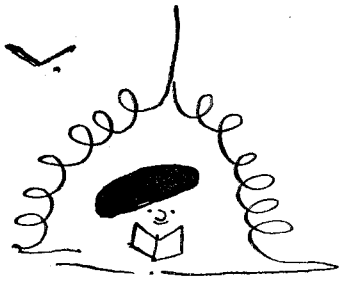
I was as angry as I was hilarious. I ran to the typewriter and began pounding out the most grotesque thing I could think of and put it in the mail. Flannery wrote back:

> This is excellent! This one page and a half is the best thing you have done, plain straight writing with no fancy business and very fine visual effects. Now make yourself a story out of this, keep on the way you are going here, and you will have something. I have no criticism of this whatsoever. It is a wonderful beginning. You are making progress.

This was in February; by May I had finished the story. After reading it, Flannery wrote:

> Well, I am proud of you! This is the best thing you've done. The prose is clear and forceful, there is nothing contrived about the story. This is the first thing you've done that is real and genuine all the way through.

Flannery, who had known favor and fame, who had been sought out by reporters and photographers, by editors and heads of universities, was the humblest person I have ever met. She never talked of herself or her writing unless a direct question was put to her. And then her answers were brief, indicating a desire to change the subject. She wrote every day, usually from nine to twelve. "It comes very hard to me," she once said. "It is real hard work. Often nothing comes of my efforts. I rewrite, edit, throw away. It's slow and searching."



Creator of Superior Scarecrows

Dog Years, *by Günter Grass, translated from the German by Ralph Manheim (Harcourt, Brace & World. 570 pp. $6.95), chronicles the odyssey from pre- to post-Nazi Germany of a miller's son, his Jewish friend, and Hitler's favorite hound. H. F. Peters, author of books on Rilke and Lou Andreas-Salomé, is professor of German and comparative literature at Portland State College, Oregon.*

By H. F. PETERS

WHEN Günter Grass's first novel, *Die Blechtrommel*, appeared in 1959 it caused a sensation. Overnight its author, until then chiefly known as an avant-garde poet, playwright, and illustrator, one of that small circle of postwar German writers who call themselves Gruppe 47, became famous. And his hero, the preposterously wicked and uproariously funny dwarf, Oskar Matzerath, began his drumming and glass-shattering career across the literary landscapes of Europe and America. French critics acclaimed *Le Tambour* as the most significant German novel in decades and awarded its author the coveted prize for *le meilleur livre étranger*. In England and in the U.S. *The Tin Drum* became an immediate best-seller. It should be noted, however, that critics here and elsewhere, while granting Grass a phenomenal epic talent, have deplored the unabashed amorality of his hero. For, in reality, the dwarf is a monster.

Grass's second book, *Cat and Mouse*, published in 1961, using the same locale as *The Tin Drum* (the city of Danzig and the estuary of the Vistula), is a short novel or novella, a genre in which German writers from Kleist to Mann have excelled. Again Grass does an excellent job and the story gains in concentration what it lacks in scope. Thematically *Cat and Mouse* is similar to *The Tin Drum* with its emphasis on the grotesque, except that its hero is not a dwarf but the victim of an even more bizarre deformity: an enormous Adam's apple.

With these two books Grass established himself as the leading novelist of postwar Germany. As if to underline this fact he published in 1963 a third novel, huge in scope and fantastic in content, a veritable *Comédie Humaine* with overtones of Boccaccio, Rabelais, and Dante: *Hundejahre*. This novel, effectively translated into English by Ralph Manheim as *Dog Years*, is the story of an incredible odyssey through the jungle of life in Germany just before, during, and after the Hitler era, and involves, amid a host of minor but colorfully drawn characters, three major ones: Walter Matern, Eddi Amsel, and a pure-bred German shepherd dog, Prinz, Hitler's favorite hound.

> O ye dog years hoarse from howling! What guarded a miller's mill, what watched over a carpenter shop, what in the guise of favorite dog rubbed against the boots of your Reichsautobahn builder, attached itself to me, an antifascist. Have you fathomed the parable? Do your accounts of accursed dog years balance to the last decimal? Are you satisfied? Have you anything more to say? May Matern take his dog away and have a beer?

This anguished outcry toward the end of Matern's story—"the hundredth publicly discussed Materniad," as Grass calls it—echoes in the reader's mind. "Have you fathomed the parable?" Aye, there's the rub: Grass overwhelms and stupefies. Having opened his Pandora's box with the description of the nine-year-old miller's son, Walter Matern, standing on a dike of the Vistula grinding his teeth, Grass cannot close it again. The world rushes out. A kaleidoscope of characters, names, events, sights, sounds and smells, historic personages, folktale figures, mythological creatures passes by, disappears and reappears. Broad like the Vistula, the story meanders through the lowlands of the Baltic, focuses on Grass's native town of Danzig—surely, no town has found a more meticulous chronicler—and then plunges forward headlong in the wake of the war: Berlin, Cologne, Aachen, Göttingen, Oldenburg, Munich, Saarbrücken, Bückeburg, Celle, Upper Franconia, Weimar, until it comes to rest 2,800 feet under the earth's surface in a mine near Hanover, a mine that employs hundreds of workers and yet produces neither potash, iron, nor coal. Brauxel & Co. are in business to supply the world with mechanical monsters, robots, scarecrows.

> Is there a hell? Or is hell already on earth? Do scarecrows go to heaven? Is the scarecrow descended from the angels, or were there scarecrows before the angels were conceived of? . . . Is there a God, or is God the first scare-

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crow? If man was created in God's image and the scarecrow in the image of man, is the scarecrow not the image and likeness of God?

Questions, questions. But, before Matern can answer, a whole flood of new ones arises: "Are all scarecrows equal? Or are there superior scarecrows? . . . Of what race are scarecrows members? Is a Germanic scarecrow superior to a Slavic scarecrow? Is a German scarecrow allowed to buy from a Jewish one?"

Here the story comes full circle, for it began with a vivid description of Matern's friend and "blood-brother" Eddi Amsel, a youthful genius at building scarecrows, whose father was a Jew. The *leitmotif* of *Dog Years* is the friendship between a German gentile and a German Jew, and not, as Grass wants to make us believe, the peregrinations of Hitler's dog. In scenes reminiscent of Brueghel and Bosch we are told what happens to that friendship in the Third Reich: Matern's involvement in the brutal assault on his friend by a group of masked storm troopers, his subsequent sense of shame and remorse, and his futile efforts at the end of the war to mete out justice. Horrible crimes have been committed, but nobody cares. Yesterday's murderers are today's pillars of society. Krupp, Flick, Schneider, Hoesch, the captains of industry, are back in business. Priests who blessed the swastika yesterday are preaching forgiveness today. Yesterday's storm troopers are today's promoters of the economic miracle (*Wirtschaftswunderkinder*). Even Prinz has escaped his Fuehrer's fate. Only Eddi Amsel, alias Hermann Haseloff, alias Goldmouth, alias Brauxel or Brauksel or Brauchsel, has remained true to himself: a scarecrow-maker as a boy, he is making scarecrows now.

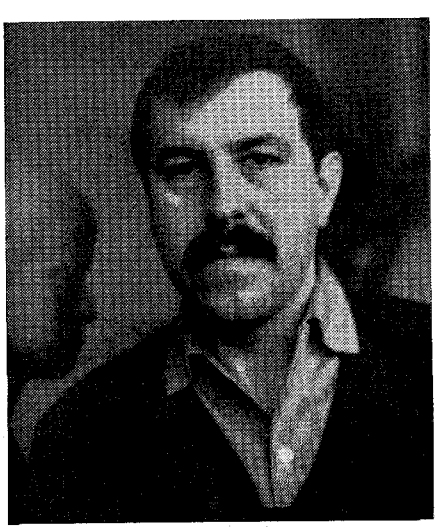
A parable? a fairy tale? a morality? Grass does not say. He insists that art with a message is bad art. All he wants to do is tell stories: "More stories. More stories. Keep going! As long as we're telling stories, we're alive." And stories he tells, fantastic tales of milk-drinking eels, talking meal worms, headless nuns and headless knights. Tells them in a baroque style that rises to paradoxical brilliance when he describes colors: "His [the dog's] hair glistened black, umbrella-black, priest-black, widow-black, SS-black, blackboard-black, Falange-black, blackbird-black, Othello-black, Ruhr-black, violet-black, tomato-black, lemon-black, flour-black, milk-black, snow-black." Word music, word magic, a verbal *tour de force*—certainly. And the whole novel is like this: monstrous, magnificent, and unforgettable.

BERLIN.

The Author: It is difficult to live in West Berlin and not to know him. You go to a little-publicized meeting of Social Democratic students—and he is there (in the audience); you continue on to a cabaret to hear Berlin soloist Wolfgang Neuss making cracks about Günter Grass—and there he is, in the third row, laughing like mad. The next day there is a weighty debate in the Akademie der Künste, and there he is again. Disguised as Long John Silver, you go to the annual carnival at the College of Art, only to knock against him in the guise of a Russian babushka. You flee to an obscure bar on the other side of the town, and there, at the corner table, you can see his walrus mustache dipping into the beer. How he finds time to write his by no means slender novels and plays, to draw all those chickens and goats and vultures, to compose his ballets and poems, to prepare his lectures and other people's speeches, I shall never know.

Günter Grass the sculptor, spatula in hand, was patting clay on the model of his son Raoul's head when I visited him. One of a pair of blue-eyed twins, the boy was sticking modeling knives into the elongated neck of his clay image. On the floor of Grass's studio was a series of eight ink drawings. In one an acrobatic cook, his head between his legs, faces an argumentative chicken. It is not clear who will have the better of the dispute. In another, a fat spider in a glass.

"I come up here at ten in the morning," Grass said, "and start to draw, as others might be saying their morning prayers. Straightaway I am at work." He went off to show me a book cover he had designed. Although he conceded that his prose was fed by a strongly developed historical sense, "mine," he said, "is a visual imagination. I don't go to an optician: I draw—to check my vision."



Günter Grass: "More stories. More stories. Keep going!"

Grass had just finished *Die Plebejer proben einen Aufstand* ("The Plebs Rehearsing a Rising"), a play based on Bertolt Brecht's controversial stand regarding the uprising in East Berlin in June 1953. It is to open at the Schiller Theater in December. We discussed his earlier plays (*Uncle, Uncle, Thirty-Two Teeth, The Flood, Ten Minutes to Buffalo, The Wicked Cooks*): "I was too early," Grass said. "The Federal Republic is only just starting to develop its own social pattern. Now it needs a theater again."

WHAT about the younger German writers? "Each of them seems to be busy developing a little style of his own. But they haven't got a story, a plot. They all are looking for some crack between Uwe Johnson, myself, and Peter Weiss, to wriggle through to the surface. As if there weren't other ways as well."

We spoke of influences and writers he valued. Certainly not the *roman nouveau*, nor Kafka or Joyce. I suggested that, following the Hitlerite vacuum in literature, he had perhaps gone back to the beginnings of the novel, Grimmelshausen's *Simplicissimus* or *Tristram Shandy*, by Laurence Sterne. "Any writer has to start somewhere," Grass said. Sterne, he commented, had been influenced by Rabelais, and Goethe had drawn the attention of the German romantic Jean Paul to Sterne. Hemingway, he said, "especially in the matter of how to present a dialogue," was an influence. And Melville, about whom Grass talked almost lovingly: "The way he devoted a whole chapter to the color white; that's wonderful!" How about German writers? "Well, of course, Thomas Mann. Not as an influence, but certainly a writer one has to come to terms with. Alfred Döblin, the author of *Berlin, Alexanderplatz*, was important to me, particularly in *The Tin Drum*."

I mentioned politics. Günter Grass is known as a friend of Berlin's Governing Mayor Willy Brandt and as a supporter of the German Social Democratic Party. "There are some writers," said Grass, "who deliberately keep out of politics altogether, and I respect that. But I do not believe an artist should adopt a lofty attitude in these matters." Grass does not set out to put over his ideology in his books, but, he said, "my beliefs will naturally permeate anything I write. It could be about fleas. . . ." An absent-minded look came into his eyes, as though he were thinking about a story in which a flea was jumping from one scarecrow to another. He has turned the scarecrow episode from *Dog Years* into

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a ballet to music by Aribert Reiman. It will have its première at the Deutsche Oper, Berlin.

Written independently of each other, *Cat and Mouse, The Tin Drum,* and *Dog Years* can, he said, be regarded as a kind of trilogy. However, the story of *Dog Years* was too big for the subjective approach of the first two novels; hence the three narrators. "I wanted the period seen through the eyes of three generations. American readers should not look too much for symbols in the book. They have a tendency to interpret everything in Freudian terms. It is simply a report of the situation in postwar Germany up to 1957," he said, kneading more clay into his son's chin. —MICHAEL STONE.

A Hidden Spring That Succored Man

The Source, *by James A. Michener (Random House. 909 pp. $7.95), through the device of an archeological dig, peels back layer after layer of Hebraic history. Joan Comay, whose husband, Michael Comay, is Permanent Representative of Israel to the U.N., is the co-author of "Israel."*

By JOAN COMAY

IN THE Galilee region of Israel, where James Michener's new novel is set, an archeological team has been assembled to excavate the site of the fictitious Biblical city of Makor—"a beautiful elliptical mound sleeping on the road from Akko to Damascus." As the story opens, Cullinane, the Irish-American scholar leading the expedition, makes the crucial decision where to locate the trial trench.

With every foot of earth being sifted the trench slowly slices down through layer after layer of history until it hits bare rock. In a series of vivid episodes, starting with the lowest layer (dating back nearly 12,000 years), and moving upwards to the present day, Mr. Michener reconstructs the story of Makor, whose name, meaning the "source," refers to the hidden spring of water that accounts for the constant human habitation at this spot.

In all, fifteen layers are identified by artifacts and potsherds (illustrated by drawings in the text). Around these "finds," amplified by the scriptural and historical records of actual persons and events, the novelist weaves a story for each period. The local setting is at Makor, but the military conquests and religious movements (pagan, Jewish, Christian, and Moslem) that impinge on the life of the town extend the background from the Atlantic Ocean to the Euphrates. (There is a good map attached, which shows the principal places referred to in the narrative.)

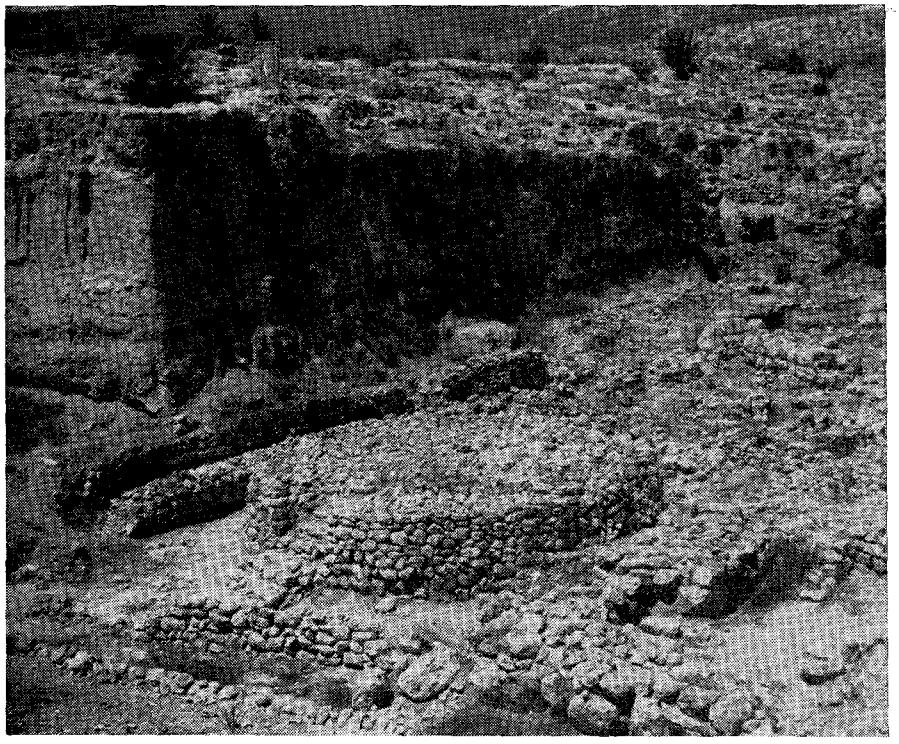
It is inevitable that some of the stories stand out more than others. This reviewer was absorbed in the ninth century B.C. engineering feat of Hoopoe, the builder, who tunneled from the middle of the city to the well on its edge; and agonized with him when his Moabite foreman was ordered killed by King David in a fit of senseless rage. The Crusader episode (Level V) explodes the legend of chivalry associated with the knights in shining armor riding to free the Holy Land from the infidel; their journey through Europe is marked by gruesome and bloody massacre.

The shaping of the Jewish religion has a special fascination for the author (a gentile), and for the average reader the book throws much light on such key chapters in the history of Judaism as the Talmudic discourses of the rabbis of Tiberias, and the medieval Cabbalists (mystics) in the mountain city of Safad. Later the novel describes in detail the astonishing capture of Safad by the Haganah (the Jewish Defense Force) in the 1948 fighting—an account based on actual fact.

The last part of the book returns to the present, and the relations among the five persons connected with the dig: Cullinane; Eliav, about to be appointed a member of the Israel Cabinet; Tabari, the shrewd, sardonic Arab who stayed behind in 1948 and threw in his lot with Israel; Vered, the small, attractive woman who is the pottery expert, and Rodman, the tough-minded Jewish millionaire from Chicago who is putting up the funds for the dig.

Through them, the author discusses some of the perplexing issues that exercise the new Israel: the treatment of the Arab minority within the state and the refugees outside; family life in the kibbutzim (collective villages); the constant—and sometimes sharp—dialogue between the Israeli and the American Jew, each committed to his own way of life, but bound to each other; and, above all, the conflict between religious orthodoxy and the needs of life in a modern state. Examples are given where, by the liberal standards of today, a rigid application of the old laws seems harsh and obsolete. Yet Mr. Michener strives to view such questions in their historical perspective, and sympathizes with the necessity for adjustment rather than a rejection of the religious heritage in a secular Jewish state.

Told with remarkable erudition and moving human detail, *The Source* is a monumental and imaginative study in depth of the old-new nation Israel.



—Fujihira (Monkmeyer).

Canaanite altar in northern Israel—"necessity for adjustment."

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—Drawings by Mendel Reif from the book.

"A chase began."

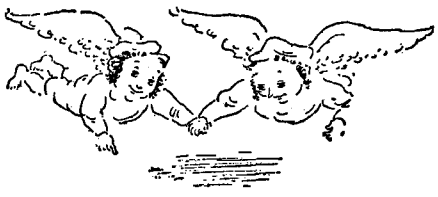
This Side of Eden

The Book of Paradise: The Wonderful Adventures of Shmuel-Aba Abervo, *by Itzik Manger, translated from the Yiddish by Leonard Wolf (Hill & Wang. 236 pp. $5), introduces an enterprising angel who reports that all is not idyllic in Eden. Daniel Stern is the author of "Who Shall Live, Who Shall Die."*

By DANIEL STERN

IF ANYONE has any preconceived notions about the nature of Eden (Paradise), he would be wise to abandon them at once. A little angel named Shmuel-Aba has arrived to explain what goes on there. It's a scandal. A charming one, as Shmuel-Aba tells it in Itzik Manger's book, first published in Poland in 1939, now newly and brightly translated by Leonard Wolf.

Skeptical readers may assume that Shmuel-Aba is lying when he tells his tales of Eden, since everyone knows that before angels are born they are given a pinch on the nose so they will forget everything about it, even the Torah they learned there. But, as Shmuel-Aba explains to his astonished parents, the town's rabbi, and its richest man, he cleverly fooled Shimon-Ber, the angel who led him down to be born. Shimon-Ber was a drunkard, and the reluctant-to-be-born angel tricked him into giving him a light pinch (and that on a putty nose he had prepared).



Schmuel-Aba and his friend Pisherl

So little Shmuel arrives to tell of his sojourn in Eden, the land of perfection. What is so funny—and occasionally moving—is how imperfect it is. In fact, Eden is like every Eastern European *shtetl* (Jewish village), only more so. In this Eden the Messiah has still not come; the pious (the Zaddikim) pray and study; the poor work hard so as not to get any poorer, but they never get rich and often go hungry. It is just these similarities and their attendant differences that bring forth sad laughter. When a disappointed lover, in a fit of despair, tries to hang himself he dangles for twenty-four hours before getting tired and giving up the idea.

Orthodox Jews will be interested to learn that on the Sabbath angels never fly; they walk. They may also be interested (as might anyone who has ever read the Old Testament) in eavesdropping along with Shmuel-Aba and his friend, Pisherl, on the conversation of the three patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Do they speak of abstract matters, divine destiny, Torah? No. Abraham and Isaac are advising Jacob that the only way he'll ever have any peace in Eden is by driving away the two maid-servants who share his household with the jealous wives, Rachel and Leah. Jacob replies that he lived out a lifetime with them all on earth. Where would be the justice in driving them away in Eden? To which the patriarch Abraham declares, eloquently, "Justice, shmustice. You do what your father and your grandfather tell you. They mean well by you."

Shmuel-Aba does more than just listen. He has adventures. When the Messiah-Ox (the Ox on which all will dine when the Messiah comes) runs away and is captured in the nearby Christian Eden, he and Pisherl go to ransom it. Ironically, the angel appointed by St. Peter to guide them back to the Jewish Eden comes in saying, "I've come for the little kikes." (Mr. Manger deals with sentiment, but he is often sardonically hard-headed.) And, beneath the poetic imagination and childlike humor, it can be seen that Manger and his Shmuel-Aba (like Mark Twain and his Huckleberry Finn) have certain tough social home-truths to impart. On encountering some bitterly poor working angels who "never get enough to eat" and "never dream a dream to its end," Pisherl says: "There is no justice in heaven."

"I gather, then," Shmuel-Aba says, "that Eden isn't Eden for everyone."

Manger's Eden, however, is for everyone who reads and laughs and likes to combine the two.

About the illustrations: Out of the first Yiddish edition of *The Book of Paradise,* published in Warsaw, only a few review copies that had already reached the U.S. survived the Nazi invasion of Poland in August 1939. That edition contained drawings by the artist Mendel Reif, who died in a concentration camp; they are included in this, the first English version of Itzik Manger's only novel.

(*Book reviews continue on page* 33)

"The angel Laibl sat playing on a pipe."

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A Jaded Glance at Shock Art

FOR SOME TIME now I've wondered whether the chief function of art is to shock. Where a lethargic public is concerned, no one denies the value of well-aimed jabs. Excessive trust in the status quo or disillusionment from major political debacles makes shock treatment almost mandatory. Art worth its name is never a passive experience; it always involves viewer and artist in some kind of active exchange. Occasionally, during periods of deep distress, painters and sculptors concentrate on jolting the public.

In the past, this was accomplished by satire, propaganda, and new methods specifically invented to communicate new ideas. When Goya made his devastating series on "The Disasters of War," when Daumier revealed the blights of Paris poverty, when Picasso created his own graphic technique of destruction, these men deliberately wanted to disturb their viewers. Though they were not averse to focusing attention on themselves, this was not their prime concern. They were more interested in getting their ideas across.

And the same was true of the dadaists, the surrealists, and such oblique, wayward figures as Schwitters, Duchamp, and even Dali during his earlier years. Disgusted with a world they considered intolerable, they used violent, often negative means to jar the public. They ruthlessly lampooned society, culture, religion, love—everything they found corrupt and shallow. Sometimes their methods were playful, sometimes brutal, but there was fury behind these men.

Today, alas, shocks are a dime a dozen, and as a rule are little more than attention-getting technical exercises. There is no anger left, nothing to fight against or for. These daily antics seem mainly products of modern publicity methods.

Rest assured; it is not "the good old days" I'm hankering after. It's the bad old days. I miss the passionate involvement that accompanies authentic emotions. I miss any real lustiness, any interesting vice, any vigorous antisocial behavior. I miss the ardor, the toughness we associate with art. Instead, what we find is a kind of demure eccentricity among the younger popular painters and sculptors, eccentricities often adopted only as distinguishing trademarks. An innocent, gamelike spirit pervades the group. One specializes in gluing his breakfast to the top of a table and hanging the assemblage on the wall; another shoots at a plaster-encrusted collage with a .22 rifle. What happens, happens. Accidents become valuable because the light-hearted participants recognize art in everything—even in nothing. One highly publicized exhibition featured an absolutely empty room. There is no doubt that accidents do produce art, that voids can have meaning, but only an uninformed public is likely to react to such "shocks," for the dadaists and their followers investigated these ideas almost a half-century ago. In every period, certain artists have shocked the layman with both their work and behavior. But this is the first time that warmed-over messages have produced such electrifying reactions.

WE have spawned a café-society art that, despite considerable success, does not even justify hostility. The work is thin and often one-dimensional, like the patrons who shift their support with the seasons. As for the artists, during their brief sojourns in the limelight they are widely wined and dined. Their names appear regularly in the daily society columns, discreetly planted there by press agents. No chic dinner party is complete without at least one member of modern Bohemia.

I notice that more and more exhibition announcements are featuring photos of artists rather than illustrations of their work. Now the personality takes precedence over the product. Young faces stare out at us from every conceivable locale, from cluttered studios, from bare attics, from bathtubs, from cafés—solemn, sad, romantic, and not infrequently ridiculous. Only a few weeks ago an exhibit including artists of both sexes announced itself with a folder showing the five participants photographed together completely nude. What shocked one was not the shoddy sensationalism of the idea, but the seeming passivity of these slim, inert bodies. How such regimented indifference could produce a spark of vitality was an interesting question.

Much of so-called op art is based on shock appeal. This is not to say that vibrating colors and optical illusions are without interest, but visual tricks lose intensity after their surprise value is exhausted. Because emotional content is often meager, technical proficiency becomes paramount.

It would seem that two older artists have been curiously misunderstood—Albers by the "opsters" and Duchamp by the "popsters." Superficially each man is connected with the movement that claims him, but the threads of contact are tenuously thin. True, Duchamp's aim was to shock—or at least this was one of his aims. He used precise, incredibly complicated methods to provoke an entire generation. It took more than a ready eye to understand his double and triple thrusts. Today his followers limp after him, his urbane controlled wit transformed by them into a somewhat fuzzy objectivity. As a rule, these young disciples borrow only one idea at a time. They see their surroundings with bland humor; they select their themes with factual naïveté. For them, there are rarely multiple overtones or lurking undertones. It is ironic that a "ready-made" audience gobbles up these oversimplifications while the true inventor of the "ready-made" watches from the sidelines.

Though Albers has been called the father of op art, I find this an unjust label. His delicately balanced paintings are not based on obvious optical rules, nor is he trying to shock our eyes merely by illusive tricks. With the utmost economy, he builds a world of luminous purity, a mysterious world that exists only through the magic of color relationships. Less important than these relationships, however, is the personal cosmos Albers creates.

I have no quarrel with artists who shock us on a grand scale. It is the piddling daily stunts that tire the spirit. Picasso's shredded figures in *Guernica*, Bosch's sadistic imagery, Malevich's *White on White*—these are shocks we never get over, for they have literally re-educated our vision. The art that finally reaches us, that infiltrates our thinking, is not *about* life but is an active part of life.

Though we may respond to an enlarged pouting Marilyn Monroe, to a mountainous plastic pie, to a bathroom set-up arranged à la Mondrian, our attention span is apt to be brief. These messages about our mass-produced milieu come through loud and clear, so loud and clear that only a simple mind finds them provocative for long. Today shock follows shock until the ultimate shock is a hand-painted painting.

—KATHARINE KUH.

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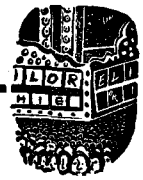

Kid Stuff

IT IS a well-established fact that the most ardent moviegoers these days are in the teen-age brackets. They go to the drive-ins by the carload, or turn up at the hard-tops on weekend evenings with their dates. To woo them—and perhaps to help their wooing—the studios have evolved a whole new category of picture aimed specifically at this audience, films with titles like *Beach Blanket Bingo*, *Bikini Beach Party*, and the upcoming *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini*. As if the titles alone were not enough to discourage any reasonable adult from venturing inside the movie house, the pictures are cast with such teen-age delights as Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello, and that senior citizen of the swing shift, Elvis Presley. Small wonder that parents are not too anxious to pre-sample the wares that Junior, and his junior misses, are buying these days.

To be perfectly frank, this unconscientious critic has not been too anxious, either. Writing for *SR*, one is privileged to assume that most readers would eagerly avoid any picture that smacked of beach blankets, beach parties, and possibly even bikinis, nor would their casts afford any considerable attraction. Nevertheless, driven by that insatiable curiosity that has been held responsible for the sudden demise of some of our feline friends, a few nights ago I caught the immortal, $5,000,000-a-year Elvis in his latest effort (to use the word loosely), *Girl Happy*. I was appalled. The rock-'n'-roll contortions that brought him fame ten years ago have been modified a bit, to be sure; but the contortions of the plot supplied by Harvey Bullock and R. S. Allen are not to be believed. Nor is their "message," which seems to be that an exercising of parental responsibility constitutes an undue interference with their teen-age offspring's fun and games.

In *Girl Happy*, the father happens to be a rough, tough Chicago nightclub operator (well played by Harold J. Stone) who, in a monumental display of obtuseness, assigns Presley and his trio of accompanists, singers in his club, to look after his little girl during Easter week vacation at Fort Lauderdale. The daughter (Shelley Fabares) is promptly identified as a studious type who needs no looking after because she wears glasses. But immediately upon her arrival in Florida, while Elvis and his cohorts peep through the window, she doffs the spectacles, dons a bikini, and the wolves in sports clothing start to congregate. Interspersed among the Presley songs (he is entertaining at a Fort Lauderdale night spot) are his frantic attempts to save the girl from contamination, plus the more frantic attempts of Presley and his buddies to make out with the chicks of their choice.

It would be hypocritical to pretend that some of the goings-on depicted in *Girl Happy* are pure invention. Perhaps petting is not in progress behind every bush and beneath every beach blanket in Fort Lauderdale during Easter week, but enough has been noted in the public press to confirm its existence. What is so unsettling, however, is the film's "go-go-go" attitude, as if it were a kind of unofficial cheering section urging the kids on to new levels of promiscuity and self-indulgence. In its authors' view, all girls are eminently seducible, pantingly flinging themselves into the shrubbery at the mere whisper of a few endearments. In its authors' view, anything that comes between concupiscence and consummation is highly risible—and most of their jokes are based on the girls' reactions when, in the midst of their amatory pursuits. Presley summons his crew to rescue Miss Fabares from yet another predator.

No less unsettling is the film's marshaling of clichés. Considerable fun is poked at a scholarly young man who reads books, respects girls with an intellect—and, of course, wears glasses. He remains a butt until, toward the end of the picture, he removes the glasses, ogles Miss Fabares, and joins the gyrating couples on the dance floor. Also bespectacled is the manager of the motel in which most of the action takes place. He is a mild little man, and his efforts to enforce the rule that guests shall not entertain members of the opposite sex in their rooms are constantly ridiculed. But most ridiculous of all, the film insists, are the nightly telephone calls from the apprehensive father. Of course, by the time he arrives in Fort Lauderdale his daughter is already in jail for attempting to strip-tease and resisting arrest. But, naturally, it was all his fault. He was being overprotective.

Teen-agers viewing *Girl Happy* might be tempted to agree. Parents, on the other hand, have reason to suspect that but for the father's long-range efforts at supervision, Miss Fabares would have boozily surrendered to a Latin type within her first twenty-four hours in Florida. Parents might suspect, too, that a little close-range supervision of their own teen-agers' film fare may well be in order. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Captives and Passengers

FOR A quarter of a century, the movies, long given to ransacking every potential source of screen material, have seen fit to neglect the near-classic Richard Hughes novel, *A High Wind in Jamaica* (known in England as *The Innocent Voyage*), with its appalling but also delightful tale of a family of Jamaican-English children who become the inadvertent captives of a band of pirates while bound for England to obtain a proper, civilizing education. Now, as a 20th Century-Fox film in color and CinemaScope, it is clear that the task of rendering the misadventurish tale to the screen should have been allowed to mature a bit longer. Some of the elements of the story are there, some are not, but what seems most lacking is the essential, sparkling quality of the book, its constant sense of irony, its imaginativeness and its sublety. Too much to ask of 20th Century-Fox? Perhaps. But then why try at all to recreate something so very special?

Somewhere along the line the project got out of hand. Three screenwriters in all produced the screenplay, none known particularly for his literary gifts, and one is aware of their struggle to shape a story line, hammer it into some kind of shape, and keep it moving. Important: show the children living in their private worlds, accepting but not comprehending the nature of the violence they encounter. This is done, but with hammer strokes. Show the children creating a new world for themselves aboard the pirate ship, befuddling the crew, mellowing the captain into an awareness of his human feelings. This is done to a degree, but the emphasis shifts to the captain (who is played by an important star, Anthony Quinn), and the revelations of the mingled innocence and savagery of the children fail to emerge.

The director, Alexander Mackendrick, has provided several colorful moments. Now and then the bite of humor breaks through, the children are made to perform acceptably, the backgrounds are very nice, the violence is not too bloody, but the net effect is a lackluster one. Even if we ignore the original source material and take it solely as a movie, it is never fully fascinating or stirring. What was needed was a strong, dominating hand, some over-all sense of conception, and they are simply not there.

The purpose behind *The Yellow Rolls*

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Royce, on the other hand, was to provide some easy, eye-filling, star-studded entertainment, and the film, directed by Anthony Asquith, comes reasonably close. It has in it such famous and attractive personnel as Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Shirley MacLaine, Omar Sharif, George C. Scott, and Alain Delon. They combine in groups of two and three in three distinct episodes, glued together by an early-Thirties-model Rolls Royce. The car is first purchased by Rex Harrison as an anniversary gift for his wife, Jeanne Moreau. He is a British cabinet minister, and she is unfaithful (on the back seat of the Rolls, no less) with his assistant, Edmund Purdom. In fact, it is that comfortable back seat of the automobile that keeps turning the three little plots.

Shirley MacLaine occupies the back seat with Alain Delon after her gangster lover, George C. Scott, purchases the used Rolls for a trip through Italy. Scott is quite wonderful in his role, but neither Miss MacLaine nor Delon has the material for more than some conventional sentimentality. By the time Ingrid Bergman becomes the car's owner the war is on, and she is persuaded by Yugoslav partisan Omar Sharif to spirit him into his country. There Miss Bergman shows a proud, brave spirit equal to the heritage represented by the Rolls, and for her reward is allowed to occupy the back seat for a night with Sharif. Terence Rattigan put together this surefire blend of sentiment, humor, and mock heroics, and he has done it deftly if superficially. Most memorable of all is Jeanne Moreau, who, in the twenty minutes of screen time allotted to her, makes it ever more certain that she is the most fascinating actress in films today.

The above films cost fortunes to make, but not so a Canadian film, *Nobody Waved Goodby*, nor the Chicago-made *Goldstein*. Don Owen, a young Canadian, wrote the screenplay of, and directed, the former film. He employed a documentary method to tell the story of a mixed up, delinquent teen-ager, and he got a remarkably believable performance from his leading player, Peter Kastner, as a keenly intelligent high school senior who keeps going wrong, mainly, it is implied, because his mother and father are simply not equipped to cope with his complex urges. *Goldstein*, too, has that artistic documentary look as it tells of a modern Elijah, arisen from Lake Michigan, and viewing the city of Chicago with wonder and alarm. Soon the story disappears into series of improvisations, a few of which are amusing, others merely distasteful. Two young men, Benjamin Monaster and Philip Kaufman, made the film, and while they appear to have talent, they have much to learn about the writing and directing of motion pictures. —Hollis Alpert.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Unsentimental Journeys

London.

Although the current British theater season is generally regarded as an inferior one, it is by no means devoid of interest or of merit. Take John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence*, a feverish character study of a lawyer named Bill Maitland. If Jimmy Porter in *Look Back in Anger* was Osborne at twenty-five, Maitland is Osborne as he sees himself becoming at forty. We watch this anguished romantic at his office as he undergoes two harassed days in which his worst anxieties materialize and he is deserted by all whom his passion and candor have alienated. But, through his discussions with his clients, we see that Maitland's experience is not unique and that conventional society has a way of punishing honesty, love, and good intentions. It is also clear that Mr. Osborne regards Maitland's generation as having failed to change the world bequeathed to it by the bankrupt generation before it. But he also regards this failure as more admirable than the younger generation's comfortable adaptation to the world. In one devastating speech he tells his seventeen-year-old daughter, "I still don't think what you're doing will ever, even, even, even, even approach the fibbing, mumping, pinched little worm of energy eating away in this me, of mine, I mean. That is: which is that of being slowly munched and then diminished altogether." As performed rapidly, and with fascinating shifts in tone, by Nicol Williamson, the play's driving insistence and hard humor emerge nicely. What is lost is some of the poetic sense that would give this devastating theater piece its largest size.

Size is achieved in the British National Theatre's production of Peter Shaffer's *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*. Because the play is performed only a few times each month within the repertory schedule, it has become a black-market ticket item. (It is ironic that the high aspirations of repertory theater should lead to the beginning of a corrupt practice hitherto remarkably resisted by the British commercial theater.) Mr. Shaffer's drama deals with Pizarro's conquest of the Inca civilization in Peru. It tells its story by use of total theater, with colorfully costumed actors working on a bare stage behind which is a raised golden inner platform. The letter represents the glory of sixteenth-century Peru and its Sun God ruler, Atahuallpa. As directed by John Dexter and Desmond O'Donovan, the action is dynamic and inventive. Colin Blakely's Pizarro captures the complexity of a man who is larger than his materialistic drive for gold and who is torn apart by his realization that Europe's cruel but not ineffectual perversion of Christianity is just as superstitious as is the Inca religion and that the common people of Peru lived happier lives under Atahuallpa than the masses of Europe did under the Pope. The play is written with penetrating insight rather than with showy grandiosity. True, Mr. Shaffer's words are somewhat drowned in the swell of performance and there are times when one feels that the canvas is unnecessarily cluttered. But we also are aware that along the way we have touched the profound essences that underlie historical events. At the end we are left with the marvelously theatrical image of the half sad, half mad Pizarro sitting beside Atahuallpa's dead body as he ponders the immortality that attends man's acceptance of absolute death.

The National Theatre also has in its present repertoire three productions from last season (*Hobson's Choice*, *Othello*, *The Master Builder*), plus this season's five new mountings (*Hay Fever*, *The Crucible*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, *Mother Courage*). *Hay Fever*, deliciously directed by its author, Noël Coward, and amusingly costumed by Motley, is a perfect period piece made especially hilarious by the performances of Maggie Smith, Robert Lang, and Celia Johnson. *The Crucible* is a forceful enactment of the Arthur Miller play. And although Franco Zeffirelli has turned *Much Ado About Nothing* into a Neapolitan farce that virtually destroys Shakespeare's comedy, he has invented some exceedingly funny business and imposed a style on the proceedings.

Elsewhere in London, Dorothy Tutin has scored a personal success as Queen Victoria in *Portrait of a Queen*. Spike Milligan is making delightfully mad shambles of a romantic play retitled *The Son of Oblomov*. Lionel Bart's *Maggie May* builds a conventionally operatic story around the life of Liverpool dock workers and prostitutes with vivid dances, spectacular scenery, and thick Liverpool jargon. *Robert and Elizabeth* charmingly musicalizes the Wimpole Street romance. And *Our Man Crichton* musically satirizes the servant-master relationship in a country that laughs at its class system while continuing to cling to it tenaciously. —Henry Hewes.

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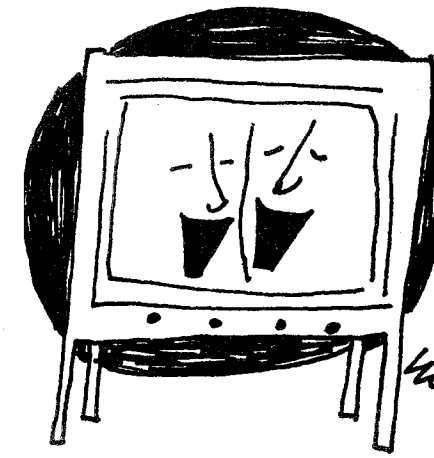

Choosing Sides

THE Federal Communications Commission, if it doesn't watch out, may be guilty of casuistry, the fine art of applying general principles to specific cases—and making exceptions. Chairman E. William Henry said in a recent speech that the commission's job "is to foster conditions which allow the forces of creativity in American broadcasting . . . the freest access to the air waves . . ., the best chance for full expression." Yet an FCC hearing examiner has just made an initial decision that would frustrate creativity and limit opportunities for the expression of diverse, clashing ideas. He awarded a construction permit for a new FM commercial radio station to a St. Louis applicant who proposed to broadcast, among other programs, such regular features as *Temperance Crusade, Bedtime Devotions, Prof. McGuffey, The Voice of Experience, Concert Time,* and *Garden Tips.* But he denied the application of a partnership that promised such programs for St. Louis as *Hi-Fi to You, This Week at the U.N., News in Depth, The New Music Presents,* and *Film Review.*

The successful applicant is the Christian Fundamental Church (Evangelical) of St. Louis; the losers were Lorenzo W. Milam and Jeremy D. Lansman. The FCC examiner, in deciding in favor of the church, noted that "no evidence has been offered that any of the three church directors have had any experience in operating a radio facility." Mr. Milam, on the other hand, has for two years operated KRAB, a noncommercial, listener-supported radio station in Seattle, and Mr. Lansman has been associated with radio stations in Honolulu and California. The church, in its briefs, noted with disapproval that KRAB had broadcast "extreme" and "peculiar" programs. Milam and Lansman, it is true, do want to bring controversial, creative radio to St. Louis. The Christian Fundamental Church, they allege, has a record of segregation and racial discrimination (the hearing examiner ignored this charge). It places a heavy emphasis, in its proposed programs, on evangelical religion "to encourage people to live fuller, better lives." "At the luncheon and dinner hours," the church indicated, "there will be featured quiet, instrumental selections to create an atmosphere conducive to relaxation and enjoyment of the afternoon and evening meal." The church asserted that Mr. Milam "resides on a houseboat in Seattle, has worn beards." A broadcaster, the church conceded, should not be narrow in his thinking, nor should he prohibit "dissenting opinion." But Milam and Lansman, it argued, "would carry this to the extreme." They would, for example, permit "damn" and "hell" on programs.

The FCC examiner, in considering the usual criteria employed in comparative hearings, gave decisive importance to the fact that the church's "coverage area" would include 2 per cent more listeners than the area covered by the rival applicants. In a case in Trenton, New Jersey, however, the FCC finally overruled the same examiner after he had decided in favor of a station with a coverage advantage of six to one. The commission gave more weight, in that case, to the successful applicant's programing proposals and to his broadcasting experience than to the coverage factor. Milam and Lansman have appealed the initial decision, and the matter is to come before an FCC review board.

Subjective judgments are involved in any comparative hearing. Consideration must, of course, be given to the full range of formal, technical issues, but broadcasting, in the last analysis, is programing, as well as the values and actions of the people who produce programs. The public interest is the governing rule in such a collision of aims as is involved in the St. Louis contest. At least four stations in St. Louis now carry the conventional type of programing proposed by the church. It is important, in the public interest, that broadcasters who want to proliferate diversity and creativity be encouraged. That's the FCC philosophy; why make an exception in this case? A careful examination of the examiner's initial decision is in order.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

EVERYTHING'S RELATIVE

If you're planning a wedding and the invitations must include all the family, the authors below can supply you with enough relations to fill a reception hall. Margaret O. Slicer of Needham, Massachusetts, wants you to match relative(s) to author, and promises that they will all send expensive presents. Answers on page 34.

1.	*My Cousin Rachel*	( ) Sinclair Lewis
2.	*Auntie Mame*	( ) C. P. Snow
3.	*Father of the Bride*	( ) Sheila Kaye-Smith
4.	*The Grandfathers*	( ) Vardis Fisher
5.	*The Grandmothers*	( ) Howard Spring
6.	*Sons*	( ) Theodore Dreiser
7.	*Renny's Daughter*	( ) Daphne du Maurier
8.	*Joseph and His Brothers*	( ) Pearl Buck
9.	*The Secret Son*	( ) Glenway Wescott
10.	*My Sister Eileen*	( ) Conrad Richter
11.	*Sons and Lovers*	( ) Ruth McKenney
12.	*My Brother Bill*	( ) D. H. Lawrence
13.	*Sister Carrie*	( ) Thomas Mann
14.	*Kissing Kin*	( ) Mazo de la Roche
15.	*Prodigal Parents*	( ) Edward Streeter
16.	*The Mothers*	( ) Patrick Dennis
17.	*Daughter of Silence*	( ) John Faulkner
18.	*My Son, My Son*	( ) Dorothy Canfield Fisher
19.	*Her Son's Wife*	( ) Morris West
20.	*Strangers and Brothers*	( ) Elswyth Thane

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The Enemies of His Early Years

Winston Churchill: An Intimate Portrait, *by Violet Bonham Carter (Harcourt, Brace & World. 413 pp. $8.50), concentrates on the earlier phases of a career which, as the daughter of Prime Minister Asquith, the author observed at close range. J. H. Plumb is the author of "Men and Centuries."*

By J. H. PLUMB

THE SPATE of Churchilliana is boiling and foaming into a flood, but, when the torrent has subsided, Lady Violet Bonham Carter's book will remain, not only as a permanent memorial to a remarkable friendship but also as an essential text for the Churchill saga. Devoted as she was to Churchill, almost to the point of idolatry, she retained a highly perceptive, properly distanced insight into his character, and this is easily the best portrait that we have of the young Churchill.

Lady Violet was a close spectator of the first phase of Churchill's career, which ended so abruptly in 1915 with his exclusion from the War Cabinet, due largely to the envy and malice of the leaders of the Conservative Party. And she makes it crystal clear why he was loathed by his enemies and distrusted by so many of his colleagues. For those who knew only the later Churchill, the great statesman of universal esteem, her book will come as a revelation of how friendless, how uniformly unpopular he was during the first part of his public life.

True, he possessed a handful of friends who were aware of his genius and thankful for it. But the majority, the ruck of stony-hearted, mean-spirited, power-hungry politicians of low ability, detested him as much as they feared him, and reveled in his defeats with glee. Naturally, the bulk of his enemies were to be found in the Conservative Party, which Lady Violet castigates with a rhetorical verve worthy of Churchill himself. No wonder she had to wait for a Labour Government to become a life-peeress.

Why did Churchill arouse such violent passions? There were two obvious reasons: his actions and his temperament. Churchill was born a Tory and started his political life as Conservative M.P. for Oldham. The grandson of a duke, he seemed destined to become a champion of reaction, a bulwark against the growing tide of radicalism that was clamoring not only for a better life for the working man but also for Home Rule for Ireland, self-rule for South Africa, greater freedom for the dominions. But no sooner had Churchill made his impressive début in the Commons than he deserted his party and turned his coruscating invective against his old friends, adopting with almost myopic intensity the advanced social radicalism of Lloyd George and the uncompromising Home-Rule-for-Ireland of John Redmond. The measures Churchill espoused kindled a blind rage in the breasts of the Tory peerage, and, indeed, in the case of Ireland, led them not only to oppose the will of the electorate but to dabble in treason. By stressing this background Lady Violet helps us to understand the distrust and malevolence that enmeshed Churchill—and nearly destroyed him, for it was the Conservatives who finally forced him from office in 1915.

But hatred of Churchill was strengthened by other factors besides the consequences of his political actions, as Lady Violet makes clear. A switch of allegiances such as his might have been carried off by a secretive, diplomatic manipulator. Churchill, however, was none of these. He was ebullient, arrogant, loquacious, careless of consequence, and utterly oblivious to the opinions of others; he possessed a natural magnanimity: he could denounce, bully, or even vilify a man with sarcasm, but he found sustained hatred well-nigh impossible. Life ran too joyously in his veins; he loved living, and himself, too much to need hatred of others to sustain him. Above all, his vitality was irrepressible. His gusto for life, combined with a massive self-confidence and a delight in decision, made him intolerable to the second-rate. Men of ability and even grandeur—Asquith, Lloyd George, F. E. Smith, Beaverbrook, Fisher—were drawn irresistibly to him; but mediocre men, and they abound in politics, loathed him, his arrogance, his ability, his animal spirits that relished danger. Whatever governmental department Churchill controlled—Colonies, Board of Trade, Admiralty—the temperature of politics rose, and an imagination as eloquent as it was rare brought a new and discerning light to their problems.

Lady Violet is not unaware of Churchill's defects, but she conveys his genius in its human quality as well as its political depth as no other writer has yet done. Her book is more than a portrait of Churchill, for Lady Violet has a wonderfully intelligent grasp of politics and of human nature. Her comments on Lloyd George, Bonar Law, A. J. Balfour, Fisher, and the rest display rare intelligence. It is astonishing that a girl so young should have possessed such insight into the world of men and power; but what is even more incredible is that this should be her first book. It ought not to be her last; such perception should be directed now to other great contemporaries. She has done full justice to the greatest.

—From the book.

Winston Churchill speaking at Enfield in 1915 —enmeshed in malevolence and mistrust.

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Rage Against the Night

Taken Care Of: The Autobiography of Edith Sitwell *(Atheneum. 239 pp. $5.95), is the last flare-up of the rage that possessed the poet all her life. Leon Edel, biographer of Willa Gather and author of "Literary Biography," won a Pulitzer Prize for "Henry James: The Untried Years."*

By LEON EDEL

EDITH SITWELL'S autobiography is a gathering-in, at the close of her life, of old memories, old passions, old feuds. Disregarding the usual facts and dates of conventional autobiography, she succeds nevertheless in setting down a poignant self-portrait with a candor that is refreshing if not always pleasant. What makes for the interest and even the power of this book is the passion within it: it is the last flare-up of the rage that possessed Edith Sitwell all her life. When the rage became art it offered us the beating music and the hard imagery of her poems; when it functioned as spleen it could be cruel, malicious, peevish, unfeeling—or, on occasion, simply bad manners. Reading some of Dame Edith's long-remembered drawing-room quips, one recalls the Jamesian aphorism about an aristocracy being "bad manners organized."

It is doubtful whether Dame Edith would have attempted any other kind of autobiography than this series of fragments and impressions. Her brother, Sir Osbert, has set down a definitive chronicle of the Sitwellian existence at Renishaw in five volumes. Dame Edith enlarges his picture by giving us her particular vision of her childhood: a mother whose "rages were the only reality in her life"; a father who paced Renishaw's passages and halls like a caged animal ("only the sound of his footsteps and the care for his health remained to bind him to reality"). Small wonder that little Edith and her younger brothers had to love and comfort one another. Edith with her Plantagenet features did not correspond to her father's concept of feminine beauty, and as a female she felt herself an outcast. Her mother described her as "an exceedingly violent child." She was caged between her ill-mated parents as in a gargoyle world; her beloved governess and her brothers, we may surmise, saved her for art.

But ravage there was. The positive side was in her poetry; yet here too all that is soft and yielding had to be solidified and given the sharpness of lantern slides. Raindrops turn to wooden stalactites, the morning light "creaks," flame is seen as fur; reality for Edith Sitwell is a surging word-music, yet one seems to hear within the intemperate hammer and the chisel.

Dame Edith's autobiography is at its most vivid when she explains her poetry; this is perhaps the best way a poet can write the book of himself. Her voice, which in life was a pale, thin, haunting monotone, here is often a voice of cold anger. She could neither forget nor forgive. She pays off her old enemies, Wyndham Lewis, D. H. Lawrence, the enraged Dr. Leavis. On the other hand, she loved with equal strength Aldous Huxley, Gertrude Stein, Virginia Woolf, the young Dylan Thomas (whom she helped discover).

Her chapter on eccentricity, as may be imagined, is one of the most significant in the book. She confesses to a fascination with the subject. Eccentricity is not, she argues, a form of madness: "It is often a kind of innocent pride, and the man of genius and the aristocrat are frequently regarded as eccentrics because genius and aristocrat are entirely unafraid of and uninfluenced by the opinions and vagaries of the crowd."

This is certainly a useful working definition, assuredly one that would apply to Ottoline Morrell, whose memoirs were published last year. But Lady Ottoline, though not creative, liked people and gathered artists around her. Edith Sitwell was involved in an intricate pattern of love-hate, and her eccentricity was undermined by the intensity of her aggression. Some of her examples of her own individuality are mere records of rudeness; yet she can play skillfully with such paradoxes as that H. G. Wells was eccentric "because of his intense and eloquent ordinariness." Her real reservation about Wells comes out elsewhere: he used words to communicate ideas. For Dame Edith words were meant to evoke beauty, or to produce beautiful sound.

This autobiography, written on the brink of death, possesses an extraordinary vitality and reflects an unimpaired and transfiguring imagination. I have been trying to understand what she means at one point when she describes Galsworthy as being "closely, even secretively, clean-shaven." The mind is teased by the word "secretively" in relation to so unsecret an instrument as a razor. But this was Edith Sitwell's way of thrusting enigmatic statement upon us. These fragments speak for her need to define herself, and they will remain a highly personal statement to be read in the margin of her poems.

—*From the book.*

A 1930 portrait of Edith Sitwell by Pavel Tchelitchew—"reality . . . is a surging word-music."

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1138

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1138 will be found in the next issue.

KTD EVHW MBTMSB QBYTEB

VQOFJVYF VO V DVW TR VM-

MBVJPHA MJTRTLHN!

GTLQBJF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1137

How gaily a man wakes in the morning to watch himself keep on dying. —HENRY HASKINS.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 15, 20, 9, 16, 18, 13, 1, 6, 5, 4, 10, 11, 8, 7, 3, 2, 12, 19, 17, 14.

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The Situation in Southeast Asia

Mission in Torment: An Intimate Account of the U.S. Role in Vietnam, *by John Mecklin (Doubleday. 318 pp. $4.95);* ***The Making of a Quagmire,*** *by David Halberstam (Random House. 323 pp. $5.95);* ***The New Face of War,*** *by Malcolm W. Browne (Bobbs-Merrill. 284 pp. $5), and* ***Vietnam: Inside Story of the Guerrilla War,*** *by Wilfred G. Burchett (International. 253 pp. $4.95), report on what has happened and why in the world's chief trouble-spot. Kenneth T. Young, Jr., was Director of Southeast Asian Affairs for the State Department from 1954 to 1958 and Ambassador to Thailand and SEATO in 1961-63.*

By KENNETH T. YOUNG, JR.

AFTER years of scant source material, the literature on Vietnam is catching up with our extending commitment. These four books, though controversial, enlighten many a dark spot in Vietnam's obscure and tangled canvas. The books are all informative, "instant" reporting of what happened and why in Vietnam, according to each author's viewpoint. They deal in slices of time and particular aspects rather than in the broad sweep of events; and, while they usefully expose many, but not all, important segments of the 1961-64 period, they unfortunately skip most of the 1954-60 setting.

No one will find solutions to the Vietnamese problem in these books. The authors do not try to foretell the future or show the way out for either side. Many aspects of the complex problem are not even touched—U.S. aid, diplomatic issues, negotiations, the regional framework in Southeast Asia, and the role of other nations participating on both sides of this international war. However, we can profit from reading all of them to gain a better understanding of the American, Vietnamese, and Communist roles in the struggle.

In *The Making of a Quagmire* David Halberstam of the *New York Times*, who won the Pulitzer Prize for his reporting out of Vietnam in 1962-63, focuses on the rights of journalists and their clash with officials, on political developments at the Saigon level, and on military operations in the key delta area. He criticizes forcefully and, I think, quite accurately the excesses of the Ngo family, the false optimism of that period, and the inadequacies of American efforts. Washington will not like his book; neither will Hanoi. He deals well with his material, but covers only what he saw in those two years. Besides chapter headings and an index, a larger perspective would have improved this thoughtful if controversial interpretation.

John Mecklin, reporter and head of the United States Information Service in Saigon in 1962-64, writes from a personal though official viewpoint in his *Mission in Torment*. His special contribution is a candid account of the unfortunate breakdown in communications between the U.S. Mission and American reporters in Saigon. He also gives us some "inside" information about American reactions and activities in the Buddhist crisis and anti-Diem revolt of 1963, without revealing whether he knew how deeply we were involved in that coup. He presents helpful perspectives on the unhappy legacy of the past in Vietnam and on the vital psychological and political struggle in the countryside, where 85 per cent of the Vietnamese live, in addition to debatable options for the future in his excellent concluding chapter on the "Guerrilla Gap."

FOR fast and easy reading, Malcolm Browne, another Pulitzer Prize-winner for reporting out of Vietnam, gives us the sights, sounds, and smells of battle with the Vietcong in his *New Face of War*. But, more important, he shows the new pattern of war which we are encountering for the first time in the Vietnamese struggle, for which we need a "new kind of bat to stay in the game." His book, which has a preface by Cabot Lodge, is full of valuable and truthful insights on political action, Vietcong terrorism, guerrilla tactics, propaganda, and the uncomplimentary contrast between the "face" of war on our side and that on the other. We need to understand the contrast, and learn to do better.

Vietnam: Inside Story of the Guerrilla War was written by the Australian Communist journalist Wilfred G. Burchett, who has spent many years in the Communist East—in China, Vietnam, and Korea. He appeared from the other side, and not very cooperatively, as I recall, in our press briefings at Panmunjom. But, allowing for his obvious sympathy for the Vietcong or Vietnamese Communists (both terms he abhors and avoids in this book), we can learn something about their movement (the National Liberation Front, as the Communists term it). Burchett does speak from firsthand observation on his own travels and talks in Communist-controlled areas in South Vietnam and Hanoi. He narrates the history of the "NLF": its development, objectives, tactics, and successes, and its failures, too. Many of his details dovetail with those supplied by the American authors under review. However, he disingenuously tries to prove that the National Liberation Front is an indigenous movement without direction or support from the Communist government in Hanoi, while the American reporters demonstrate that the reverse is nearer the truth. This compromises the credibility of Burchett's book, as does his glossing over Communist terrorism. On these and other scores one can read two totally opposing versions of the situation in Vietnam—which, after all, is what the struggle is about. Burchett does give us a readable, intelligible account, whatever its propaganda and distortions, about a political phenomenon we need to understand.

Burchett raises an interesting question: Was there a favorable turning point for us in 1962? While many Americans, including some of these authors, believe that the war was being lost, Burchett tells us from the other side that it was "Diem's year." I find significant his revelation that the National Liberation Front in the strategic delta area south of Saigon had almost reached the point of giving up the war there and withdrawing to the mountains (as they have done recently, for as yet unknown and perhaps different reasons). According to Burchett, the high mobility of the helicopter war, the sudden and successful organization of many strategic hamlets, and the massive input of American economic and military aid seemed "too high a price" for the Vietcong to pay. However, instead of making a strategic withdrawal, the Vietcong turned the tide back against Diem and the Americans by exploiting the "forced

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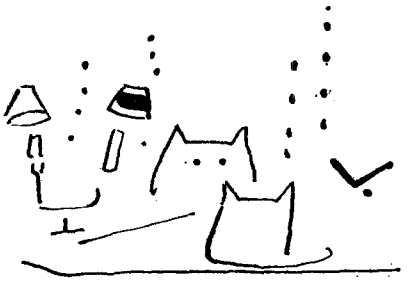
massing" of the Vietnamese population into these strategic hamlets. Several of the American authors under review would also agree that Diem and the Saigon government lost the peasants' support through this action.

According to seemingly authentic documents and statements in these books, the Vietcong claim that their main job is to establish themselves "in the hearts of the people." As the American authors emphasize, this is the real problem in Vietnam: political and psychological victory as much as military success in the "paddies and hamlets," as Mecklin puts it. And Browne and Halberstam both warn that there is much more to the Vietcong than terrorism and "something more to winning a revolutionary war than helicopters." The theme of "a war of men and ideas," in Halberstam's phrase, threads its way through these books, spotlighting the need for effective political action in village and countryside.

Halberstam believes that the mistakes of the Vietnamese and Americans caused the war to deteriorate seriously in 1962 and 1963, to the point of near loss. He severely indicts the Ngo family—particularly Mr. and Mrs. Nhu—on many counts which this reviewer endorses. He sums up the tragedy of a good man when he says that Diem, "who could never have been corrupted by worldly goods, became corrupted by power and pride." That explains his final fall, despite his earlier services to Vietnam's nationalist revolution.



What began in 1954-56 as a nationalist revolution ended as a mandarinate of repression, whose fatal cancer was Nhu—husband and wife. Browne, Mecklin, and Halberstam all expose the Nhus' pretentious ambitions and morbid suspicions that poisoned official relations between the Americans and the Vietnamese and alienated practically all urban Vietnamese, as well as many in the countryside. Mecklin also correctly portrays Diem as neither a popular figure nor a good administrator. He became not only the Nhus' accomplice, but their prisoner during the last months of his life. While these books all question the wisdom of our embracing Diem in the first place, they agree that we could never have separated the two brothers to save Diem or avoid the inevitable débacle. The real issue, as Halberstam notes, was whether the U.S. would have done better in that period to attach important political conditions to its aid and insist on Diem's and Nhu's accepting them, rather than backing down as we apparently did.

The Diem débacle is excellently recounted nearly minute-by-minute by Halberstam and Mecklin. A popular revolt, crystalized into the so-called Buddhist movement, became an attractive and feasible rallying ground for opposition elements as the Nhu repression grew. Both authors indicate an apparent lack of American contact with Vietnamese opinion, not only in this particular crisis but during the entire period under review. Perhaps American officials who were there at the time would strongly disagree; but it is disturbing to read the judgment of these authors that Americans failed to reach the people or to keep in touch with what was really happening politically, or even with the actual movements and operations of Vietnamese military units. There seems also to have been a vertical communications gap between the American Mission in Saigon and its many civilian and military advisers and technicians out in the field. This is probably the inherent blind spot in an orthodox approach to social upheavals.

WHAT emerges even more significantly from the coup of 1963 is the evident failure of the Americans and Vietnamese to be ready with a new political program and a better political organization. The rule is never to "coup" without follow-through; and we will pay for that lapse for a long time.

Ambassador Nolting and General Harkins, while portrayed as likable, dedicated, vigorous men, are criticized too hastily, I think. They were executing policies determined in Washington: first to restore and maintain some semblance of a working relationship with Diem as long as possible, and then to carry out the Kennedy-McNamara-Taylor counter-insurgency program on a massive and immediate scale. Despite some criticism of him, Ambassador Lodge, who was playing a difficult new game, is also sympathetically cast in these books. We must remember that it is hard for men in such positions during fast-moving, critical developments to knock the team while cheering it on. No one scores touchdowns that way.

These books make valuable contributions by telling us much about the "enemy" or the "other" side, and about ourselves from the Vietnamese viewpoint. Some of this may be hard to take, but it will test our mettle and prove our maturity if we can go on to learn from our mistakes. All these authors consider Vietnam vital. Except for Burchett, they end on a hopeful note for us: they believe that by learning our lessons and improving political and military operations we can achieve success, although they do not define it.

As David Halberstam concludes, "We do have something to offer these emerging nations."

To Eric, Not to Make Too Much of Time

By Harold Witt

SELL Kool Aid always on the summer road—
no, just for now be glad you're not yet nine,
watching those tadpoles sprouting into toads,
coming through sunshine and leafdappled light.
All boys but Peter Pan stop running home
goldhanded, holding rapture's butterfly.

But for a little while yell to all those
grime green kids and grown ups going by,
"Delicious flavors, cheap, 2¢, ice cold,"
and wondering, bend, before you're old and sly,
as tails drop off and toadfeet slowly grow;
dig the dirt deep, my still nine summers' boy.

Myth maker, player with a bow,
arrowing apples from the timeworn tree,
eyeing TV; you don't fool me, I know
how much you wish for cruel maturity
of size and age, and do not want to be,
even one summer, only eight or so.

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What's Going On Way Up North?

O Canada: An American's Notes on Canadian Culture, *by Edmund Wilson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 245 pp. $4.95), branches from our northern neighbor's literature into his politics. A former Canadian newspaperman, Robert T. Elson was the first editor of Time magazine's Canadian edition.*

By ROBERT T. ELSON

EDMUND WILSON pays Canadian authors a compliment they rarely receive in their own country or elsewhere. In this book, a reprint of his Canadian articles in *The New Yorker,* he finds many of them underestimated in the world of contemporary literature—and the whole Canadian literary scene alive and stimulating. Americans generally accustomed to regarding the gray Canadian scene as a cultural back bay in the English-speaking world may be surprised by some of Mr. Wilson's judgments just as his unaccustomed praise infuriated one Canadian critic. Canada, it has often been said, is a triumph of politics over geography and economics—and sometimes it seems over common sense.

Canadians can often be childish in their resentment of things American, as was the Toronto critic who terms Mr. Wilson's praise of Toronto's Morley Callaghan "the effrontery of American imperialism." But, as Mr. Wilson observes, the main reason for the common underestimation of Mr. Callaghan's work "may be the general incapacity for believing that a writer whose work may be mentioned without absurdity in association with Chekhov and Turgenev can possibly be functioning in Toronto."

Mr. Wilson's book is not a definitive study of Canadian writing but exactly what he says it is—a series of notes on the Canadian scene which branch from literature into politics. He argues that Canada is passing through a triple crisis: (1) a struggle with the United States, which is primarily industrial and financial but also moral; (2) a struggle between French- and English-speaking Canada, which has resulted on the part of the former in a movement for complete independence; and (3) a drive for drastic reform within the Catholic Church in Quebec, set off by the innovating policies of Pope John and the breakup of the old boss system with the death of Quebec's boss of bosses, the long-lived Maurice Duplessis.

Ever a man for the underdog, Wilson sees English Canadian resistance to absorption by the United States as "an instinct for self-preservation against the prodding and encroachments of centralized power." But this, of course, has been the central fact of Canadian history: Canadians do not want to be Americans. There was a time, indeed, when there was a real American threat to Canadian independence. It exists no longer and in recent years, it has seemed to me, Canadians have had a regrettable tendency to exaggerate the dangers of American economic investment, which has contributed largely to giving them the second highest living standard in the world. They have never understood the extraordinary economic pressures that would be mobilized in the U.S. Congress against any bill for the political union of Canada and the United States.

The new move for independence in French Canada is serious and tragic for it does threaten the existence of Canada as we know it. On the other hand, transforming the province of Quebec into independent Laurentia could only result, in the long run, in the retrogression of a society that is just now emerging from a narrow and parochial past.

Mr. Wilson finds that the predominant tone of English Canadian comment on these preoccupying issues is, "Well perhaps we ought to take stock and find out what we've really got"—while the tone of the French Canadian is one of "anguished solicitude." In Canada Mr. Wilson says he was made aware of the importance of nationalism as a stimulating force in literature. "One finds oneself here in a world which though more inbred and limited is subjected to higher emotional pressure—a society in which writers have the stimulus of a common discontent, a common interest in preserving their language and the excitement of a common animosity."

Mr. Wilson has written a provocative report on a country which at this time merits more American interest in what is really going on there.

In the Footsteps of a World Spirit

Journey to the Morea: Travels in Greece, *by Nikos Kazantzakis, translated from the Greek by F. A. Reed (Simon & Schuster. 190 pp. $4.95), records the novelist's search for the roots of his own art and being in the timeless culture of his native Hellas. Kimon Friar, editor of Greek Heritage magazine, was recently Regent's Lecturer in classics at the University of California in Berkeley.*

By KIMON FRIAR

ABOUT two years ago a young American telephoned to inform me, in Greek, that as a result of reading my translation of Kazantzakis's *Odyssey* he had gone to Crete and there learned the Cretan dialect in order to read Kazantzakis in the original, and perhaps translate some of his works. The young man was F. A. Reed, and the first fruit of his act of dedication is this excellent translation of *Journey to the Morea* (the Frankish name for Peloponnesos). It has a fine epilogue in which he demonstrates that not only this book but all the works of Kazantzakis are tributaries flowing into the turbulent ocean of the *Odyssey.* And, indeed, each of Kazantzakis's works is either a prelude to or an elaboration of one of the main themes brought to maturation in what he considered his *magnum opus.*

Kazantzakis was his own hero, Odysseus, restlessly wandering through the world in an attempt to penetrate beneath the varied and contradictory mores of numerous civilizations to the essential spirit that unites not only all mankind but all the universe. In Greece he had for years no reputation as novelist or dramatist, and certainly not as epicist; but Kazantzakis's travel books on China, Japan, Russia, England, and Spain, as well as Greece, were highly extolled.

Kazantzakis traveled through the Peloponnesos five times between 1915 and 1937, and in *Journey to the Morea* he distills the essence of each trip through Sparta, Mistra, Megalopolis, Monemvasia, Olympia, Mycenae, and the medieval castles and fortresses. At every site he was overwhelmed by the accumulated memories of the past; and for this reason he thought that for a Greek a journey through Greece was "a fascinating, exhausting ordeal," an attempt to convert the single moment into eternity, for Greece, from the Stone

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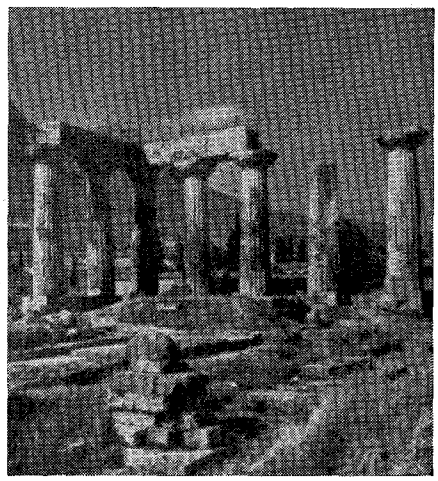
Age to the present, flowed in his blood. Nevertheless, all periods were for him distilled into a conflict between the Classical and the Oriental: the Hellenic "love of life, calm confrontation of death, development of the body, harmony of flesh and mind, love of freedom, joyful attachment to earth, with no longing for another, better world," and the Byzantine "theocracy, feudalism, loathing of life, futility, pessimism, and mysticism." Because a Greek is trapped between East and West, Kazantzakis thought Greece to be "one of the world's most dangerous geographical and spiritual points." The duty of every Greek, Kazantzakis felt, is to exult in this tension, to plunge into the "warm, dark, rich subconscious" formlessness derived from the Orient, and to give it order and luminosity.

Even so brief a summary of his intentions indicates that in his travel books Kazantzakis tried to probe much more deeply than most men of letters who have left us sensitive travelogues. Contrasting the masculine mountain Taygetus, near Sparta, and the fertile feminine plain evocative of Helen ("Helen means to do battle for Helen"), he points out the essential quality of the Greek character, whether ancient or modern. He defines the smile of an archaic Greek *kouros* as the beginnings of a civilization, and that of a Buddha as the end of a civilization. He knows that art lies not in depicting an object but in embodying the forces that shape the object, and so interprets with great penetration the famous pediments and metopes at Olympia, tracing their evolution not only from the development of the Greek race but also from the bare Greek landscape itself. Mistra, the temple of Bassae, Monemvasia are, for Kazantzakis, imprints of the hands and feet of that Invisible Force that treads on and shapes all things visible. Kazantzakis's landscapes are inscapes.



—*From the book.*

". . . savage in the light, with a metallic-blue glare, rises the Acrocorinthos."

Accent on the Exotic

The Kimono Mind: An Informal Guide to Japan and the Japanese, *by Bernard Rudofsky (Doubleday. 283 pp. $5.95), concentrates on the quainter aspects of Nippon in an effort to explain an alien culture. Horace Bristol, a professional photographer, has lived in Japan since May 1946. For a considerable portion of that time he has made his home in a small fishing village fifty miles south of Tokyo.*

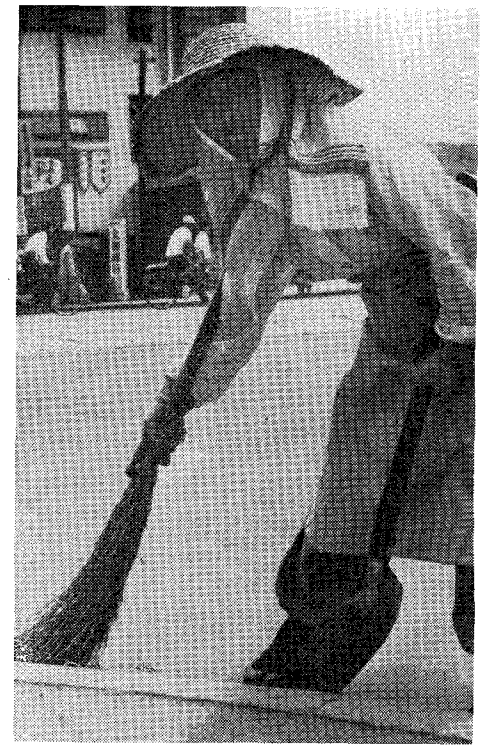
By HORACE BRISTOL

JAPAN is a picturesque little country, populated by quaint little people living in paper-walled houses, practicing strange and exotic customs, thinking unfathomable thoughts to the confusion of the Occidental visitor. This is Formula A for any travel book on Nippon, as it has been since the time of the earliest European explorers some four centuries ago. Few writers manage to get much beyond this well-accepted formula; certainly not Bernard Rudofsky in *The Kimono Mind*. Perhaps because it is so easy to document.

In 283 pages (including six pages of bibliography, listing quotations ranging from Marco Polo to current columns of the newspaper *Japan Times*) Mr. Rudofsky has filled his book with "facts," most of them indisputable. The trouble with facts, at least in this case, is that they do not necessarily add up to a completely truthful whole. For example, in placing considerable emphasis on the reactions and descriptions of the first American visitors to Japan—both Townsend Harris and those in Admiral Perry's party—it is much as if Mrs. Anthony Trollope's observations on frontier America were to be accepted as a description of mid-twentieth-century USA.

In any travel book, or serious study of a foreign country, it is helpful to know something of the attitude of the writer before he set foot on the alien soil. Mr. Rudofsky gives us this key in his introductory pages:

> Pity the man who cannot muster a feeling of awe, a sort of intellectual creeps, at the thought of visiting Japan—and by visiting I do not mean having a fling with Japan—an all-expense tour with room reservations at the Imperial Hotel.



—*SR photo by N.C.*

Crack trains and third-class litter.

> I mean a total immersion in the ooze of a culture as antithetical to ours as it can possibly be.

Given this premise, the book progresses predictably through a welter of examples, most of them well publicized by previous commentators, all proving just how antithetical this culture was, and is. Because they are not marshaled in any chronological order, habits and incidents that may have been commonplace 100 or more years ago are presented side-by-side with current news events, with no attempt to differentiate or distinguish between the old and the modern.

Even the illustrations, which are largely seventeenth- and eighteenth-century wood-block prints, contribute to this impression of chronological disorientation. They, like much of the book itself, while interesting and pertinent to the statements that the author has chosen to illustrate in his general thesis, actually tell nothing of either modern Japan, or the twentieth-century Japanese mentality. As a result, *The Kimono Mind* leaves the reader with a sense of confusion.

It is obvious that Mr. Rudofsky admires many facets of Japanese life and

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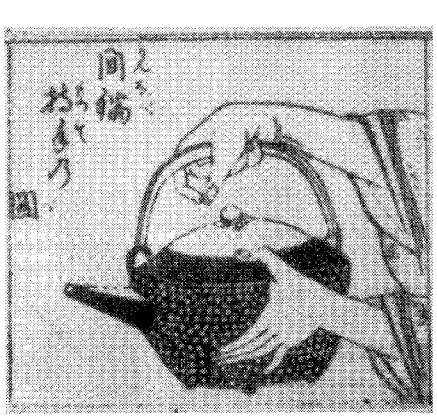
culture, even comparing them with flattering elaboration to Occidental counterparts, but it is difficult to draw any hard-and-fast conclusions from his pages. Perhaps this is inherent in the subject matter itself. Maybe these Japanese are the inscrutable Orientals of the cliché—and this reviewer would be the last to deny it—but it is a pity that the author, who spent two years in Japan, has not given us more of a guidebook to present-day Japan and the modern Japanese mind, less of a history of quaint Japanalia.

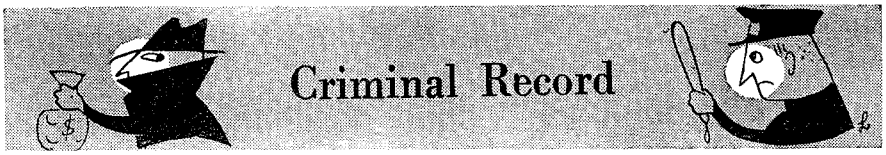
The reader of *The Kimono Mind*, if this is his only sourcebook on modern Japan, is in much the same situation as the Japanese who insisted he knew all about America: he had read all of Steinbeck, Faulkner, and John O'Hara, seen the movies *Baby Doll*, *Butterfield 8*, and *The Wild Ones*, as well as *Gone With the Wind*.

This is the major flaw of *The Kimono Mind*. Most of the events undoubtedly happened, sometime, somewhere in Japan since it was opened to Western observation. But to present them with the implication that they are typical today is hardly of service to the casual reader, nor fair to those who are not able to judge by actual experience.

For example, a full chapter is devoted to "Train Travel," which regales the reader at some length with all the unattractive aspects of Japanese character, habits, and the inconveniences of journeying on Japanese trains: the litter on the floor, the disconcerting sight of male travelers stripping down to their long underwear on protracted trips are all detailed with considerable gusto and accuracy, as is the physical discomfort of wooden second- and third-class rural coaches. But nowhere is there mention of the literally hundreds of crack trains that leave major cities every twenty or thirty minutes with clocklike regularity, carrying the bulk of passengers up and down the countryside, some of them in greatest luxury at speeds that exceed any other commercial land transportation in the world. Mr. Rudofsky should start his next voyage of discovery to Japan on the New Haven railroad!



—*From the book.*



In the Heat of the Night. *By John Ball. Harper & Row.* $3.50. Discovery of body of noted orchestra conductor in main square of Southern town upsets new police chief; unlikely visitor steps into problem. Top-notch, with current sociological implications.

Trio: The Revolting Intellectuals Organization. *By Patrick D. Wall. Potter.* $4.95. This ingenious serio-comic narrative (a latter-day Dean Swiftian situation) involves a high-IQ group, largely American, which sets out to make the world over. English-born author is professor of physiology at MIT.

Don't Go In Alone. *By Genevieve Holden. Crime Club.* $3.50. Three Atlanta women enter swank homes separately and have not been seen since; Police Captain Mark Latham (right guy) takes a hand. A fine and sprightly baffler.

The Month of the Pearl. *By Philip Jones. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. Copenhagen, Helsinki, Capri, Rome are centers of action in this international thriller, which is quite takable if reader will accept one basic coincidence.

Mysteriouser and Mysteriouser. *By George Bagby. Crime Club.* $3.50. Alice in Wonderland background in New York's Central Park is setting for what develops into another murder for Manhattan's Inspector Schmidt; side trip to Switzerland included. Amiable and diverting.

Cut Thin to Win. *By A. A. Fair (Erle Stanley Gardner). Morrow.* $3.50. Donald Lam (of Cool and Lam, LA eyes) puts Denver and Las Vegas on his itinerary to solve insurance case that balloons into homicide; Sgt. Sellers chews abundance of stogies. In the well-known groove.

Six Who Ran. *By M. E. Chaber. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50 Milo (two-martini) March, top Manhattan insurance eye, takes on case involving hijacking of big jack in Hudson River highlands (plus two murders to start with); next stop: Brazil. One of his smoothest and liveliest.

Necessary Evil. *By Kelley Roos. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. New York socialite's murder plot backfires when wedding-anniversary guest takes one too many. (Avoid jacket—it's far too revealing.)

Family Skeletons. *By Patrick Quentin. Random House.* $3.95. Red-headed piano player's demise leads Lt. Trant of N. Y.'s finest through clutter of relatives; newlyweds' body-hiding technique is only partially successful. Conventional performance.

The Bank with the Bamboo Door. *By Dolores Hitchens. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Unpositioned California town is scene of divers goings-on involving many persons (some pleasant, some most unpleasant). Tense, exciting, and overpopulated.

Sniper. *By Hugh Pentecost. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. When assassination of headmaster of unlocated U.S. prep school continues a mystery ten years after event, red-bearded portrait painter tries his skill as detective. Family concerns are strongly to the fore.

The Willow Pattern. *By Robert van Gulik. Scribners.* $3.50. Three crimes mesh to provide Judge Dee, ancient Chinese felony fan, with neat solutions. Author concedes "conscious anachronism," but no harm done.

Alias His Wife. *By Stephen Ransome. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Capable Lt. Lee Barcello of Florida Gulf Coast area, trailing blackmail possibility, collides with murder certainty; bigamy also suggested. Smooth sailing.

Bloody Sunrise. *By Mickey Spillane. Dutton.* $3.50. Tiger Mann, U.S. counterespionage ace, litters Manhattan with dead as he proceeds along his indestructible way. Feminine musculature also stressed.

The Criminal C.O.D. *By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Norton.* $3.50. Seventh reissue in Asey Mayo mysteries finds Cape Cod sleuth barreling along on all six, complete with accent. Pre-Pearl Harborites will welcome.

The Interrogators. *By Allan Prior. Simon & Schuster.* $5. Fatal rape case in English Midlands involves pursuit by two police officers whose clashing personalities are the motivating factors in a gripping story.

Famous Treason Trials. *By C. C. L. DuCann. Walker.* $4.95. These seventeen English cases, from the Earl of March (1330) to William Joyce (1945), prove eloquently that this is the crime that pays least of all.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Poet Supreme

In Granville Hicks's review of Jonathan Baumbach's *The Landscape of Nightmare* [*SR*, April 17] he notes apologetically his not being familiar with the work of Edward Lewis Wallant until only a few months ago. As a devoted admirer of Mr. Wallant's special talent I am deeply chagrined by the anonymity accorded him both by the venerable critics who appear reluctant to discuss him seriously (if at all!) as well as by my bibliophilic contemporaries who I find more often than not to be incognizant of Wallant's existence. They are either too preoccupied with deciphering the rampant ambiguities of the Existentialist authors or pretentiously devoting themselves to reading only "the classics." . . . I can only hope that all of them . . . will someday soon settle themselves under their reading lamps with an Edward Lewis Wallant novel, in particular with his *The Human Season*. It is the work of a true artist, a poet supreme.

Paul Bernard Elliott.

New York, N.Y.

Alarm Clock for the Future

May I be allowed a comment on Emile Capouya's perceptive review of my *Beyond the Outsider* [*SR*, Mar. 20]? After so many years of blank incomprehension of what I am trying to do—particularly in the United States—it is delightful to find my points so well taken and clearly summarized. His sentence "We must search, rather, for a principle of transcendence that will be ratified by science itself" is worth all the reviews I have had in America for the past ten years.

But it seems to me there are still a number of misunderstandings here. To begin with, it is not true to state that my ideas have no "social dimension." I dealt with this fairly fully in the third volume of my "outsider series," *The Stature of Man*.

Next, about my "pernicious assumption" that the "evolutionary spearhead" of the human race is about 5 per cent of the total. This is not my assumption; it is an assumption made by certain biologists and zoologists; and, for what it is worth, I have offered evidence to explain why it is 5 per cent and not .04 or 67 per cent. But it is not supposed to be some inflexible rule, some "Wilson's law," that the human race is 5 per cent men and 95 per cent cattle (or, in terms I used in my first book, 5 per cent outsiders and 95 per cent insiders). Every man contains "outsider" and "insider" elements, and he is free to choose how far he develops the former or becomes one of Riesman's "other directed" crowd. No doubt mass communications and social improvements will steadily increase the number of men who will dare to follow the "outsider" part of themselves. I certainly hope so.

But far more important, I have tried to outline a *method* for the "philosophy of the future," a method based on Husserl's phenomenology—and Mr. Capouya forgets even to mention this, the center of my book, and concentrates on my "Shavian evolutionism" which, as I have emphasized, is a side issue, not in the least essential to my "new existentialism."

Finally, as to the strictures on my "chaos of definite assertions," I would like to point out that I have specifically disclaimed the creation of a "system." All my work—novels as well as "essays"—is an attempt to communicate a certain sense of urgency, and to show the ground for it. I belong, I suppose, to the European tradition that includes Nietzsche and Dostoevsky. People don't need works of systematic philosophy at this point; they need an alarm clock. A great many critics—again, America provides most of them—seem to take their stand on an ossified academicism that is totally irrelevant to what I am trying to do. It would be an injustice to claim that Mr. Capouya is one of these—he is a long way from it. But it seems to me that where we disagree it is mostly because he assumes I am trying to do something that I am not.

Colin Wilson.

Cornwall, England

This & That

In Mr. Capouya's article "The Language of Democracy" [*SR*, May 8] he makes certain comments about German which, to my ear, seem to indicate a bias against this language. Since English is a Germanic language with a vast vocabulary borrowing from Latin and French, it does not seem unreasonable that English-speaking people who have not been greatly influenced by Latin or French might create new words in a Germanic manner. Words such as *faithful, therefore,* and *moreover* are all formed in a manner similar to *fallout, dropout,* and *breakthrough* without being a sign of German influence on English. . . .

Mr. Capouya's observation on *this* and *that* as related to German is inaccurate. The German equivalent of *this* as an adjective and a pronoun is *dies* and its various inflected forms. *That* in modern German is expressed by *das* as a pronoun or its equivalent forms as expressed by the German definite article. The German word *das* is never a relative. It is only used as a subordinating conjunction. . . .

I hope I don't sound cranky or petty but I teach German. . . .

William H. Spencer,
Masconomet Regional
High School.

Topsfield, Mass.

As a matter of fact, the problem in German is the exact opposite of the English problem Mr. Capouya describes: We tend to use *this* instead of *that* in many instances; in German, there is a tendency to use *das* where *dies* would be more appropriate.

Incidentally, the author uses the expression "different than" in his article. Has he accepted that vulgarism? It is a convenient one, but what about it?

Thomas T. Semon.

New York, N.Y.

Esthetic comment on Emile Capouya: boggling at Paul Goodman's "barbarism" in the use of words (such as *importantly*), but overlooking Goodman's vulgarity in verse, where he relishes words that *SR* would not dare to print.

Doyle Hennessy.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

After the howler that Mr. Spencer and Mr. Semon have pointed out, will it be believed that I am an admirer of the German language and of German literature? At least an ignorant admirer. I chose an unfortunate example, but my main point was that while English is a Germanic language, English is not German. In that connection, I wish that readers had offered a comment on the new sense of the word *hopefully*.

As for "different than," I plead guilty with an explanation. I was taught to abhor that crime, and I am surprised to find myself perpetrating it. But I have the impression that it was an acceptable alternative a generation ago, and it seems to be current usage in England today, though I do not know whether or not it is regarded as fully legitimate there. If my impression is correct, the proscription of "different than" may be a matter of alternating fashion. In my lifetime, the acceptable pronunciation of "herb" has changed twice, and we can anticipate the next swing of the pendulum.

For all that, I feel properly chastened.

Emile Capouya.

New York, N.Y.

Hooray for Emile Capouya. For the benefit of any, godfabbid, illiterate readers of *SR*, I hope that you will provide more of the same, and persistent damnation, by name, of Webster 3 and Bergen Evans, the apostles of semantic chaos.

Alan F. Randolph.

Wilmington, Del.

State U

When I read the introduction to [the review of] *The Prince's Person* [*SR*, May 8], by Laurent LeSage, I was disappointed to [see him described as] a professor of French literature at Penn State College rather than at The Pennsylvania State University or simply Penn State.

Glen P. Thierwechter.

Andover, Mass.

Vain Struggle

Thank God for Anne E. Levinson's doubts as to the number of people able to plough through Saul Bellow's *Herzog* [*SR*, Letters to the Book Review Editor, May 15]. I struggled valiantly but in vain. . . .

Ione Lilienthal.

Pottsville, Pa.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Americana

A Book of Country Things. Told by Walter Needham; recorded by Barrows Mussey. Stephen Greene. $4.50.

Memorials of a Southern Planter. By Susan Dabney Smedes. Edited by Fletcher M. Green. Knopf. $6.95.

Art

The Art of Painting in the Twentieth Century. Edited by Jacques Charpier and Pierre Seghers. Hawthorn. $10.

The New American Arts. Edited by Richard Kostelanetz. Horizon. $6.50.

Putnam's Guide to the Art Capitals of Europe. By Donald Braider. Putnam. $6.95.

Business, Economics

Advertising: Mass Communication in Marketing. By C. A. Kirkpatrick. Houghton Mifflin. $11.50.

Corporate Strategy: An Analytic Approach to Business Policy for Growth and Expansion. By H. Igor Ansoff. McGraw-Hill. $7.50.

The Goal of Economic Growth. Edited by Edmund S. Phelps. Norton. $4.

Pre-Capitalist Economic Formations. By Karl Marx. Translated by Jack Cohen. International. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

Crime, Suspense

The Man Who Sold Death. By James Munro. Knopf. $4.95.

The Plotters. By Richard Hardwich. Doubleday. $3.50.

The Taste of Proof. By Bill Knox. Doubleday. $3.50.

Thirteen Ways to Kill a Man. By Basil Davenport. Dodd, Mead. $4.

Current Affairs

Freedom in Education: Federal Aid for *All* Children. By Virgil C. Blum, S. J. Doubleday. $4.95.

Latin American Mission. By deLesseps S. Morrison. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

Letters from Mississippi. Edited by Elizabeth Sutherland. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

Mississippi: The Long Hot Summer. By William McCord. Norton. $4.50.

Population Growth — Threat to Peace? By William E. Moran, Jr. Kenedy. $4.50.

Red Spies in the U.N. By Pierre Huss and George Carpozi. Coward-McCann. $5.50.

The Slaves We Rent. By Truman Moore. Random House. $4.95.

This Is My Country, Too. By John A. Williams. New American Library. $4.50.

Vietnam—A Diplomatic Tragedy. By Victor Bator. Oceana. $7.50.

Fiction

An Ancient Enemy. By Pierre Moinot. Doubleday. $4.50.

August Is a Wicked Month. By Edna O'Brien. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

Behold the Fire. By Michael Blankfort. New American Library. $5.95.

The Brightening Day. By Michael McLaverty. Macmillan. $4.95.

The Day of the Waxing Moon. By Marian Skedgell. Doubleday. $3.95.

The Fetish. By Alberto Moravia. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

Fifty Best American Short Stories, 1915-1965. Edited by Martha Foley. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

Jacob's Ladder. By Kathryn Johnston Noyes. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

Lady Wu. By Lin Yutang. Putnam. $4.95.

The Last of the Redskins. By Jean Dutourd. Doubleday. $4.50.

Night of Camp David. By Fletcher Knebel. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Now Comes Theodore. By Daniel Ford. Doubleday. $4.95.

Penelope: An Entertainment. By E. V. Cunningham. Doubleday. $3.95.

Quadrille. By Frank Swinnerton. Doubleday. $4.50.

Roanoke Warrior. By Carter A. Vaughan. Doubleday. $4.50.

Roman Joy. By Edward Stephens. Doubleday. $4.95.

Squeegee. By Jack Siegel. Horizon. $4.95.

The Tobacco Men. By Borden Deal. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.95.

Government, Politics

Constitutionalism in America: Origins and Evolution of Its Fundamental Ideas. By Arthur E. Sutherland. Blaisdell. $9.50.

The Judicial Mind: The Attitudes and Ideologies of Supreme Court Justices, 1946-1962. By Glendon Schubert. Northwestern Univ. Press. $10.

History

Community of Fate: German-Soviet Diplomatic Relations, 1922-1928. By Kurt Rosenbaum. Syracuse Univ. Press. $6.75.

A History of Finland. By John H. Wuorinen. Columbia Univ. Press. $10.

Presence of the Past: A History of the Preservation Movement in the U.S. Before Williamsburg. By Charles B. Hosmer. Putnam. $7.50.

The Lost Generation of 1914. By Reginald Pound. Coward-McCann. $5.

Marxism: One Hundred Years in the Life of a Doctrine. By Bertram D. Wolfe. Dial. $6.95.

Men Against the Mountains: Jedediah Smith and the Great Southwest Expedition. By J. Alson Smith. John Day. $5.95.

The Rockefeller Billions. By Jules Abels. Macmillan. $6.95.

A Statistical History of the United States from Colonial Times to the Present. Prepared under the direction of the U. S. Census Bureau with the cooperation of The Social Science Research Council. Fairfield Publishers-Horizon. $9.95.

The Washing of the Spears: The Rise and Fall of the Zulu Nation. By Donald M. Morris. Simon & Schuster. $12.

(*Continued on page* 42)

nice try by Thomas Baird

"A grand mixture of savage satire and lunatic farce about the world of contemporary art and its pretenses, frauds, conspiracies, fashions, feuds.... *Nice Try* is wickedly entertaining, wildly absurd... must be read."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N.Y. Times*

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Continued from page 41

THE WAR: 1941-1945. By Ilya Ehrenburg. World. $5.95.

Miscellany

THE AGE OF REPTILES. By Edwin H. Colbert. Norton. $8.50.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. By Robert T. Orr. Macmillan. $9.95.

ARITHMETIC CLEAR AND SIMPLE. By Julio A. Mira. Barnes & Noble. Hardbound, $2.50. Paperback, $1.25.

ARLINGTON: Monument to Valor. By Peter Andrews. Putnam. $4.95.

ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY: A Picture Story of America's Most Famous Burial Grounds from the Civil War to President John F. Kennedy's Burial. By Gene Gurney. Crown. $3.95.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE: Fact and Symbol. By Alan Trachtenberg. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.75.

COMPLETE MEALS IN ONE DISH. By Myra Waldo. Doubleday. $4.95.

DANGER: Men Talking. By William H. Schneider. Random House. $3.95.

GOURMET COOKING FOR CARDIAC DIETS. By Florence Field. World. $4.95.

GREAT RAILWAY JOURNEYS OF THE WORLD. By K. Westcott Jones. Stephen Greene. $5.50.

IVORY. By O. Beigbeder. Putnam. $4.95.

MUSHROOMS, MOLDS AND MIRACLES. By Lucy Kavaler. John Day. $6.50.

PHYSICAL FITNESS AND DYNAMIC HEALTH. By Thomas K. Cureton. Dial. $5.95.

SECRETS OF YOUR SUPRACONSCIOUS: New Ways to Unlock the Magic Powers of Your Mind. By Walter Germain. Hawthorn. $5.95.

THE WORLD OF THE TIGER. By Richard Perry. Atheneum. $5.

WRITING: Man's Great Invention. By J. Hambleton Ober. World. $7.50.

Personal History

ASQUITH: Portrait of a Man and an Era. By Roy Jenkins. Chilmark. $7.95.

KINGS OF THE DIAMOND. By Lee Allen and Tom Meany. Putnam. $4.95.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD: Pacifist at War. By Michael Wreszin. Indiana Univ. Press. $6.95.

PROCESSION. By John Gunther. Harper & Row. $6.95.

RUSSELL SAGE: The Money King. By Paul Sarnoff. Obolensky. $6.95.

TRUE TALES OF BOLD ESCAPES. By Theodore Roscoe. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS. By Randolph Churchill. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE VALLEY OF THE LATIN BEAR. By Alexander Lenard. Dutton. $4.95.

Poetry

THE MUSIC. By Helen Wolfert. Norton. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

POETRY AND POLITICS. By Mortimer Adler. Duquesne Univ. Press. $4.95.

THE SEASONED MIND. By Bradford Smith. Stephen Greene. $3.50.

Psychology

EDUCATIONAL RHYTHMICS FOR MENTALLY HANDICAPPED CHILDREN: A Method of Practical Application. By Ferris and Jennet Robins. Horizon. $7.50.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND THE BIBLE: A Study of Seven Personalities in the Old Testament. By Dorothy F. Zeligs. Abelard-Schuman. $7.50.

SEX AND CRIME. By Clinton T. Duffy with Al Hirshberg. Doubleday. $4.50.

Reference

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE CLASSICAL WORLD. Edited by J. H. Croon. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $5.50. Paperback, $2.95.

MUSEUMS, U.S.A.: A History and Guide. By Herbert and Marjorie Katz. Doubleday. $6.50.

Religion, Philosophy

THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS. By Franz J. Leenhardt. World. $6.

HEGEL: Reinterpretation, Texts, and Commentary. By Walter Kaufmann. Doubleday. $6.95.

JEWISH HERITAGE READER. By Morris Adler and others. Taplinger. $5.

THE LEGACY OF MAURICE PEKARSKY. Edited by Alfred Jospe. Quadrangle. $5.50.

NEW CHALLENGES FOR AMERICAN CATHOLICS. By Gary MacEoin. Kenedy. $4.50.

PROVERBS AND ECCLESIASTES: Introduction, Translation and Notes. By R.B.Y. Scott. Doubleday. $6.

SHINTO: The Way of Japan. By Floyd H. Ross. Beacon. $7.95.

TOWARD A THEOLOGY OF HISTORY. By J. V. Langmead Casserley. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.

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ALCOHOLISM: Its Facets and Phases. By Marvin A. Block, M.D. John Day. $5.95.

CYBORG: The Evolution of the Supermen. By D. S. Halacy, Jr. Harper & Row. $4.50.

Theater

COSTUME IN THE THEATRE. By James Laver. Hill & Wang. $6.50.

THE ROMAN STAGE. By W. Beare. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

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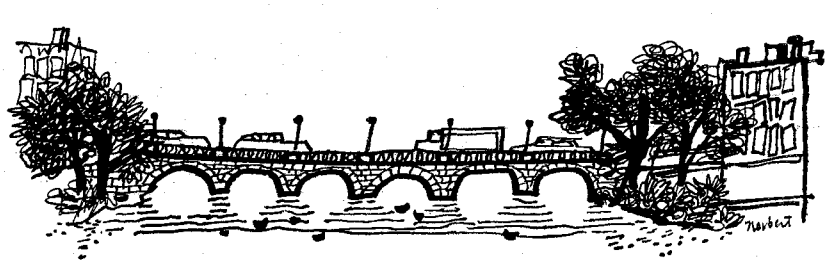

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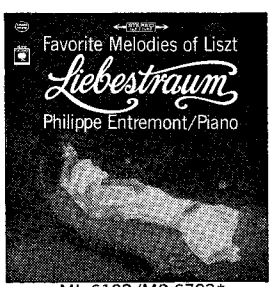

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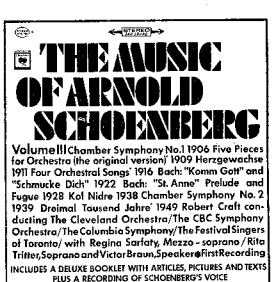
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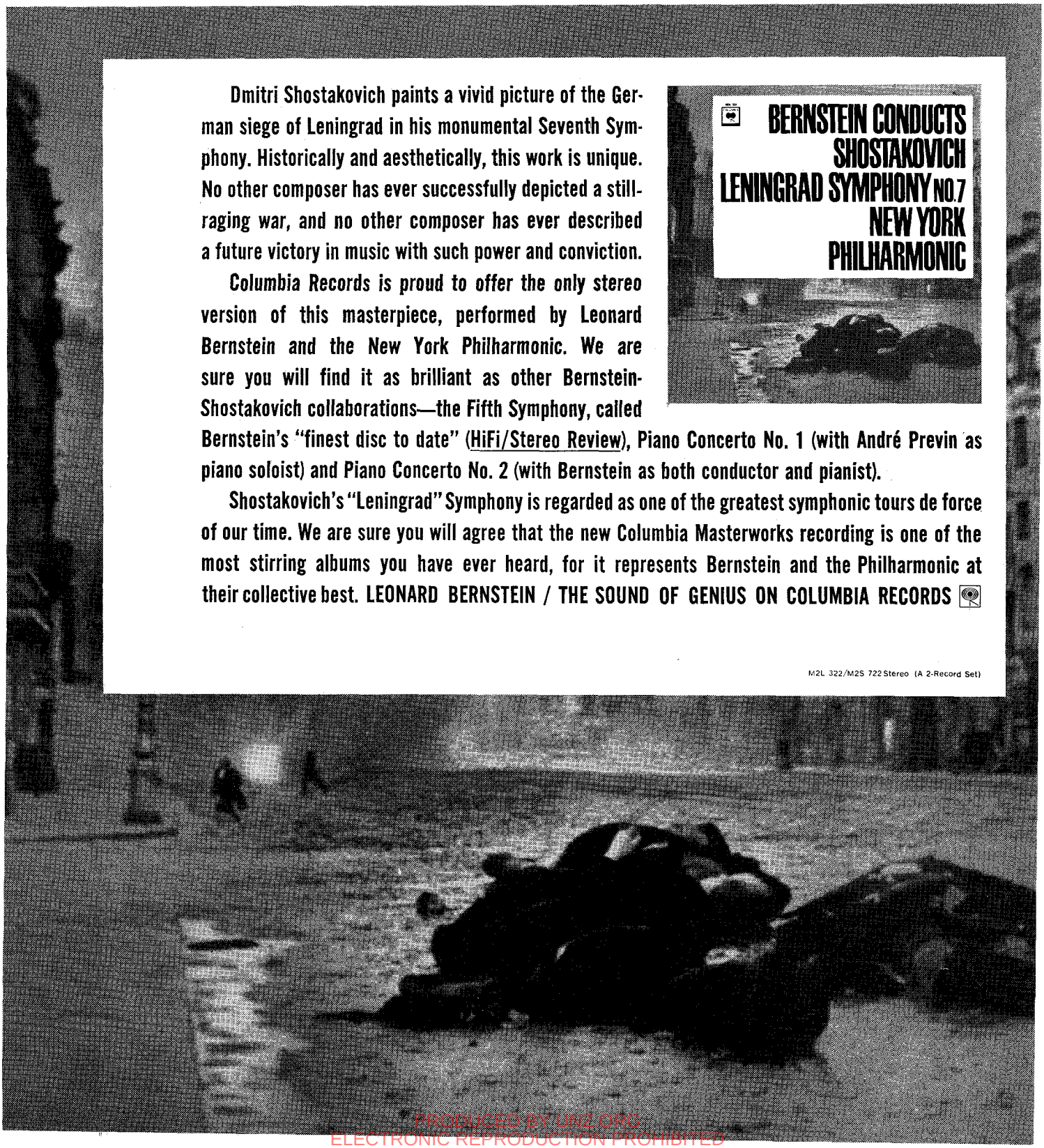

Dmitri Shostakovich paints a vivid picture of the German siege of Leningrad in his monumental Seventh Symphony. Historically and aesthetically, this work is unique. No other composer has ever successfully depicted a still-raging war, and no other composer has ever described a future victory in music with such power and conviction.

Columbia Records is proud to offer the only stereo version of this masterpiece, performed by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. We are sure you will find it as brilliant as other Bernstein-Shostakovich collaborations—the Fifth Symphony, called Bernstein's "finest disc to date" (HiFi/Stereo Review), Piano Concerto No. 1 (with André Previn as piano soloist) and Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Bernstein as both conductor and pianist).

Shostakovich's "Leningrad" Symphony is regarded as one of the greatest symphonic tours de force of our time. We are sure you will agree that the new Columbia Masterworks recording is one of the most stirring albums you have ever heard, for it represents Bernstein and the Philharmonic at their collective best. LEONARD BERNSTEIN / THE SOUND OF GENIUS ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

M2L 322/M2S 722 Stereo (A 2-Record Set)

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Mass Man

Continued from page 16

distant parts of the world. There is a whole regiment of possible ways of meeting the needs of the individual in today's mass society that we should explore.

In other days such a challenge would inspire a young man with an idea to try it. If his idea was sound he would succeed, and perhaps even take his place in journalism's hall of fame. The trouble is that we have moved far beyond the days when, as William Allen White used to say, you could start a paper with $200 and a shirttail full of type. Nowadays you just don't start a paper at all, except rarely in some growing suburban community. And when you do it's a matter of applying standard methods to the new area, rather than of pioneering new ways of doing journalism's job better in communities already served by existing papers.

Perhaps, then, it might be possible to interest some of the foundations in going to bat for us with dollars that the cost squeeze doesn't permit us to risk.

One institution that has done much to improve printed journalism in the years since the war is the American Press Institute at Columbia University. I have never heard of anyone who attended one of its seminars who did not come back enthusiastic. A group of city hall reporters, or women's page editors, or telegraph editors, or whatever, is brought together to discuss their specialty with national leaders in the field. It is an exciting, mind-stretching experience. But is what the seminar member has thus learned always put to work? If he is not the top man, but just a lad from the desk or the beat, his newly acquired techniques and ideas and inspirations may be smothered by the wet blanket of routine and inertia and lack of imagination in the shop.

It could be, then, that we should invent some kind of traveling API seminar. When a management was willing, the seminar team could move into the news room to make experiments, or apply lessons learned elsewhere, that might better serve various groups of readers. If the results were useful to those readers, the experiment should pay off. And then other papers, anxious to get in on a good thing, would go and do likewise.

Or there might be another approach. Some knowledgeable research center might come up with ideas on how better to report and interpret local, state, national, and world news than we do now in the confined space of the hometown daily. There might be found newspaper managements interested enough and flexible enough to make a genuine test of new methods that the paper's own resources would not finance adequately. A foundation, let us hope, could be persuaded to stake such a paper to the venture.

Such papers could serve as bellwethers. Just imagine if there were one in each of the fifty states. Even short of that, a few such papers could try various editorial and reportorial mutations with courage and imagination and thoroughness, to find out whether there can be developed journalistic techniques more serviceable, and more profitable, than those inherited from the past. If so, then once again the new species developed in these seedbeds would surely spread, once their success was proved in circulation figures and annual profit-and-loss statements.

Certainly we should try in one way or another to reach for improvements. The world is moving so fast and so furiously that journalism ought to scramble harder that it does to keep up in service to the American people. Mr. Toynbee tells us that civilizations rise and fall according to the response they make to challenges. In the past journalism has always met the challenges that faced it. Why not now?

This article is adapted from a University Lecture in Journalism delivered recently at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. The author is editor of the Hartford *Courant*.

Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 21

which underlines the wonderful surge of art on the Pacific Coast.

Miss Kuh will be gratified to learn that on four occasions, upon trying to visit the new museum, we could find no parking spaces within eight blocks and were told that this condition would prevail for several months—a situation that clearly indicates our hungry need for the museum.

Last Tuesday morning, however, I parked the car in a nearby department-store lot and actually visited the museum, at which time I realized the tactfulness of Miss Kuh's article.

The truth is that the buildings are indeed nondescript, if not downright commercial. They are built like harbor piers, on vertical girders submerged in dark water. Many "glamorous" fountains cause water to blow in every direction. In the heat of midsummer, this effect may prove to be enjoyable, but the fact remains that, against the light gray matte stone of the buildings, blossoming trees, verdancy and colorful gardens would be far more delightful. Moreover, the sculptures on display outdoors are few and, save for one, baffling and unsatisfactory.

Inside, the collections range from marvelous to atrocious, and I consider the total exhibition sparse—but all that will improve.

In the meantime Miss Kuh's sense of values is refreshingly sound: Welcome to any new art museum!

B. C. Neu.

Los Angeles, Calif.

The Kashmir Problem

Faubion Bowers in his letter of May 8, commenting on my discussion of the Kashmir stalemate [*SR*, Mar. 6], refers to "many misstatements and false inferences." He then says, "Let me start with the caption of the lead picture. . . ."

Mr. Bowers both starts and ends his list with that caption. I, of course, did not write the captions for the article—a fact which Mr. Bowers, as a free-lance writer, must have known. The first caption began with the words: "Moslems fleeing Hindu India in 1947. . . ." Mr. Bowers attributes the phrase "Hindu India" to me. I did not use it, and it appeared nowhere in the text, which, on the contrary, specifically called attention to India's religious pluralism. In fact, one gets the impression that Mr. Bowers read only the captions before constructing a rationale familiar to any student of the Kashmir situation. The answer to his question "Does community of religion define a nation?" is obviously "No; self-determination does." India's stubborn insistence that in this instance self-determination is either irrelevant or a minor nuisance has occasioned as much distress to her friends as to anyone else.

Incidentally, Mr. Bowers is in error when he says that today there is no counterflow of refugees from India to Pakistan. Ever since the Calcutta riots, there has been a stream in both directions. I saw 30,000 Indian Moslems in the Mirpur refugee camps in East Pakistan last October.

Arthur Bernon Tourtellot.

Wilton, Conn.

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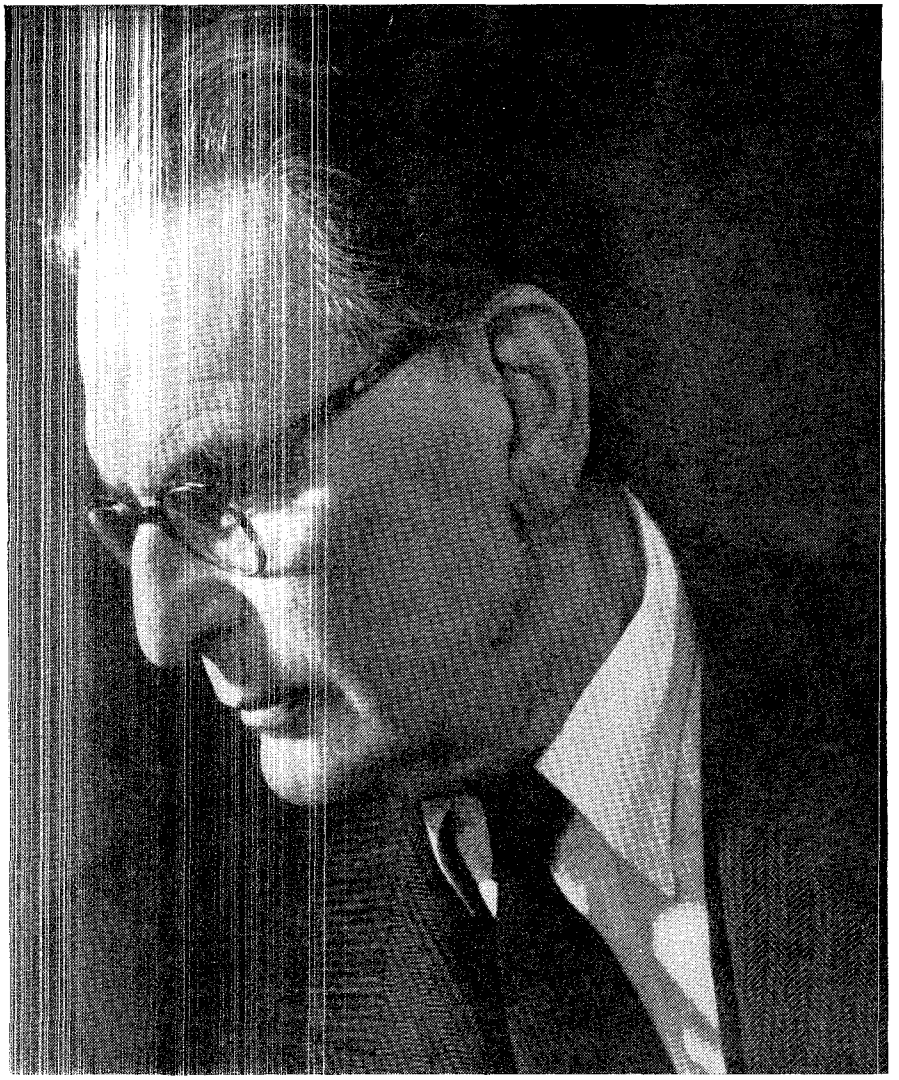

—*Lotte Meitner-Graf.*

A recent photo study of Otto Klemperer

THE DECADES OF KLEMPERER

By NEVILLE CARDUS, *London music critic for "The Manchester Guardian."*

LONDON.

EARLY in the 1940s a tall, gaunt man would sometimes be seen standing at the back of Carnegie Hall, supporting himself on a stick—or what seemed, in relation to his six feet, four inches, more like the staff of Tannhäuser before it miraculously blossomed. The man, whose twisted aquiline face, with the forehead of a Gustav Mahler, was invariably a face as immobile as a mask, was Otto Klemperer, whose eightieth birthday the world of music is honoring this month.

He was obliged to stand at the back of the hall, although his rightful place was on the stage, for a variety of reasons, mostly medical. The twisted face was the aftermath of an operation to remove a brain tumor late in 1939, which left him partially paralyzed and permanently marked. Fifteen years before, on the upswing of his remarkable career, he had come to New York as guest conductor of the New York Symphony and had been widely acclaimed. When he was driven from Germany by Hitler and his cohorts, he was at the high noon of European fame as a great orchestral interpreter.

In America he was welcomed with engagements of the New York Philharmonic and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Los Angeles was proud to have him as director of its Philharmonic when Artur Rodzinski answered the call to Cleveland. The schedule also permitted him to undertake the reorganization of the Pittsburgh Symphony in 1937. It was shortly after this that he began to experience the headaches that eventually led to a clinic in Boston and the operating table. Afterward, it came to be agreed that a fall he had in Leipzig while rehearsing a program in the early 1930s was the root of his trouble.

In the time of his physical and mental trial, Klemperer undertook to re-establish himself in New York. The way was hard, and his nervous state made it even worse. When he performed a Bach program in a small auditorium of the New School for Social Research in the fall of 1940, it marked his first New York appearance since 1935. It won him the "opportunity" to conduct a concert with an orchestra mutually sponsored by the city administration and the WPA. This earned him the chance to do several more, but before the schedule was completed he had a disagreement with the administrator of the orchestra and walked out. When rumors were spread of a mental as well as a physical problem, he invested everything he could get together to hire an orchestra for a Car-

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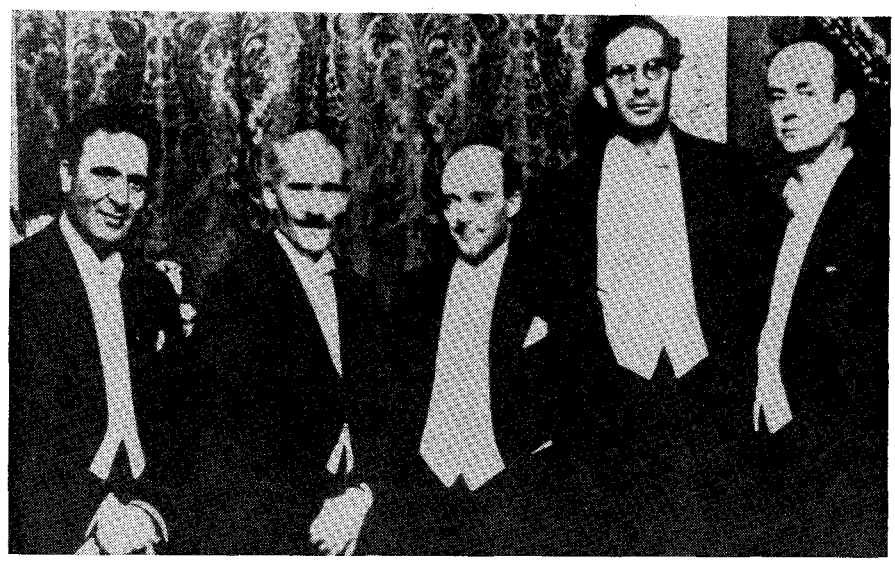
negie Hall concert in the spring of 1941, in order to prove them wrong.

For all of this, nothing much happened. "Between 1941 and 1945," a family source says, "he worked freelance, sporadically and very little." The decades of Klemperer had now passed six, and the prognosis could hardly be considered good. At the war's end, he made his way to Europe, conducting, among other places, in Rome, where a performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* attracted attention. In the next year, he found a haven in Budapest and devoted himself strenuously to restoring a high standard of performance at its opera house. This affiliation terminated in 1950 when Klemperer resigned in protest against the refusal of the government to permit three of his colleagues—Alexander Sved, Mihaly Szekely, and Janos Ferencsik—to accept engagements outside of Hungary.

He might, at this point, have assumed his rightful place among the most highly respected conductors of the day. But Fate was not finished with him. In October 1951, while alighting from a plane that had brought him from Caracas to Montreal, where he had become director of Les Concerts Symphoniques de Montreal, he slipped and fell. He had broken the upper femur of his left leg, and he had to give up an engagement for the Cincinnati May Festival, at which he was to have conducted Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and the *Missa Solemnis* of Beethoven. Nearly a year passed before his public reappearance (on crutches) at a concert of the Ravinia Festival, near Chicago.

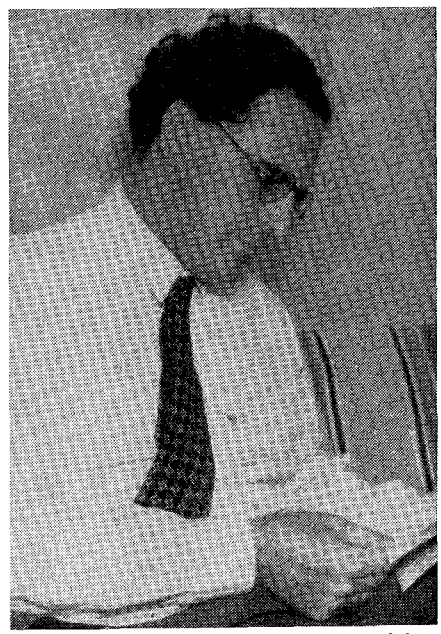
It was after he left Budapest and before he suffered his setback at Montreal that I first heard Klemperer after the war. He actually voyaged to Sydney in Australia (in 1950) while I was there enjoying myself as music critic on the *Herald*. He directed a memorable performance of Mahler's Second Symphony, perfectly suited for him and the occasion, for it is called *The Resurrection Symphony;* and if ever a great artist was rising up from the grave of a career, it was Otto Klemperer, now in, of all places, Sydney's municipal Town Hall.

It was later in the Fifties, after he had regained his ability to stand erect (under dramatic circumstances while preparing a student performance of *Don Giovanni* for broadcast in Cologne), that the wheel of fortune changed, almost as the croupier was raking in his losings—his last losings. It may be forgotten by some that Klemperer directed the first two concerts of the Philharmonia Orchestra in Festival Hall in 1951, but not by Walter Legge, founder of the Orchestra. Now, in the late Fifties, he had the vision to see that Tannhäuser's staff was indeed blossoming anew, that Klemperer, by mighty self-mastery and herculean physical powers of recuperation, was beginning, in his eighth decade, to carve out the road to a new future.



Berlin, 1930, at a reception for Arturo Toscanini (second from left), who was then conducting a European tour of the New York Philharmonic. The others are (from left) Bruno Walter, Erich Kleiber, Klemperer, and Wilhelm Furtwängler.

The concert halls of London, Berlin, Vienna, and Munich were sold out for a Klemperer concert; his name attracted crowds everywhere, exceeding those that had acclaimed him in his middle years. There was no Toscanini now, no Furtwängler to cast enormous shadows. With Bruno Walter increasingly inactive, he was the last of the great conductors whose roots had come out of the deepest European cultural soil of the nineteenth century. His fame was again resounding in America. He was on the verge of making his belated debut at the Met—a debut that would have coincided with the debut of Birgit Nilsson in a new production of *Tristan und Isolde* in December 1959—when yet again, the gods aimed a blow at him, or to be more precise, they set fire to him.



—*Culver.*

Klemperer at the time of his New York debut in the mid-Twenties. He was then thirty-nine.

One night he lay in bed in his Zurich home (Switzerland has been his base since 1954), smoking a pipe. Falling sparks set the sheets and blankets afire. His daughter Lotte, a wonderful, devoted helpmate, had gone to bed, too. For years she had seen her father safely to bed, then, having gone to her own, had slept peacefully enough. On this particular night of near-tragic conflagration, she awoke. She did not know why she had awakened. Something in her mind was uneasy. She got up in the middle of the night—a thing she had not done for years—and went to her father's room. He was just about to be burned to death. For the third time, he lived again; but only, as before, after suffering torments to body not charitably to be remembered. The man's spirit conquered; the man's spirit is unconquerable. From these trials, from these blows of fell circumstance, he has emerged with a Goethean power of renewal. Here is the main reason why today and during the last few years, he has conducted Beethoven with a nobility of reserve power, patience, and understanding unequalled in my musical experience.

I first saw and heard Klemperer conduct some thirty-two years ago, at a Sunday-morning concert in Vienna. He was then a tall, erect man, not yet fifty, with a handsome, eagle sort of face. In the crowded hall, he stood still and upright, arms outstretched, baton poised, ready to begin the Ninth Symphony of Bruckner. He waited for complete stillness in the audience. A gray-haired Viennese, sitting next to me, leaned forward as though drawn magnetically; and before a note had sounded, before Klemperer's baton had moved an inch, this middle-aged Viennese buried his

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head in his hands and burst into tears. An eloquent tribute to Klemperer's quiet, hypnotic power of suggestion.

Today Klemperer is compelled to conduct seated. He uses no baton. At a London concert recently, he put into motion the *Nachtmusik* of Mozart by a simple two-armed gesture. Then the music went its dancing ways, as though by its own volition. I felt that Klemperer could have left his seat now and taken his place in the audience, leaving every note to go to its appointed place, like stars in their courses. He doesn't intrude between audience and the work he is conducting. He knows the secret of classic anonymity; he doesn't seem to say to us, "Apropos Beethoven I shall exhibit myself." He has always given the impression of an aloof artist, independent to the point of appearing indifferent to the audience's reactions. He has never been a Grand Seigneur of the podium in the manner of Bruno Walter. He has never had the personal appeal of Furtwängler, who sometimes bared himself in self-confession as he interpreted Beethoven. Klemperer has always conducted at the extreme of the urbane connoisseur of civilized pleasure that Beecham was. Klemperer is content with truth naked; Toscanini enhanced truth to the realms of the Higher Fidelity.

As a young man, Klemperer, like Bruno Walter, came under the influence of Gustav Mahler—the three of them, of course, Jews. But, as men and artists, there was little in common between Klemperer and Walter—Klemperer the tough-minded, Walter the tender-minded. If Klemperer is drawn to Mahler today it is to a Mahler without a hint of *schmalz*. Mahler is not all heart-wrung string *portamenti*, not all "sehr zart und

(*Continued on page* 59)

Early Days with Klemperer

By WILLIAM STEINBERG, *Music Director of the Pittsburgh Symphony and now guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic.*

—*Eugene Cook.*

THE FIRST TIME I saw Otto Klemperer was in 1917, although I had heard about him earlier from my mother. She wrote me frequently, while I was away from home and in one letter mentioned the new chief conductor, Otto Klemperer, who had just come to the Cologne Opera from Strasbourg. Shortly thereafter I heard him conduct for the first time: *Carmen*.

What do I think of Otto Klemperer? What do I think of a man who, at our first meeting, fired me—*fired me* from the last stand of the second violin section of the Municipal Orchestra of Cologne? What I thought of him at the time is what I think of him today. Klemperer has everything given him by God and nature to make a great man. I could not quarrel with his action then; from his standpoint, he certainly was right, because I was disobeying his bow markings in *Carmen*; so I was forbidden to play in the orchestra because of this unforgivable crime.

It was in 1919 and I was, at this time, studying with Hermann Abendroth, who was director of the conservatory and its conducting classes. He was also chief conductor of the Municipal Concerts. Some months after my dismissal from the second-violin section, auditions for the orchestra were scheduled under the joint direction of Abendroth and Klemperer. I, as a student of the conducting class, was chosen to accompany these auditions, and there Klemperer and I met formally for the first time. I was striving to make a career as a pianist and composer, although my mother had ambitions for me as a conductor. As a result of my playing for the auditions, Klemperer invited me to come to the opera house as his assistant. His magnetism, combined with my mother's urging, persuaded me to accept the invitation.

At our subsequent meeting in his office, Klemperer informed me that, as a formality, it would be necessary for him to audition me for the position. He chose the first score of music that came to hand, the first act of *Siegfried*, and handed it to me to read at the piano. First, it is very difficult to play and, second, even more difficult if you have never seen it before. After I finished, he said, "It is very bad, but I will take you anyway."

Thus began our collaboration, which lasted four years, during which I went from the position of musical coach to regular conductor, while remaining his personal assistant. No greater luck could have befallen me than to enter into the sphere of such a great musician and human being. His colossal integrity as a musician and as a man, his enormous degree of erudition in many fields other than music, especially philosophy, made him a unique figure and personality.

His mind encompassed virtually everything in the repertory—classic, romantic, and contemporary. He was very much in the avant-garde of the day. Even though the Cologne Municipal Orchestra played a regular season in the city, Klemperer introduced a series of competitive concerts that were given at the opera house and that soon became the talk of the town. He premiered Mahler's Second and Seventh Symphonies as well as *Das Lied von der Erde*. He endorsed Mahler's alternative suggestion that in the latter work the mezzo-soprano part be sung by a baritone and performed it with Friedrich Schorr, who was to become such a great favorite at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. Many works by Bruckner were introduced to Cologne by Klemperer, and he made "retouches" on the scores he performed. How well I remember those long nights when I had to copy them into the orchestra part and my mother would bring us dinner from across the street where we lived.

His progressive spirit extended to the choice of repertory at the Opera House.

—*Culver.*

Carnegie Hall, April 1941 (after his operation), with the orchestra he brought together himself.

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It was his training ground for his later activities at the Kroll Opera in Berlin. At that time, an average season of a German opera house consisted of sixty to eighty operas, and among them were many first performances, world premieres, and novelties.

He revealed Verdi to me. Having been reared on Mozart, Schumann, and Brahms, I regarded Verdi as a creator of barrel-organ melodies designed to please chambermaids seated in the fourth balcony. He told me I was wrong. Verdi for him was the Shakespeare of opera, and to prove it he conducted a performance of *Rigoletto* that same evening without a rehearsal. I was convinced.

It is very difficult to separate Klemperer the man from Klemperer the musician, so closely are they welded together. His attitude toward music is one of strictest purity, both in opera and in concert. Music to him is an absolute expression—intense, cerebral, and extremely personal. As a matter of fact, he took all musical disappointments personally. He was unbending. Once, during a rehearsal for a new production of *Lohengrin*, I did not know the right tempi for the herald's music and played it wrong. He became furious with me and did not speak to me for a month.

One of the leading composers of that period was Franz Schreker, and Klemperer premiered several of his works. I also remember his interpretation of *Der Zwerg* (after Oscar Wilde), by Alexander von Zemlinsky, who was the teacher of Arnold Schönberg and music director of the Prague Opera. As Klemperer's assistant, I was solely responsible for the

(*Continued on page* 57)

Skating in Berlin, 1930; at right, his son Werner, now well known as an actor (Eichmann in *The Eichmann Story*), and, at left, daughter Lotte.

A Klemperer Discography

THE FOLLOWING LIST is believed to include all the recordings by Otto Klemperer released to date.

The 78-rpm discs are indicated by (78) after the catalogue numbers and, of course, are not available now. Discontinued LPs are indicated by (D).

Stereo numbers are shown in italics, after the respective mono numbers.

All the Klemperer recordings on Angel are with the Philharmonia Orchestra unless indicated otherwise. Orchestras on the 78-rpm discs and the Vox LPs are identified by the following abbreviations:

Berlin St.—Berlin State Opera Orchestra.
PMO—Pro Musica Orchestra, Paris
VSO—Vienna Symphony Orchestra

AUBER: "Fra Diavolo" Overture. *Symphony Orchestra,* Parlophone E-11021 (78).

BACH: "Bist du bei mir," transcribed by Klemperer. *PMO* (side 4 in 2-disc album of "Brandenburg" No. 3), Polydor 566215 in Vox set 620 (78).

BACH: "Brandenburg" Concertos. *PMO, with Marcel Mule, saxophone, in No. 2, and Marguerite Roesgen-Champion, harpsichord.* Vox PL-6180 (Nos. 1 & 2), PL-6200 (3 & 4), PL-6220 (5 & 6); *Philharmonia, with Adolf Scherbaum, trumpet, in No. 2, and George Malcolm, harpsichord,* Angel B-3627, *SB-3627* (2 discs).

BACH: St. Matthew Passion. *Philharmonia Orch. & Chorus, with E. Schwarzkopf, D. Fischer-Dieskau, C. Ludwig, P. Pears, N. Gedda, W. Berry, boys' choir,* Angel EL-3599, *SEL-3599* (5 discs); Choruses & chorales from the set, 36162, *S-36162;* Arias from the set, 36163, *S-36163.*

BACH: Chorale-Prelude "Nun komm', der heiden Heiland," trans. Klemperer. *PMO* (side 6 in 3-disc set of "Brandenburg" No. 1), Polydor 566211 in Vox set 618 (78).

BACH: The 4 Suites for Orchestra. *Philharmonia,* Angel B-3536 (2 discs).

BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 4 in G. *VSO, with Guiomar Novaes* (with 5 other concertos, not cond. Klemperer), Vox VBX-1 (3 discs).

BEETHOVEN: "Consecration of the House" Overture. *Philharmonia* (with Symphony No. 4), Angel 35661, *S-35661,* or (with Sym. No. 5), 35329.

BEETHOVEN: "Coriolan" Overture. *Berlin St.,* Polydor 516635 (78); *Philharmonia* (with "Prometheus" Overture & Symphony No. 2), Angel 35658, *S-35658.*

BEETHOVEN: "The Creatures of Prometheus" Overture. *Philharmonia* (with "Coriolan" Overture & Symphony No. 2), Angel 35658, S-35658.

BEETHOVEN: "Egmont" Overture. *Berlin St.,* Polydor 66600 (78); Overture, entr'actes and songs. *Philharmonia, with Birgit Nilsson* (side 4 in 2-disc album of Symphony No. 9), Angel B-3577, *SB-3577.*

BEETHOVEN: "Fidelio." *Philharmonia Orch. & Chorus, with C. Ludwig, J. Vickers, G. Frick, W. Berry, et al.,* Angel CL-3625 *SCL-3625* (3 discs); Excerpts: 36168, *S-36168.* (See also "Leonore" Overtures, below.)

BEETHOVEN: "Grosse Fuge." *Philharmonia* (with Mozart Adagio and Fugue & "Serenata Notturna"), Angel 35401 (D) or Electrola C-90540.

BEETHOVEN: "King Stephen" Overture. *Philharmonia* (with Symphony No. 5), Angel 35843, *S-35843.*

BEETHOVEN: "Leonore" Overtures Nos. 1, 2 and 3 & "Fidelio" Overture. *Philharmonia,* Angel 36209, *S-36209;* Earlier recording: Angel 35258; "Leonore" No. 3 only: *Berlin St.* (with part 1 of Mendelssohn "MND" Overture), Polydor 66601/02 (78).

BEETHOVEN: Missa Solèmnis. *VSO & Akademie Chor, with I. Steingruber, E. Schuerhoff, E. Majkut & O. Wiener,* Vox PL-11430.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 1. *Berlin St.,* Polydor 66231/34 (acoustical 78s); *Philharmonia* (with No. 8), Angel 35657, *S-35657.*

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 2. *Philharmonia* (with "Coriolan" & "Prometheus" Overtures), Angel 35658, S-35658.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica"). *Philharmonia,* Angel 35853, S-35853; Earlier recording, Angel 35328.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 4. *Philharmonia* (with "Consecration of the House" Overture), Angel 35661, *S-35661.*

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 5. *VSO* (with Mozart "Eine kleine Nachtmusik"), Vox PL-11870; *Philharmonia* (with "King Stephen" Overture), Angel 35843, *S-35843;* Earlier recording (with "Consecration of the House"), Angel 35329.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 6 ("Pastoral"). *VSO,* Vox PL-6960; *Philharmonia,* Angel 35711, *S-35711.*

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 7. *Philharmonia,* Angel 35945, *S-35945;* Earlier version, Angel 35330.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 8. *Berlin St.,* Polydor 66460/462 (78); *Philharmonia* (with No. 1), Angel 35657, *S-35657.*

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 9. *Philharmonia Orch. & Chorus, with A. Nordmo-Lovberg, C. Ludwig, W. Kmentt & H. Hotter* (with "Egmont" music on side 4), Angel B-3577, *SB-3577* (2 discs).

BEETHOVEN: The 9 Symphonies. *Philharmonia* (including the later versions of Nos. 3, 5 and 7 listed above), Angel H-3619, *SH-3619* (8 discs).

BERLIOZ: Symphonie fantastique. *Philharmonia,* Angel 36196, *S-36196.*

BRAHMS: "Academic Festival" Overture. *Berlin St.* (with Mozart item cond. Blech), HMV D-1853/54 (78); *Philharmonia* (with Symphony No. 3), Angel 35545, *S-35545.*

BRAHMS: Alto Rhapsody. *Philharmonia, with Christa Ludwig & male chorus* (with Wagner's Wesendonck Lieder & "Tristan" excerpts), Angel 35923, *S-35923.*

BRAHMS: Violin Concerto. *French Radio Orch., with David Oistrakh,* Angel 35836, S-35836.

BRAHMS: "Ein deutsches Requiem." *Philharmonia Orch. & Chorus, with E. Schwarzkopf & D. Fischer-Dieskau,* An-

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gel BL-3624, *SBL-3624* (2 discs).

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1. *Berlin St.*, American Decca 25487/492 (78) or Parlophone E-10807/812 (78); *Philharmonia*, Angel 35481, *S-35481*.

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 2. *Philharmonia* (with "Tragic" Overture), Angel 35532, *S-35532*.

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 3. *Philharmonia* (with "Academic Festival" Overture), Angel 35545, *S-35545*.

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 4. *Philharmonia*, Angel 35546, *S-35546*.

BRAHMS: The 4 Symphonies and 2 Overtures, as above, Angel D-3614, *SD-3614* (4 discs).

BRAHMS: "Tragic" Overture. *Philharmonia* (with Symphony No. 2), Angel 35532, *S-35532*.

BRAHMS: Variations on a Theme by Haydn. *Philharmonia* (with Hindemith "Nobilissima Visione"), Angel 35221 (D), or (with Mozart "Serenata Notturna"), Electrola C-70366.

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 4. *VSO* (Original version, Haas edition), Vox PL-11200; *Philharmonia* (Nowak edition, 1953), Angel 36245, *S-36245*.

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 7. *Philharmonia* (with Wagner "Siegfried Idyll"), Angel B-3626, *SB-3626*. (2 discs.)

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 8—Adagio only. *Berlin St.*, Polydor 66325/28 (acoustical 78s).

CHOPIN: Concerto No. 2. *VSO, with Guiomar Novaes* (with Schumann Piano Concerto), Vox PL-11380.

DEBUSSY: Nocturnes Nos. 1 & 2 ("Nuages" & "Fêtes"). *Berlin St.*, Polydor 66464/465 (78).

DVORAK: Symphony No. 9 ("From the New World"). *Philharmonia*, Angel 36246, *S-36246*.

GLUCK: "Iphigénie en Aulide" Overture. *Philharmonia* (in collection "German Opera Overtures"—see under Weber for details), Angel 36175, *S-36175*.

HANDEL: Concerto Grosso in A minor, Op. 6, No. 4. *Philharmonia* (with Mozart "Eine kleine Nachtmusik"), English Columbia 33C-1053, *SBO-2751*.

HANDEL: "Messiah." *Philharmonia Orch. & Chorus, with E. Schwarzkopf, G. Hoffman, N. Gedda & J. Hines*, HMV AN-146/148, *SAN-146/148* (3 discs). N.B.: U.S. release, scheduled for fall.

HAYDN: Symphonies Nos. 98 in B flat & 101 ("The Clock") in D. Philharmonia, Angel 35872, *S-35872*.

HINDEMITH: "Nobilissima Visione." *Philharmonia* (with Brahms's Haydn Variations), Angel 35221 (D).

HUMPERDINCK: "Hänsel und Gretel": Overture and "Dream Pantomime." *Philharmonia* (in overture collection—see under Weber), Angel 36175, *S-36175*.

KLEMPERER: "A Merry Waltz" (from the opera "Das Ziel"). *Philharmonia* (with Weill's "Kleine Dreigroschenmusik" & J. Strauss pieces), Angel 35927, *S-35927*.

LISZT: Piano Concerto No. 1 in E flat. *Philharmonia, with Annie Fischer* (with Schumann Concerto), English Columbia 33CX-1842, *SAX-2485*.

MAHLER: "Das Lied von Der Erde." *VSO, with Elsa Cavelti & Anton Dermota*, Vox PL-11890 or (with Symphony No. 2) in VBX-115 (3 discs).

MAHLER: Symphony No. 2 ("Resurrection"). *VSO, with Akademie Chor, Ilona Steingruber & Hilde Rössl-Majdan* (with "Das Lied von der Erde"), Vox VBX-115 (3 discs); *Philharmonia Orch. & Chorus, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf & Hilde Rössl-Majdan*, Angel B-3634, *SB-3634* (2 discs).

MAHLER: Symphony No. 4. *Philharmonia, with E. Schwarzkopf*, Angel 35829, *S-35829*.

MENDELSSOHN: "Fingal's Cave" Overture. *Philharmonia* (with Symphony No. 3), Angel 35880, *S-35880*.

MENDELSSOHN: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture and Incidental Music. *Philharmonia Orch. & Chorus, with Heather Harper & Janet Baker*, Angel 35881, *S-35881*; Overture only: *Berlin St.* (with Beethoven "Leonore" No. 3, part 3), Polydor 66602/03 (78).

MENDELSSOHN: Symphony No. 3 ("Scotch"). *VSO*, Vox PL-11840; *Philharmonia* (with "Fingal's Cave"), Angel 35880, *S-35880*.

MENDELSSOHN: Symphony No. 4 ("Italian"). *VSO* (with Schubert No. 4), Vox PL-11880; *Philharmonia* (with Schumann No. 4), Angel 35629, *S-35629*.

MOZART: Adagio and Fugue in C minor, K. 546. *Philharmonia* (with "Serenata Notturna" & Beethoven "Grosse Fuge"), Angel 35401 (D) or Electrola C-90540.

MOZART: The 4 Concertos for Horn. *Philharmonia, with Alan Civil*, Angel 35689, *S-35689*.

MOZART: Piano Concerto No. 26 in D, K. 537 ("Coronation"). *PMO, with Louise Thyrion* (with K. 176 Minuets, cond. Fendler), Vox PL-6270.

MOZART: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" Overture. *Philharmonia* (with Symphonies 35 & 36), Angel 36128, *S-36128*.

MOZART: "Serenata Notturna." *Philharmonia* (with Adagio and Fugue & Beethoven "Grosse Fuge"), Angel 35401 (D) or Electrola C-90540; or (with Brahms Haydn Variations), Electrola C-70366.

MOZART: Serenade, "Eine kleine Nachtmusik." *PMO* (with Beethoven Symphony No. 5), Vox PL-11870; *Philharmonia* (with Handel Concerto Grosso, Op. 6, No. 4), English Columbia 33C-1053, *SBO-2751*.

MOZART: Symphony No. 25 in G minor, K. 183. *PMO* (with No. 36), Vox PL-11820; Philharmonia (with No. 40), Angel 35407, *S-35407*.

MOZART: Symphony No. 29 in A, K. 201. Philharmonia (with No. 41), Angel 35209.

MOZART: Symphonies Nos. 31 in D, K. 297 ("Paris") & 34 in C, K. 338. *Philharmonia*, Angel 36216, *S-36216*.

MOZART: Symphony No. 35 in D, K. 385 ("Haffner"). *Philharmonia* (with No. 36 & "Entführung" Overture), Angel 36128, *S-36128*.

MOZART: Symphony No. 36 in C, K. 425 ("Linz"). *PMO* (with No. 25), Vox PL-11820; *Philharmonia* (with No. 35 & "Entführung" Overture), Angel 36128, *S-36128*.

MOZART: Symphonies Nos. 38 in D, K. 504 ("Prague"), & 39 in E flat, K. 543. *Philharmonia*, Angel 36129, *S-36129*; Earlier version: Angel 35408.

MOZART: Symphony No. 40 in G minor, K. 550. *Philharmonia* (with No. 41), Angel 36183, *S-36183*; Earlier version (with No. 25), Angel 35407, *S-35407*.

MOZART: Symphony No. 41 in C, K. 551 ("Jupiter"). *Philharmonia* (with No. 40), Angel 36183, *S-36183*; Earlier version (with No. 29), Angel 35209.

MOZART: "Die Zauberflöte." *Philharmonia Orch. & Chorus, with Lucia Popp, Gundula Janowitz, Nicolai Gedda, Walter Berry, Gottlob Frick, et al.*, Angel CL-3651, *SCL-3651*. (3 discs.)

OFFENBACH: "La belle Hélène" Overture. *Berlin St.*, Decca 25145 (78).

RAVEL: "Alborada del Gracioso." *Berlin St.*, Polydor 66463 (78).

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 5 in B flat. *Philharmonia* (with No. 8), Angel 36164, *S-36164*.

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 8 in B minor ("Unfinished"). *Berlin St.*, Polydor 66339/341 (78); *Philharmonia* (with No. 5), Angel 36164, *S-36164*.

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 9 in C. *Philharmonia*, Angel 35946, *S-35946*.

SCHUMANN: Piano Concerto. *VSO, with Guiomar Novaes* (with Chopin Concerto No. 2), Vox PL-11380; *Philharmonia, with Annie Fischer* (with Liszt Concerto No. 1), English Columbia 33CX-1842, *SAX-2485*.

SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 4. *Philharmonia* (with Mendelssohn No. 4), Angel 35629, *S-35629*.

J. STRAUSS: "Fledermaus" Overture; "Kaiserwalzer"; "Wiener Blut." *Philharmonia* (with Weill "Kleine Dreigroschenmusik" & Klemperer "Merry Waltz"), Angel 35927, *S-35927*.

R. STRAUSS: "Don Juan." *Berlin St.*, Decca 25444/45 (78); *Philharmonia* (with "Till" & "Salomes Tanz"), Angel 35737, *S-35737*.

R. STRAUSS: "Metamorphosen." *Philharmonia* (with "Tod und Verklärung"), Angel 35976, *S-35976*.

R. STRAUSS: "Salomes Tanz." *Berlin St.*, HMV D-1633 (78); *Philharmonia* (with "Don Juan" & "Till"), Angel 35737, *S-35737*.

R. STRAUSS: "Till Eulenspiegel." *Berlin St.*, Decca 25421/22 (78); *Philharmonia* (with "Don Juan" & "Salomes Tanz"), Angel 35737, *S-35737*.

R. STRAUSS: "Tod und Verklärung." Philharmonia (with "Metamorphosen"), Angel 35976, *S-35976*.

STRAVINSKY: "Pulcinella" Suite & Symphony in Three Movements. *Philharmonia*, Angel 36248, *S-36248*.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 4. *Philharmonia*, Angel 36134, *S-36134*.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 5. *Philharmonia*, Angel 36141, *S-36141*.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 6 ("Pathétique"). *Philharmonia*, Angel 35787, *S-35787*.

WAGNER: Overtures to "Rienzi," "Meistersinger," "Tannhäuser" & "Fliegende Holländer." *Philharmonia*, Angel 36187, *S-36187*.

WAGNER: Preludes to Acts 1 & 3 of "Lohengrin"; Dance of the Apprentices & Entry of the Masters ("Meistersinger"); Prelude and Liebestod ("Tristan"); Siegfrieds Tod ("Götterdämmerung"). *Philharmonia*, Angel 36188, *S-36188*.

WAGNER: All the items on the two singles listed above, Angel B-3610, *SB-3610* (2 discs).

WAGNER: Entry of the Gods into Valhalla

(*Continued on page* 59)

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Retiring Mezzo, Revised "Figaro"

AMSTERDAM.

SINGERS are not normally thought of as possessing a "retiring disposition" and every concertgoer has experienced painful hours listening to artists living on borrowed time and sustained solely by shared memories of former glory. It is a wise singer who knows when to bow from the stage gracefully, but a distinguished singing career with a built-in retirement date must be almost unique. That, however, is the story behind the bald fact that on April 28 at the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam, Nan Merriman appeared for the last time on any concert platform, thereby putting into effect a decision, taken many years previously, that she would retire on her forty-fifth birthday and exchange the life of a wandering minstrel for a settled domestic existence.

In the event, Miss Merriman fulfilled her vow to the exact day, and Amsterdam, where she had been a frequent and most welcome visitor ever since her first European tour twelve years ago, gave her a memorable send-off. To be precise, it was a twofold farewell, for the previous evening, in the small hall of the Concertgebouw (which was packed to suffocation), Miss Merriman had for the last time revealed her considerable skill as a recitalist. Accompanied by Felix de Nobel, and further assisted in Ravel's *Chansons madécasses* by Hubert Barwahser (flute) and Carel van Leeuwen Boomkamp (cello), she delighted her enthusiastic audience with vividly characterized performances of songs from her favored French and Spanish repertory, ending, as might have been expected, with Falla's *Seven Popular Spanish Songs.*

Here, plainly, was a vocalist at the height of her powers and, on the next night, her singing of two Mozart arias —from *Clemenza di Tito* and *Così fan tutte*—and of Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* with the Concertgebouw Orchestra under Gustav König in the splendid, large hall only served to confirm the voluntary nature of her decision to "abdicate."

No doubt Miss Merriman's many admirers on both sides of the Atlantic will nurture the hope that the boredom of unaccustomed inactivity may yet persuade her to resume her career, though I have the feeling that her decision is irrevocable and that a life based on hotels and jet planes no longer appeals to her. It may seem sadly wasteful to silence a voice when it is still perfectly healthy or to stifle so vivid an artistic personality, but one can only admire a performer who resists the temptation to go on until nature demands a halt. We wish Miss Merriman well in her retirement and in her forthcoming marriage to Dutch singer Tom Brand—a well-preserved secret that was revealed by an Amsterdam paper the morning after her farewell.

LONDON.

PUCCINI'S *Trittico*, dominated by Tito Gobbi, and Joan Sutherland in *Lucia* (under the musical direction of husband Richard Bonynge), have been the principal attractions at Covent Garden in recent weeks, but it is the new Sadler's Wells production of *The Marriage of Figaro* that has caused the greatest stir. This may seem surprising on the face of it, for the cast, though accomplished both individually and as an ensemble, was scarcely remarkable by international standards, while the staging was neither lavish nor particularly imaginative.

What made this *Figaro* so absorbing was the management's decision to entrust the musical direction to the gifted Australian-born conductor Charles Mackerras, and allow him to put into practice the results of assiduous research into the performing style of eighteenth-century opera. These performances restored numbers usually cut, such as Marzellina's and Basilio's arias in Act IV (the tessitura of the first lies too high for the customary mezzo, so the part of Marzellina was here sung by a soprano). It also made the trio between Count, Countess, and Susanna far more convincing by giving back to each of the ladies the lines Mozart intended for them in the first place (the alterations, which gave Susanna the higher line in most of the ensembles, were probably made for the work's second production). Most important of all, they restored the appoggiatura to its rightful place in the scheme of things and added numerous embellishments, variants, and even discreet cadenzas to arias and ensembles.

—*V. S. Heinitz.*

Nan Merriman outside the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam. The poster reads "Laatste optreden van de zangeres Nan Merriman met het Concertgebouworkest."

It was a *Figaro* to make the late Fritz Busch, high priest of the Puritan *Aufführungspraxis* of the inter-war years, turn in his grave. And for anyone thoroughly familiar with this wonderful opera, it was an utterly fascinating and, at times, slightly disturbing experience. Yet it is a tribute to the strength of Mackerras's case and to the remarkable skill with which he put his ideas into practice (every single embellishment to the vocal line came from some contemporary source), not to mention his effervescent conducting and the delightful way in which he accompanied the recitatives (there was a second harpsichord to provide a continuo for the orchestra, with results that were often sheer delight) that the half-expected protests never got off the ground. Of course, there were plenty of details of argue about, for in this experiment some things did not come off convincingly (not all singers were able to deliver their embellishments and cadenzas with the requisite air of spontaneity), and I have little doubt that we shall spot quite a few second thoughts when the production is revised next season.

For my own part, I am convinced that this *Figaro* was a step in the right direction, and, to judge from the evident joy with which most critics and the public greeted Sadler's Wells's brave try, its lesson is not likely to be ignored. Already there is talk of a new *Don Giovanni* production along similar lines for next season, and I feel sure that a recording of the Wells *Figaro*—if only EMI could be persuaded to undertake it—would create wide interest despite being sung in English. Perhaps the cast might be strengthened in one or two departments—though there were admirable performances from Elizabeth Harwood (Susanna), Donald McIntyre (Figaro), and Raimund Herincx (Count)—and the orchestra could do with a few extra strings. But what Mackerras did in fact achieve within the resources of this far from wealthy company proved yet again that lavish expenditure is a poor substitute for talent, ideas and enthusiasm.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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"Messiahs" via Munich and Berlin

ANOTHER RECORDING of Handel's *Messiah* would be an unlikely entry on anyone's "most needed" list at this point in LP history. The idea of bringing to America not one but two new versions from Germany, therefore, seems comparable to importing ice cubes in Alaska. And yet the recording industry is never short on surprises: the two most recent *Messiahs*—one from Deutsche Grammophon (18951/3, $17.94; stereo 138951/3, $17.94) and the other from Eurodisc (S70404XK, $14.50; stereo S70405XK, $16.50)—turn out to be not only a pair of refreshingly individual performances, but also two of the finest *Messiahs* on LP.

If the substitution of "Ich weiss, dass mein Erlöser lebet" for "I know that my redeemer liveth" strikes you as hopelessly ridiculous, read no further. If, however, you are willing to accept the premise of a foreign language, your indulgence will be rewarded.

It could be argued that the English of the original is only of incidental importance in the first place. After all, the German-born Handel was reported to be awkward with the language of his adopted land. His word-setting, in any case, is seldom distinguished by any special sensitivity to inflection or meaning. In fact, the German biblical text fits the music with such naturalness that one almost suspects Handel of having thought in his mother tongue all along.

Be that as it may, the two German recordings have several undisputed points in their favor. Both represent the work of superior musicians who have built their respective careers around the large-scale Baroque choral works. More important, both conductors have spent years training their ensembles—vocal *and* instrumental—to cope with the particular problems involved. We in America are all-too familiar with the leaders of amateur choral societies who annually assault *Messiahs* with pick-up orchestras as accomplices, not to mention the symphonic conductors who, with the aid of a visiting chorus, become *Messiah* experts overnight at holiday time. But we have a few bonafide oratorio specialists like Karl Richter, who complements his activities as Kapellmeister of St. Mark's in Munich with leadership of his own Bach Chorus and Orchestra; and Karl Forster, who presided over music in (East) Berlin's St. Hedwig's Cathedral from 1934 until his death in 1963.

This should not imply that either Richter's *Messiah* (on DGG) or Forster's (Eurodisc) is the work of a musicological purist. Neither employs the chamber-size ensembles demanded by "authenticity," and neither pays much attention to such esoteric matters as embellishment and altered rhythms. But, at the same time, both avoid the anachronisms that weaken most of the English-language recordings. Perhaps the absence of a popular *Messiah* tradition in Germany is even advantageous: it makes the Messrs. Richter and Forster immune to both the "sacred," over-simplified approach at one extreme and the overblown, oversentimentalized attitude at the other.

Although both recordings utilize relatively large-scale forces, each set of singers and players is encouraged to maintain a pliant, transparent kind of sound that enhances intimacy of expression. Both Richter and Forster favor the Schering-Soldan (Peters) edition as a point of departure, and both demonstrate respect for Handel's architectural scheme, though to varying degrees.

THE basic differences between the Richter and the Forster performances involve three areas: editing, tempi, and the quality of the forces involved. Surprisingly, it is the Richter version that is incomplete. "In order to tighten up the musical continuity" and to prevent "holding up progress," the notes inform us, four numbers have been cut. Missing from DGG are chorus Nos. 39 and 49, duet No. 48, and aria No. 50. This condoned by the selfsame Richter who, in his recent New York appearances, had refused to delete a single note from the Bach Passions! For his part, Forster falls from editorial grace only once. He sacrifices the crucial middle section of the great alto aria, "He was despised."

Since no two performances in Handel's day were exactly the same—the composer constantly altered the score to suit the personnel available at the time—certain other discrepancies are both pardonable and intriguing. "He shall feed his flock," for instance, is a soprano-alto duet on DGG, a soprano solo on Eurodisc; "Their sound is gone out" emerges as a tenor arioso with Richter, a chorus under Forster.

Comparing the two maestros in subjective terms, we find that Forster approached Handel in a more somber frame of mind than did his Bavarian colleague. Forster's tempi are almost invariably slower—although Richter is not exactly a speed demon himself—and the accents of the Berlin performance are usually a bit heavier. Forster never allows things to become ponderous, however, and his unified concept of the work makes perfectly good sense on its own (restrained) terms. The same may be said for Richter, though his more spirited tempi give the agitated choruses an added, and agreeable, degree of buoyancy. Often Richter provides the illusion of speed, through incisive articulation, even though the actual pace is moderate. In general, Richter's *Messiah* is more theatrical than Forster's. But since neither the former's impetuosity nor the latter's reverence is ever carried to excess, a choice between the two must remain a personal matter.

THE Munich Bach Orchestra (featuring the brilliant solo trumpet of Maurice André) is in every way the equal of the Berlin Symphony, which plays for Forster. The remaining participants, however, offer a disparate set of values. The flexibility and poise of the Munich Chorus give Richter a point of favor over Forster's St. Hedwig's Choir, excellent as that organization may be. The situation involving DGG's vocal soloists *vs.* Eurodisc's, however, is less clear-cut.

Gundula Janowitz, Richter's soprano, sings with childlike simplicity and limpid tone, easily outclassing Ingrid Bjoner's more labored effort under Forster. Conversely, the Eurodisc mezzo, Hertha Töpper, sings with greater freedom and purity than Marga Höffgen, her DGG vis-à-vis. Richter is ahead again when it comes to the tenors, for Ernst Häfliger brings to his music the same virtuosic flair and understanding that marks his singing of the Evangelist in the Bach Passions. His "Every valley" is probably the best since Aksel Schiøtz's. Eurodisc's Josef Traxel, though polished and highly musical, seems pale by comparison. In the bass category, darker sound and relative ease in coloratura gives Forster's Kieth Engen the edge over Richter's Franz Crass.

DGG provides texts in both English and German and an illuminating essay by Stanley Sadie, but no biographical or technical data of any kind. Unlike Richter's other projects, this is *not* an Archive release. The Eurodisc booklet is more elaborately illustrated and somewhat better documented; however, it contains no translations whatsoever. Eurodisc's six sides are in manual order; DGG's in the usual automatic sequence. Both sets are superbly recorded, and, by the way, both perpetuate the notion the work's title contains an article. It should not be *"The" Messiah* (or *"Der" Messias*), but just plain *Messiah*.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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Recordings in Review

Teyte for All

OFFENBACH: *"Tu n'es pas beau," "Je t'adore, brigand" ("La Périchole").* MESSAGER: *"Petite dinde!" "Ma foi!" ("Véronique").* FAURE: *"Après un rêve."* HAHN: *"Si mes vers avaient des ailes".* DVORAK: *"Christina's Lament," "Songs my mother taught me."* GIBSON: *"Sweet Mistress Prue" (Sir Roger de Coverley).* ROMBERG: *"Deep in my heart, dear" ("The Student Prince").* BRAHMS: *"Die Mainacht," "An die Nachtigall," "Meine Liebe ist grün."* SCHUMANN: *"Der Nussbaum," "Aufträge."* QUILTER: *"Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal."* DELIUS: *"Indian Love Song."* BRIDGE: *"E'en as a Lovely Flower."* WEBBER: *"The Nightingale Sings to his Mate."* PEEL: *"Wander-Thirst." Maggie Teyte, soprano, some with accompaniment by Rita Mackay, piano.* London 5889, $4.98. (Mono only.)

For those to whom the cheerful charm of Maggie Teyte is a thing of fragmentary impressions gathered from such reissues as Angel COLH-134 (noted in SR/RECORDINGS, April 27, 1963), this will be an illuminating addition, taking in some hitherto obscure areas of her art. And even for those who were grateful admirers of Miss Teyte when such items as the *Périchole* and *Véronique* excerpts were circulating here twenty-five years ago there will be surprises as well as illumination.

This relates not so much to her way with such operetta excerpts as "Deep in My Heart" (which contains, in her own opinion, a top B that is "the most beautiful note I ever recorded") or "Sweet Mistress Prue," for there were comparable examples extant years ago of her ability to convert esthetic dross into artistic gold by the Midas touch of personality. Nor is it quite astonishing to hear her dress "Christina's Lament" in the togs of Bobbie Burns, for if Fritz Kreisler could make a violin performance of Dvorák's *Humoresque* unforgettable, why could not Teyte do the same with her voice? (The "Lament" is a vocal arrangement with a Scotch text by Creyke.)

What adds most interest for those who thought they knew the Teyte gamut fairly well is the selection of German lieder (derived, as are the songs of Quilter, Delius, Bridge, Webber, and Peel, from a BBC broadcast of 1937). What is absorbing about them is not the excellent musicianship, the careful attention to text, or the sense of mood conveyed, for all of these were inherent in Teyte's treatment of any music that interested her. Rather it is that, despite all the intellectual effort, the essence of the German expression escaped her. Her *Nussbaum* is delightful, as her *Aufträge* is pert, her Brahms finely finished. Lacking, still, is the continuous vocal line, which is too often breached to give the text the kind of clarity Miss Teyte felt it ought to have. What it comes down to is that well as Miss Teyte sang in French and English (and in Italian), she still had a stylistic foible in German —which should be comforting to those who have been taught to believe that paragons are paragons, and despair of equalling their attainments. For all that, this is a wonderful record, full of human appeal as well as artistic interest.

Mozart at the Source

MOZART: *March in D (K.215), March in C (K.408/1), German Dances (K.509) (K.567), Contredanses (K.462), Contredanses (K.267). Willi Boskovsky and the Vienna Mozart Ensemble.* London CM 9412, $4.98; stereo CS 6412, $5.98.

For those who have found, in a long period of listening, that when everything else palls, there is always Mozart, here is an answer to a perhaps unasked question: What does one do when even everything of Mozart has lost its appeal? Turn, I would say, to this, to this compilation of miniatures, vignettes, and cameos. Some, I am sure, would characterize them as musical trifles; but the point is not so much how they bulk, musically, but how pure they are in their essence.

Evaluated by that standard, the answer would have to be: utterly pure—without adulteration, filling, or the kind of "stretching" that even the best composers indulge in periodically for purposes of bulk. From time to time, in the trio of a march or the section of a contredanse, one encounters a figure or a phrase that suggests a well-known episode of an opera or symphony. Here, however, it is encountered at its source, in the context of an "effort" tossed off without effort, but as stimulating as the aphorism that reduces to a few words the same truth that may be spun out to novel length.

Willi Boskovsky—"sure feeling for what he [is] doing."

Those who remember Boskovsky's first endeavors as a conductor can only marvel at the progress he has made in a decade or so. There was no doubt, in the earliest endeavor, that his years as concert-master of the Vienna Philharmonic had given him a sure feeling for what he was doing.

What was lacking was the skill to articulate it with the emphasis and insistence (or lack of it), delicacy and refinement to give the listener the full benefit of his knowledge. Now, however, he has the means for nuance and contrast wholly under control, and they are supremely well fulfilled by the excellent players. Best of all, a line on the cover describes this release as "Volume I."

DGG, Archive Tapes

BACH: *"Jesu, der du meine Seele," "Magnificat" in D. Karl Richter conducting Munich Bach Chorus and Orchestra, with Maria Stader, soprano; Hertha Töpper, mezzo; Ernst Häfliger, tenor; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; and Kieth Engen, bass.* Archive stereo C-3197, $7.95.

BARTOK: *Concerto No. 1, and Rhapsody. Géza Anda, piano, and Radio Symphony Orchestra, Berlin, conducted by Ferenc Fricsay.* DGG stereo C-8708, $7.95.

GOUNOD: *Ballet Music and Waltz ("Faust").* PONCHIELLI: *"Dance of the Hours" ("La Gioconda").* TCHAIKOVSKY: *Waltz and Polonaise ("Eugen Onegin").* VERDI: *Dance of the Priestesses, "Ballabile" ("Aida"). Ferenc Fricsay conducting the RSO, Berlin.* DGG stereo C-6211, $7.95.

HAYDN: *Quartet in C, Op. 76, No. 3 ("Emperor").* MOZART: *Quartet in B flat ("Hunt"). Amadeus Quartet.* DGG stereo 8886, $7.95.

MOZART: *Fantasie in F minor (K. 608).* BRAHMS: *Eleven Chorale-Preludes.* LISZT: *Prelude and Fugue on B-A-C-H. Karl Richter playing the Steinmeyer Organ in the Herkules-Saal, Munich.* DGG stereo C-8906, $7.95.

OFFENBACH: *"Les Contes d'Hoffmann" (excerpts). Rita Streich, Hedi Klug, sopranos; Hanna Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; William McAlpine, tenor; Randolph Symonette, bass-baritone; etc. Richard Kraus conducting the RSO Berlin.* DGG stereo C-6230, $7.95.

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WAGNER: *"Fanget an!" and "Morgenlich leuchtend" ("Die Meistersinger"); "Höchstes Vertrau'n" and "In fernem Land" ("Lohengrin"); "Ein Schwert verhiess mir der Vater" ("Die Walküre"); "Immer ist Undank Loges Lohn" ("Das Rheingold"); "Allmächt-'ger Vater" ("Rienzi"); "Nur eine Waffe taugt" ("Parsifal"). Jess Thomas, tenor, with Walter Born conducting the Berlin Philharmonic.* DGG stereo C-6387, $7.95.

WEBER: *"Der Freischütz." Irmgard Seefried, Rita Streich, sopranos; Richard Holm, tenor; Eberhard Wächter, baritone; and Kurt Böhme, bass, with Eugen Jochum conducting the orchestra and chorus of the Bavarian Radio.* DGG stereo S-8639 $16.95 (Two reels).

VIVALDI: *Concerto in C (P. 79). Hans-Martin Linde, sopranino-recorder, with Wolfgang Hofmann conducting the Emil Seiler Chamber Orchestra. Concerto in C minor (P. 434). Klaus Storck, cello, and same orchestra. Concerto in A (P. 222) for Violin and Echo. Susanne Lautenbacher and Ernesto Mampaey, with same orchestra. Concerto in D minor (P. 266) for Viola d'Amore and Lute. Emil Seiler, and Karl Scheit, with Hofmann conducting.* Archive stereo C-3218, $7.95.

Two familiar labels—the lemon yellow of Archive, and the canary of Deutsche Grammophon—are now revolving in an unfamiliar guise: the reel of the tape recording rather than a disc. They are the latest source of supply for the United catalogue distributed through Ampex, and an impressive addition to the wide variety of materials available for that purpose. The above nine packages, including the celebrated full-length *Freischütz* conducted by Eugen Jochum, have much to commend them, but, it may be assumed, they are only the forerunners of greater things to come.

So far as a first sampling reveals, the quality level surpasses by a narrow but consistent margin the sound values of the same issues on disc. I can hear no intrusive noise and fidelity is excellent. In the case of Richter's organ and the Wagner excerpts performed under Walter Born, the brilliance as well as the body of the instruments utilized are as good as can be heard from any equivalent reproduction, whatever the source. At the other extreme the balance and fullness of the Amadeus ensemble merits special mention. Perhaps as DGG and Ampex progress in their relationship, the tapes will progress beyond a side-for-side parallel to the original issues on disc. For owners of such a reproducer as the Ampex 2000 series, the tapes offer a new refinement in playback utility: an automatic reversing signal at the end of each track.

Greetings from Klemperer

MOZART: *Symphonies No. 35 in D, ("Haffner") and No. 36 in C ("Linz"); Overture to "Die Entführung aus dem Serail." Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel 36128, $4.98; stereo, S-36128, $5.98. *Symphonies No. 38 in D, ("Prague") and No. 39 in E flat. The same.* Angel 36129, $4.98; stereo S-36129, $5.98. *Symphonies No. 40 in G minor and No. 41 in C ("Jupiter"). The same.* Angel 36183, $4.98; stereo S-36183, $5.98. BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 4 in E flat. The same.* Angel 36245, $4.98; stereo S-36245, $5.98. DVORAK: *Symphony No. 5 in E minor ("New World"). The same.* Angel 36246, $4.98; stereo S-36246, $5.98. STRAVINSKY: *Symphony in Three Movements: "Pulcinella" Suite. The same.* Angel 36248, $4.98; stereo S-36248, $5.98.

As a perspective of Otto Klemperer's musical vista from the summit of his eightieth year (see pages 45 to 49), this batch of new releases lacks a few such items as Offenbach's *Belle Hélène* overture or Auber's *Fra Diavolo* overture, which once circulated on the pre-war American Decca label (at 50 cents per disc) to give it completeness. But it must be admitted that the range from Mozart's *Entführung* Overture to Stravinsky's *Symphony in Three Movements* is wide enough. Indeed, there is a sufficiency of meaningful music in the integral issue of the last six Mozart symphonies alone to keep the mind occupied and the spirits soaring for days. (Purists who question the omission of No. 37 should also be purists enough to know that it is almost entirely by Michael Haydn.)

To be sure, it is Mozart the musical scientist who is in the forefront of Klemperer's mind and the focus of his attention in these performances, rather than Mozart, the Salzburger (or even Viennese) with a heart for fun and frolic. There isn't, really, very much fun in any of these performances, including the *Seraglio* Overture, and the frolic is at a minimum, save for those respects in which the conductor's penetration of essence (as in the final movement of the E-flat and both C-majors) makes for a kind of intellectual follow-the-leader with its special kind of gamesmanship.

As I hear it, what Klemperer undertakes to do, and accomplishes supremely well, is to show how consistently Mozart's impulses fulfilled themselves in the orchestral music he wrote, in a variety of circumstances and for sundry purposes, in the years between 1782 and 1788. The text that this lesson serves is against the common conception that, in his last three symphonies (E-flat, G-minor, and C-major) Mozart accomplished something he had never approached before. Rather, as the finale of the *Linz* (No. 36) shows, he was approaching very close to it all the years of this decade, and the *Prague* (No. 38), as Klemperer directs it, has a fulness and richness of sound that lead directly to the introduction of No. 39, perhaps the most sonorous stretch of orchestral writing Mozart ever achieved.

Characteristically, most of this is to be found in Klemperer's conducting of the allegros—first movements and finales. His minuets are mostly anti-terpsichorean and heavy-footed at best. And the slow movements, thoughtful as they are, rarely soar. But the sense of structural stresses and balances, of architectural proportion and logic, as these qualities can be musically conveyed, is rigorously applied by Klemperer to the greater glory of Mozart as he comprehends him. When, as in the "Jupiter," he comprehends him equally in all his aspects, the result is close to the Olympian implications of the title.

Of the works he has not recorded recently, or ever before (the Bruckner is a replacement in the 1953 edition and with a much better orchestra for a performance that has long circulated on the Vox label), there is a specialized kind of interest in a non-nostalgic *New World*. In it, all the composer's directions are literally observed (including a repetition of the first part of the opening movement). The benefits are sometimes striking, as in the mathematically proportioned performance of the Largo, which holds together better than it sometimes does in "freer" interpretations. But, in sum, the results lack the kind of exuberance that can be imparted to this work by an interpreter with more active conviction about it than Klemperer conveys.

Most surprising to those whose acquaintance with this conductor are recent (and limited) will be his thoroughgoing, drivingly dynamic direction of the Stravinsky Symphony. Klemperer's clarification of its rhythmic patterns and separation of textural threads testify to long and close affinity for such music over decades. Others have imparted more zest and lift to the *Pulcinella* music. However, there is excellent clarity in the sound, as well as virtuosity in the orchestral performance of the eight numbers of the ballet.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G. Rudolf Serkin, piano, and the NBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Arturo Toscanini. RCA Victor LM 2797, $4.98 (mono only).	Toscanini conducted this work on only two occasions during his American career—in a series of programs during his final Philharmonic season in February 1936, and in the broadcast of 1944 from which this performance is derived. The soloist on the earlier dates was Rudolf Serkin, meaning that they had a solid base of affinity for the playing that is heard on this disc. However, as is the case in other concerto performances (the Beethoven with Heifetz, the Tchaikovsky with Horowitz), the charged atmosphere sometimes becomes supercharged—with Serkin, in the cadenza of the first movement; with Toscanini, in the finale, as the end approaches. The result is a unique performance that is not always as well controlled as it might be. The sound of the piano is better than that of the orchestra.
Beethoven: *The Creatures of Prometheus.* Utah Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Maurice Abravanel. Vanguard VRS 1124, $4.98; stereo VSD 71124, $5.95.	For the average enthusiast for Beethoven (or even the unaverage one) the interests of *Prometheus* are apt to be served by the overture, a specimen or two of the ballet music, and the finale. For others, it may be reported that this newest treatment of the complete score does not alter a previous impression (based on a recording by Walter Goehr for the Concert Hall label) that much of it is below Beethoven's third- or fourth-best level. Abravanel has trained his orchestra to deal capably with the range of technical problems presented by such a score as this, and his conception of the style is solid if not enlivening.
Esplá: *Don Quijote velando las armas.* Albéniz-C. Halffter: *Rapsodia Española.* Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting the Orquesta Nacional de España, with Gonzalo Soriano, piano. London CM 9423, $4.98; stereo CS 6423, $5.98.	Spanish music by composers of the rank of Esplá and Albéniz is, at the least, pleasant, and these works are no exception. Esplá's reflections on the "Meditations and hopes of Don Quixote on the vigil of his armour during the night" has more than a touch of *Petrouchka* (as well as Falla's *El Amor Brujo*) to date its time of origin in the mid-Twenties, but it achieves its evocative ends entertainingly. The orchestral embellishment that Christóbal Halffter has provided for Albéniz's early (Op. 70) piano work is rather better than such added elements may turn out to be. He has contributed a color of his own to the mixture, without obscuring altogether Albéniz's. Soriano, who is peerless in the music of his own country, has developed a discipline and projection that put him high on the list of pianists generally. Excellent recording.
Haydn: Symphony No. 57 (in D) and No. 86 (in D). Max Rudolf conducting the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Decca DL 1017, $4.98; stereo DL 710107, $5.98.	If the ability to play Haydn well is the index to the quality of an orchestra—and many musicians agree that it is—Max Rudolf has put to very good use a half-dozen or so years in Cincinnati. He has instilled a strong sense of ensemble in his players without taking away a sense of individual participation. He has also influenced them to seek subtlety without sacrificing strength. In short, Rudolf has the knowledge required to put a worthy ideal before his players and the patience to win them to his way of thought. An example might be found in the little-heard No. 57 (this is the only version now available), which is midway between Haydn's early and late manners. Rudolf draws a nice distinction between the robust Minuet and the more delicately scored slow movement with variations. and the orchestra responds equally well to his lead. No. 87 is the last in the "Paris" sequence, and Rudolf's performance ranks with the best it has had. The recording is better than what was previously considered the best possible for Cincinnati's Music Hall.
Hindemith: Concerto. Barber: Concerto. Isaac Stern, violin, with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Columbia ML 6113, $4.98; stereo MS 6713, $5.98.	Perhaps Stern and Bernstein have a pipe line to some authentic source, but Hindemith's own recording of this work with Oistrakh is much less strenuous, especially in movement one. The collaborators are better adjusted to the two succeeding movements of Hindemith, and the whole of Barber, which is beautifully played.
Mendelssohn: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Rafael Kubelik conducting the orchestra and chorus of the Bavarian Radio, with Edith Mathis, soprano. DGG 18959, $5.98; stereo 138959, $5.98.	Kubelik does well with those problems that are exclusively or primarily musical, which is to say the Overture, Scherzo, and Fairy March. They follow each other in the first part of the first side and make a very good start for what promises to be a superior performance. However, the second side brings with it problems of poetry and imagery—the Nocturne, Funeral March, Dance of the Clowns—to which he is less well adjusted. Here, he tends to push the tempos a little more than they can comfortably absorb and bear down on some details that merit a lighter hand. The sequence takes in the ten lengthiest items in the total of twelve, omitting only the vocal trio on *Over Hill, over Dale* and another brief interpolation (No. 4) early in the play. The recording is very satisfactory.
Mozart: Concertos Nos. 21 in C (K. 467) and No. 24 in C minor (K. 491). Robert Casadesus, piano, with George Szell conducting members of the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia ML 6095, $4.98; stereo MS 6695, $5.98.	Casadesus and Szell have recorded Mozart together previously (the earlier, mono-only version of No. 24 is still listed in the Schwann catalogue). This collaboration adds a new value to the total, being the first in which the participating orchestra is Szell's own. It is hard to imagine a higher degree of mutuality than they achieve in both of these works. Indeed, so sure (as well as subtle) is the balance between all the instrumental elements that, for once, the listener is wholly unaware of a conductor, as such, or a soloist. The only personality that obtrudes is Mozart's, save in the cadenzas, which are, respectively, by Casadesus himself and Saint-Saëns. In terms of musicality, refinement of detail, and a broadly based conception of structure, these performances are in the realm of the ultimate. The reproduction is in keeping with the material it preserves.
Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 30 and 31. Eugene Ormandy directing the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 6122, $4.98; stereo MS 6722, $5.98.	The kind of tonal splash of which the Philadelphia Orchestra is capable makes a dazzling play of spray and color in the Symphony No. 31. This is, of course, the one Mozart composed for Paris in 1778, and by some it is esteemed as the first truly orchestral symphony (a tribute to the way in which Mozart scored it). However, the justification it contains for the breadth of treatment to which Ormandy is partial does not exist in its predecessor. No. 30 lacks not only the clarinets utilized by Mozart in No. 31, but also flutes, bassoons, and kettledrum. There is, however, little distinction between their treatment by Ormandy and the way in which they are reproduced.
Stravinsky: *The Song of the Nightingale, Scherzo à la Russe, Fireworks,* and Four Etudes. Antal Dorati conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 50387, $4.98; stereo SR 90387, $5.98.	The crispness and clarity of this recording are notable even by today's high standards. They contribute much to the effect of the works on Side 2, which is to say the *Scherzo, Fireworks,* and études. In the instance of *Fireworks,* Dorati's illumination of its pinwheels and rockets is the most vivid on record, and the études are not far behind. However, Stravinsky's own recent version of the *Scherzo* does more for the work, it seems to me, than Dorati's. The qualities of discipline and precision that characterize those performances do not serve the needs of *The Song of the Nightingale* nearly so well. Precision and discipline are, of course, desirable, but so are more finesse than Dorati imparts to the marvelously textured score. In this respect, the Reiner-Chicago Symphony performance, still available from RCA, is peerless. —Irving Kolodin.

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Mingus by Mail

A FEW MONTHS back, composer-bassist Charles Mingus, who has held semi-public verbal battles with several record companies and A & R men during his career, took a sizable, handsome ad in a cluster of publications to announce that he himself was producing and selling by mail a two-record set of his performance at the 1964 Monterey Jazz Festival. The album, *Mingus at Monterey,* has appeared, and is available at $10 from Charles Mingus, 128 E. 56th St., New York City 10022 (plus a 4 per cent tax for all us lucky New York residents). It is a recording not only of several pieces of music, but also of an event. Both Mingus's music and the event of the Monterey performance were celebrated in reviews of the festival, and the record should involve others in the celebration.

The Monterey Festival has regularly commissioned long works, and, although the practice is surely praiseworthy, the results have been mixed. They have ranged from academic (J. J. Johnson's "Perceptions"), through entertaining but shallow ("Evolution of the Blues") and good ("Gillespiana," for Dizzy Gillespie and available on Verve MGV 8394), to very good (Duke Ellington's "Suite Thursday," on Columbia 1597). In Mingus's "Meditations" we not only have a frequently successful piece of music but a stirring performance of that piece; the recording also captures the excitement of its premiere and its reception, and of the sometimes equally stirring music that led up to it in Mingus's earlier portion of the program.

Indeed, Mingus's musical personality is so exaltingly forceful that he can uplift almost any musicians and transmute almost any material, and this aspect of his talent is captured on these records as I've not heard it before. He started the afternoon program in an unheard-of manner, with a medley of slow ballads from the Ellington repertory, beginning with his own musings on "I've Got It Bad." No one can play jazz bass with such commanding emotional authority and such personal virtuosity as Charles Mingus, and there should be no wonder that he has been called the Segovia of his instrument. After the medley, Mingus moves into the sort of thing most men would have used as an opening warm-up—a medium-tempo, string-of-solos-performance on "Take the 'A' Train." In other contexts some of the solos might seem ordinary, but here they are no more nor less ordinary than the fact that Mingus, like most bass players, has ten fingers. And incidentally, pianist Jaki Byard's solo combination of James P. Johnson and Bud Powell is a hilariously effective moment.

There follows a Mingus piece called "Orange Was the Color of Her Dress, Then Blue Silk," which achieves a seemingly impossible combination of earthiness and urbanity—not to mention what the scoring and the performance achieves in abrupt shifts or gradual accelerations and decelerations of tempo without losing momentum or design.

THEN, the new work commissioned by the Festival, "Meditations," scored for twelve players. Mingus's enlightening program notes reveal that the full title of the work is "Meditations on Integration" (and a review republished in the album liner reveals that he nicely put on the reporter from a major news magazine by claiming it was "Meditations for a Pair of Wire Cutters"). To be programatic about the piece, it moves from an almost Hebraic call-to-prayer through sermon-like musings and, finally, into a sort of musically controlled, heterophonic frenzy that is fully resolved, but that ends on a note of abrupt, mutually agreed humanity.

I cannot praise all of "Meditations"; one of its slow themes seems relatively weak to me, and not ideally handled. But I would not trade the experience of hearing it, and of being able to hear it again, in this particular form and performance. Performances, and even the specific occasions of performances, mean something aside from "work" in the abstract, and particularly in jazz. *Mingus at Monterey* is rare, recorded evidence of how much they can mean.

A label called ESP (the name is somehow meant to be short for both esperanto and extrasensory perception) has recently appeared with intentions to present the jazz avant-garde. Heard from one point of view, a couple of its new releases will probably confirm what the declared enemies of "free jazz" say about it as the subjective outpourings of musical ignoramuses. On the *Giuseppe Logan Quartet* (ESP 1007), the leader plays an assortment of reed instruments with what seems to me an embouchure that is sometimes too loose for full control, and with a general approach that sounds rather Eastern, but perhaps without the exacting disciplines involved in, say, Indian music. Actually, Logan may be finding the basics for a music of his own according to his own lights—but meanwhile perhaps one should not intrude. On the *Albert Ayler Trio* (ESP 1002), the saxophonist-leader is preoccupied with "freak" sounds to the point of an indulgent bathos and shows on, say, "Ghosts" what I would call rather simplistic ideas of composition. However, saxophonist Byron Allen, who leads a trio on ESP 1005, performs with the perspective of a man of sound musical sensibility who knows tradition and who is building on basics already discovered. To him "free jazz" is a way of letting the music happen, of letting each piece evolve, grow, and find its own pattern and form. His work is, in short, an affirmation of what is best in the new jazz.

Charlie Mingus—"the Segovia of his instrument . . ."

Perhaps the best introduction to the new jazz is the work of the late Eric Dolphy, a gifted virtuoso who played alto sax, flute, and bass clarinet, and who was, technically, something of a transitional figure. Limelight offers *Last Date* (LS 86013), a good summary-presentation of Dolphy, recorded in Holland with a surprisingly good European rhythm section.

The liner notes to *Mr. Stickman* (Carl 57473), by clarinetist Pete Fountain, call him "none other than the magician of the licorice stick." For a while it seemed that all Fountain had up his sleeve were some old Benny Goodman licks. Now he's extracting bits of George Lewis and others. Well, as you can see, it's all done with mirrors. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Arriaga: Quartets, Nos. 1-3. Phoenix Quartet. Golden Crest GC 4061, $9.96; stereo S-4061, $11.96.	One of the earliest revelations of the ends the LP record could serve in promoting the circulation of previously unknown music was the appearance, on a Concert Hall Society record of 1951, of two quartets by Juan Crisóstomo de Arriaga. Even the existence of such a man was not generally known, much less that he wrote music of this indisputable quality before he died in 1826, just before his twentieth birthday. To the two quartets (in D minor and A) then performed by the quartet of which Daniel Guilet was leader, the Phoenix ensemble now adds a third in E flat and a Theme and Variations that are every bit as good as the works previously known. Challenged to identify the composer from the sound alone, an educated guesser would incline more toward Schubert than to any other master. David Sackson leads the well-prepared performances with fine sound and solid musicianship. The recording is clean, faithful to the sound of the ensemble. On my copy, the labels of the Variations and the E-flat quartet are reversed.
Bach, C. P. E.; Prelude in D; Sonata No. 1 in D; Adagio in D minor. Bach, Johann Bernhard: *Du Friedefürst.* Bach, Johann Michael: *Wenn mein Stündlein vor-handen ist.* Bach, J. C.: Prelude and Fugue in E; *Warum betrübst du dich mein Herz.* Bach, W. F.: Fughetta in G minor; Fugue in D minor; Fugue in F. Carl Weinrich, organ. LM 2793, $4.98; stereo LSC 2793, $5.98.	Weinrich has chosen perceptively in selecting materials to expound the abilities of such lesser-known Bachs as Johann Bernhard and Johann Michael, as well as the relatively well-known Carl Philipp Emanuel, Johann Christoph, and Wilhelm Friedemann. However, in adding the chorale prelude *An Wasserflussen Babylon* to the sequence, Weinrich has made his point without laboring it—namely that for all the skills of the sons, there was an ingredient in their father that did not recur. All the playing is admirable in its clarity and control, for which the instrument at the General Theological Seminary earns a share of the credit. The recording is a boon to both the player and his instrument.
Françaix: Quintet. Poulenc: *Sextour.* Ibert: *Trois Pièces Brèves.* Roussel: *Divertissement.* Camillo Wanausek, flute; Friedrich Wächter, oboe; Richard Schönhofer, clarinet; Ernst Mühlbacher, horn; Leo Cermak, bassoon, and Hans Graf, piano. Westminster XWN 19097, $4.98; stereo WST 17097, $4.98.	One of the recurrent, if minor, mysteries of contemporary musical life is the infrequent occurrence of the name of Jean Françaix among productive composers of this time. Born in 1912, he should now be at the peak of productivity, furthering the skills of which this ingratiating work of the late Forties is an example. There is interest, too, in the works of Ibert and Roussel (the latter dates from 1906, when he was just beginning to find his compositional identity), but the qualities of the Poulenc go beyond interest. Even with the restricted means (piano and wind quintet) his individuality is unmistakable. The players (all members of the Vienna Symphony) are responsive to all the needs of the works, though there is no doubt that an ensemble of French woodwinds would flavor the results differently. Excellent sound.
Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante in E flat, K. Anh. 9 (297b). Haydn: Sinfonia Concertante in B flat (Op. 84). Jörg Faerber conducting the Württembergisches Kammerorchester and soloists. Vox. 14180, $4.98; stereo 514180, $4.98.	Friedrich Milde, oboe; Walter Triebskorn, clarinet; Herbert Anton, bassoon; and Hermann Baumann, French horn, are not the most celebrated soloists to have participated in a recording of this work—that honor would go either to the members of the Philharmonia, who recorded it with Karajan, or the first-desk men of the Philadelphia Orchestra, who participated in the Ormandy recording—but they have individual warmth and common enthusiasm that count for much. In addition, Faerber (who seems to prefer to have his name spelled this way) is a youngish—thirty-five—conductor with sure instincts and an admirable grasp of the particular character of each of the works. In the Haydn, the violinist is Susanne Lautenbacher and the cellist Peter Buck, with the quartet completed by Milde and Anton. The same good qualities of skill and understanding prevail.
Mozart: Trio in E flat, (K.498); Quintet in A (K.581). Gervase de Peyer, clarinet, with members of the Melos Ensemble. Angel 36241, $4.98; stereo S-36241, $5.98.	The special sense of sound that de Peyer brings to the playing of his instrument has an unquestionable influence on the kinds of performances that are heard, as it affects balance, dynamics, and melodic values as well. It is, on the whole, conceived much less for brilliance than for pliability, in a throwback to the time when "wood" was an esthetic, if not a physical, verity in the sound of this woodwind. This treatment is very well suited to the Trio, in which some variety of timbre is provided by the piano. In the Quintet, however, it tends to merge into blandness with the strings, especially in the slow movement and Minuet. There is decidedly more animation and variety in the finale, but it is almost too late to save the performance from a kind of sleepy sameness. At the same time, it would be unjust to overlook de Peyer's marvelous legato, his ability to phrase a line over measures like a singer of the McCormack caliber. Highly satisfactory reproduction.
Prokofiev: *Romeo and Juliet* (Piano pieces, Op. 75). Pavel Serebriakov, piano. *Visions Fugitives,* Op. 22. Henrich Neuhaus, piano. Monitor 2064, $4.98 (mono only).	Each of these sides has its interest, though they are inverse to the arrangement, which gives priority to Serebriakov's performances of ten excerpts from the ballet score. Prokofiev made the transcriptions and performed them publicly himself (when the score was new), but they are more a diversion than a real rendering of substance. Serebriakov plays them competently, but with no special distinction. No date is given for the recording of the performances by Neuhaus (the famous teacher of Gilels, Zak, and Richter), who is now seventy-seven, but they are full of tonal felicities and imaginative resource. A lifetime contemporary of Prokofiev, Neuhaus leaves little doubt of his belief that there is a high quota of expressive content in that composer's esthetic, and he delivers it with delicacy as well as finesse. The recording is neither a plus nor a minus factor.
Ravel: *Gaspard de la Nuit.* Gina Bachauer, piano, with John Gielgud, reader. Debussy: *Pour le piano, La Cathédrale engloutie, Bruyères,* and *Les Danseuses de Delphe.* Gina Bachauer, piano. Mercury MG 50391, $4.98; stereo SR 90391, $5.98.	John Gielgud reads a new translation by Christopher Fry of the Aloysius Betrand poems beautifully, and Bachauer plays the pieces with a superb command of their pianistic detail, but the affiliation of them is better as an idea than as an actuality. For, with all respect to his verbal eloquence, the intrusion of the Gielgud voice between the sections of the Ravel suite cannot help but be—well, an intrusion on the musical sequence. If it had to be done (and the notes credit Bachauer with the idea), it might have been better for the poems to be presented as an entity and then the music, or, at least, for the music to be repeated elsewhere on the same disc without the reading. The characteristics of Bachauer's Debussy are much like her Ravel: more adroit pianistically than they are pictorially vivid (in the Preludes).
Telemann: Concerto in G. Simon Streatfield, viola, with the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields, Neville Marriner conducting. Gabrieli: *Canzona Noni Toni.* Vivaldi: Concerto in B minor, Op. 3, No. 10. Handel: Concerto Grosso, Op. 4, No. 4. Norman Nelson, Anthony Howard, Trevor Connah, and Marriner, violinists, with the same ensemble. L'Oiseau Lyre OL 276, $5.98; stereo SOL 276, $5.98.	Among an endless stream of records by string ensembles, an occasional one stands out, as this one does, for reason of execution as well as content. There is every indication that Marriner is a musician of taste and discrimination, who would do well by whatever aspect of this repertory he selected. However, he aided his own cause measurably by seeking out the Telemann Viola Concerto, a work of breadth and rich musical imagination. It has been recorded previously, but not to my knowledge with the warmth of sound and variety of color that Streatfield brings to the performance of the solo part. The Vivaldi Concerto (from *L'Estro Armonico*) is also a superior work, and the performance is excellent. —I.K.

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Early Klemperer

Continued from page 48

musical preparation of this work, or assignment that eventually resulted in Zemlinsky's inviting me to Prague.

Needless to say, this period in Cologne was one of enormous growth and opportunity for me. I was in charge of the piano rehearsals, coached the singers, and prepared the orchestra. On one occasion I was called—on very short notice—to conduct *La Juive*. At that time there was no orchestra score and the conductor had to use a piano score—not exactly an easy task. Klemperer came to me after that performance and said: "I admired the conviction with which you conducted the wrong tempi."

Klemperer remained at Cologne until 1924. These four years were very productive for the Cologne Opera, although they were filled with many crises and threats. At the conclusion of every season, Klemperer would wage his yearly battle with the management, threatening to resign if his artistic wishes were not followed. Klemperer's reputation had grown enormously throughout Germany. He was virtually considered the first and last word in music. Finally, in 1924, one Klemperer threat to resign was accepted and off he went to Wiesbaden. I remained in Cologne for one year, with his successor, Eugen Szenkar.

However, the year after Klemperer left, I acted as his standard-bearer in Cologne until, of course, I had so alienated the new management that I, too, was forced to resign. Klemperer happened to be in Berlin around that time and I decided to call on him for help. He replied quite simply and correctly: "A man like you should help himself."

Fortunately, help came very quickly with a telegram from Zemlinsky of the Prague Opera, inviting me to guest-conduct *Aïda*, with Leo Slezak as Radames, which led to my eventual engagement as conductor and later as Zemlinsky's successor as Opera Director. From 1926 on, I was frequently invited to guest-conduct at the State Opera in Berlin.

In 1927 Klemperer became the head of Berlin's Kroll Opera, which started as a substitute for the Staatsoper unter den Linden (which was forced to suspend activities during the reconstruction of its theater). Here Klemperer was responsible for the staging as well as the musical direction of many outstanding operatic productions. I remember, particularly, a new *Fidelio* with modern sets that was very talked about in Berlin. His musical personality dominated Berlin at a time when it was the artistic capital of the world. In addition to opera performances, he also presented orchestral concerts at the Kroll. He took over the leadership of the Singakademie from Siegfried Ochs, a group that 100 years earlier had premiered Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* under Mendelssohn.

With the Nazi takeover in 1933, the Jewish exodus began. Klemperer left Berlin and eventually came to America. My ultimate destination was Palestine, where I founded the Palestine Orchestra, now the Israel Philharmonic.

For the twelve years after my Cologne assignment and until I left Germany for good in 1936, Klemperer and I never lost contact and our destinies were, in a sense, further intertwined even after we both left Germany. In 1937 a committee of important business, civic, and cultural leaders from Pittsburgh invited Klemperer to reorganize the Pittsburgh Symphony, and he was granted a leave of absence for this purpose from the Los Angeles Philharmonic, where he was music director. After I had become the musical director of the Pittsburgh, it was my great pleasure, in 1953, to invite him to guest-conduct.

Now that he is eighty years old, this great man, with a unique ability to recover from near-fatal accidents and illness, personal tragedies, career successes and failures, is living proof of the aptness of this line by his admired Schiller: "Es ist der Geist, der sich den Körper baut" (It is the spirit that molds the body).

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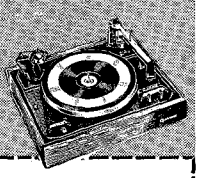

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Double Donizetti

WHAT SORT and quality of musical theater lie locked in the more than sixty operas by Donizetti that now are almost never performed? In particular, what variety of entertainment and what degree of convincing charm survive in the now unplayed *opere buffe*? After all, Donizetti composed *Don Pasquale* and *Linda di Chamounix* and *L'Elisir d'amore*. A very partial answer to both questions, and particularly to the second, is offered by two recordings. Neither of them has the advantage of first-rate forces. Both of them, however, are reasonable enough facsimiles to give pleasure and to tell us more than a little about the unfamiliar works of the delightful, unhappy man who also composed *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Anna Bolena*, *La Favorita* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Maria Stuarda* and *Roberto Devereux*.

The earlier of the two operas, *L'Aio nell'imbarazzo* (roughly, *The Tutor in Difficulties*), was first staged at Rome in 1824, in Donizetti's twenty-seventh year. With a serviceable farcical libretto by Jacopo Ferretti—one of the best of the bad lot of hack librettists who infested Italian opera houses at the time—it is a dizzy and expert tomfoolery full of very Rossinian melodies stretched above brilliantly apt orchestration. As recorded by the Orchestra Filarmonica di Roma under the direction of Franco Ferrara, with a cast including Cecilia Fusco, Anne Reynolds, Plinio Clabassi, Ugo Benelli, and Manlio Rocchi (RCA Italiana, stereo, SLD 20220, not yet available in the United States), it clearly suffers from not having the sort of cast that guaranteed its future in 1824 (that cast included Antonio Tamburini, one of the greatest of bass-baritones). The recording nonetheless continues to explain why Donizetti became, especially after Rossini's retirement in 1829 and the death of Bellini in 1835, the most popular of all Italian composers until the full emergence of Verdi.

No doubt seems possible that a stylish mounting of *L'Aio nell'imbarazzo*, with a lively conductor, a first-rate orchestra, and singers able to handle the florid lines and project the comedy, would delight large audiences today. For *Il Pirata*, the Roman periodical that reviewed it one day after its 1824 premiere, was just in saying that the qualities to be found in it were "spontaneity, fecundity, clarity, and originality of ideas; light, elegant phrasing, full of grace, an accompaniment modeled on the words and fascinating for its sweet attractions, good taste, a flash of genius. . . ."

More than a dozen years after the success of *L'Aio nell'imbarazzo*, Donizetti took up the French libretto that Eugène Scribe and a collaborator had concocted for Adolphe Adam's very popular 1834 one-act *Le Chalet* and himself made it over into an Italian text called *Betly*. Presented first at Naples in 1836, *Betly* had a varied career (sometimes as a one-act opera, sometimes as staged in two acts), and it has shown signs of revival in Europe in recent years. It is a much more solid opera than *L'Aio nell'imbarazzo*. Unfortunately, the recorded version now reissued by Dover (HCR-5218, $2, mono only) is in some important respects inferior.

Giuseppe Morelli, conducting the thin Chorus and Orchestra of the *Società del Quartetto*, Rome, seems to be chiefly at fault. At least two of the three solo singers—Angelica Tuccari as Betly, Nestore Catalani as Max—are nearly first-rate; only the tenor Giuseppe Gentile, as the lovelorn Daniele, sounds insufficient and strained. With its Alpine setting and occasional echoes of the yodel, *Betly* bears a relationship to *Linda di Chamounix;* parts of its text and even of its music may also recall passages in Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, though its humor was outside Bellini's range. Except for Max's "Delle patrie montagne," which Mr. Catalani's singing would make entirely captivating if only the chorus gave him sturdier support, Betly has all the plums. Miss Tuccari does them almost full justice, sweeping through their *fioriture* with only minimum difficulties and displaying brilliant top tones.

These two recordings tell us something about Donizetti. They also once more make it clear that if the florid operas of the early Italian nineteenth century are to be sung properly, we shall have to develop tenors, baritones, and basses capable of unshrieking, unstrained, easy coloratura to match the Callases, Sutherlands, Simionatos, and Berganzas. Without the male nightingales we shall always be getting out-of-focus portraits of these operas, with the female characters dominating the stage in a way absolutely foreign to the intentions of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti. No physical reason exists why a tenor, a baritone, even a bass should not be as agile as Galli-Curci.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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Decades of Klemperer

Continued from page 47

innig." There is a hard core in Mahler's music, notably in the purely instrumental symphonies of his middle period, where the melody is often bony and astringent, without harmonic softening. Mahler's intellect was sharp. Klemperer once said to me that although he admired Bruno Walter's conducting of Mahler, he didn't approve of it altogether. "Too Jewish," he growled.

He was born in a middle-class family at Breslau in 1885. His father was a merchant. From his mother he learned something of the piano keyboard. At the age of sixteen he went to the Conservatorium at Frankfurt; later he went to Berlin, studying the piano under Kwast and composition under Pfitzner. Mahler, after his first meeting with student Klemperer, wrote a letter of general introduction for him, saying, "This young man is destined to become a great conductor." Klemperer at this time had not thought of a career as a conductor; he intended to compose. He has, in fact, composed several works, including a Mass. On Mahler's recommendation, he went to Prague as conductor of the German opera there; then followed hard work and ups and downs at Hamburg, Strasbourg and Cologne. But international renown long eluded him. The taste of the times enjoyed the romantic or exhibitionist schools of interpretation.

He came into his kingdom, ironically, not as a conductor of the "classics" but by unfolding the genius, actual and potential, of contemporary composers—Janáček's *Aus einem Totenhaus*, Schönberg's *Die Glückliche Hand*, Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*, Hindemith's *Neues von Tage*. Under his direction, the Kroll Opera in Berlin became famous. At the peak of achievement, Hitler's blow fell.

Klemperer, as I have suggested, doesn't woo the senses. Not infrequently he tears off the sensuous outer garments of music, revealing not only the flesh but the bone and brain cells. He might at times be conducting for those of us who can listen with the inner ear. The outward show of orchestration, the allurements of instrumental color, interest him only as a secondary phenomena. He concentrates on rhythm, which is the governing factor in architectural balance.

He doesn't rave at rehearsal, break batons or watches. He fixes the players with his eyes. He has humor, sometimes sardonic. At a rehearsal in London it was getting toward noon on a Saturday morning. The players were anxious to go to the football matches. But Klemperer went on with his work. At last the first violin looked hard at his wristwatch. No affect on Klemperer. After another ten minutes had gone by, the first violin again consulted his wristwatch. Again, Klemperer didn't take the hint. "Back to letter D." Next time the first violin thrust out his arm on his wristwatch almost under Klemperer's nose. "Is it going?" asked Klemperer.

The stern side of him shouldn't be exaggerated. He has in him an imp of mischief. And he is, in his old age, visited by much kindliness. He is a Faustian (an avid reader of Goethe) who throughout his life has been accompanied by a Mephisto. He had reveled and suffered in the great and little worlds, heard the chimes at midnight, and, without inhibitions, lived a full life.

Fundamentally he is a religious man. One day, when he was at lunch after a rehearsal in London of the Mass in D of Beethoven, a message arrived asking if he would conduct the National Anthem before the program began. "But how," he asked, "how can a National Anthem be played tonight? The Mass in D is a spiritual work." It is natural that he has come into his own and his fulfillment in and through Beethoven. He can sublimate courage, idealism, fortitude, and patience in the *Eroica*. He has found convalescence in the *Pastoral*. To speak of Klemperer as a great conductor and musician is not enough. He is a great man of our time, ennobled by "untiring effort to live and be."

Discography

Continued from page 49

("Rheingold"); Ride of the Valkyries ("Walküre"); "Waldweben" ("Siegfried"); Siegfrieds Rheinfahrt ("Götterdämmerung"); Prelude to Act 3 of "Tannerhäuser"; "Parsifal" Prelude. Angel 35947, S-35947.

WAGNER: "A Siegfried Idyll." *Berlin St.*, Polydor 66604/05 (78); *Philharmonia* (with Bruckner Symphony No. 7), Angel B-3626, SB-3626 (2 discs).

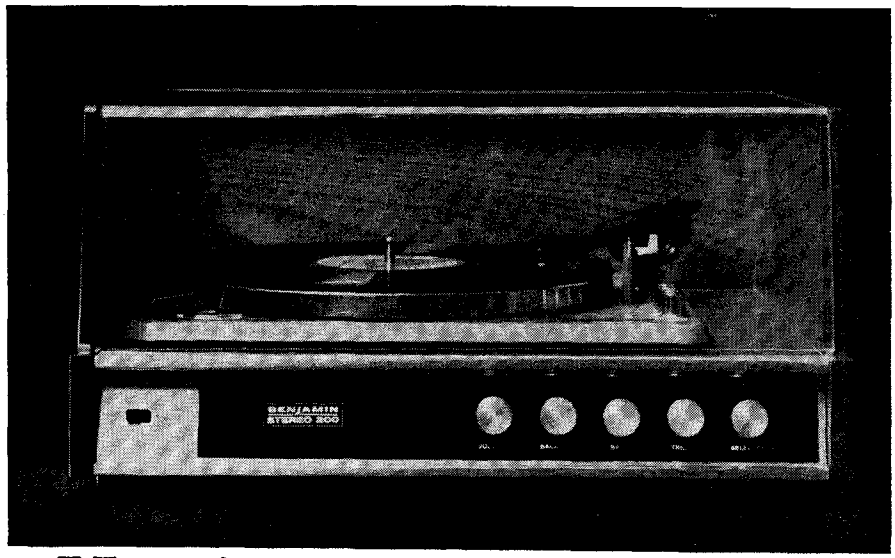
WAGNER: "Tristan und Isolde" Prelude (concert ending). *Berlin St.*, HMV E-476/477 (78).

WAGNER: Wesendonck Lieder; Prelude and Liebestod ("Tristan"). *Philharmonia, with Christa Ludwig* (with Brahms "Alto Rhapsody"), Angel 35923. S-35923.

WEBER: "Euryanthe" Overture. *Berlin St.*, Polydor 66629 (78); *Philharmonia*: see below.

WEBER: Overtures to "Euryanthe," "Oberon" & "Der Freischütz." *Philharmonia* (with Gluck "Iphigénie en Aulide" Overture & Overture and "Dream Pantomime" from Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel"), Angel 36175, S-36175.

WEILL: "Kleine Dreigroschenmusik" (instrumental suite from "Die Dreigroschenoper"). 4 sections only: *Berlin St.*, Polydor 24172/72 in Vox set 451 (78); Nearly complete: *Philharmonia* (with J. Strauss pieces & Klemperer's "A Merry Waltz"), Angel 35927, S-35927.



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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Van Vechten

MAY I put in my two cents' worth and second Mr. John Whitbeck Clark's request for a reprint of Carl Van Vechten's delightful and informative *Interpreters and Interpretationists* [*SR*, Mar. 27]?

Every time I lend my copy, I am fearful of not having it returned. But I would also like to see an omnibus which contained "The Tiger in the House" as well as some of his novels.

LEVIN HOUSTON,
Associate Professor of Music,
Mary Washington College,
University of Virginia.
Charlottesville, Va.

Valkyries on the Freeway

MR. RALPH SCHOENSTEIN is to be congratulated on his excellent article "Swing Low, Sweet Siegfried" [*SR*, Apr. 10].

As I was driving on a Los Angeles freeway the other day (a hazardous venture at best), I turned on our local long-hair station and heard, over the roar of the passing diesel trucks, what sounded to my startled ears like the "Ride of the Valkyries with bongo drums in the background. I barely avoided a disastrous collision and then, even in the privacy of my own automobile couldn't find expletives strong enough to express my indignation as I forced myself with masochistic curiosity to listen to the rest of his amazing album of Wagner "done up" by Stan Kenton.

I am a purist and a Wagner lover, I will admit; but I sincerely believe that my outrage is not entirely caused by the desecration of great music. If we can assume that Mr. Kenton is in good faith when he says that "music must at all times be in search of challenging new horizons," then it is his self-deception that angers me. He evidently feels that tampering with Wagner's orchestral sonorities, mixing musical idioms that are totally incompatible, and cutting the "dull" passages is creating something new. The result, to my ears, is instead a presumptuous pastiche, totally lacking in vitality and attempting to pander to that unfortunately large element of the public that likes the "classics" short and easy. God help us if Mr. Kenton really has opened "an entire new avenue of opportunity for composers and conductors."

RUTH L. ADAMS
Northridge, Calif.

Corelli's Cavaradossi

MR. KOLODIN's accolade to Corelli's interminable "Vittorias" in the second act of the Callas *Tosca* celebrating Napoleon's triumphal reversal at Marengo [*SR*, April 3] was more than a hit on target.

For Mr. Corelli, endowed with a maximal vocal equipment in his throat, engineered by a minimal directive in his head, is a Brobdingnagian anomaly, unmatched in our time.

But soft! Perhaps Mr. Corelli would chivalrously recall the shade of the great Bonaparte himself, who, by now, grieving less for the personal sacrifice of his greatest general, that June 14, 1800, has, at long last, accepted the victory as his own, when the gallant Desaix and his fiery dragons swept onto the vanquished field at seven, to snatch from the bewildered General Melas and his Austrians the battle they thought they had won at five.

But in the theater, what a pity that Puccini did not modulate to G flat, so that the second and Gargantuan "Vittoria" should not occur on a mere A, but upon a grandiloquent B flat.

ARTHUR WILSON.
Boston, Mass.

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Melba and the "Ring"

WITH REGARD TO the letter by Irving Schwerke [*SR*, April 24] on Patti as Carmen, Melba's Brünnhilde was in the final scene of *Siegfried* not *Walküre*. No "Ho-Jo-To-Ho" for Nellie.

EARL P. REER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *So it was, of course. Melba's misguided effort was limited to the single scene at the end of "Siegfried" rather than the whole of the "Walküre" Brünnhilde. Contemporary sources intimate she got the idea from a suggestion of a colleague that she would do well as the Voice of the Forest Bird.*

Mediocre Maestros?

IN HIS FORTHCOMING book, *Cellist*, excerpted in the January 30 issue of *SR*, Piatigorsky's suggestion, "Virtually any mediocrity can rise to fame as a maestro," has little truth in fact. No less amusing is his iteration of what purports to be a popular notion—that the conductor can rise to fame merely by excelling as "a charmer, a speaker, an organizer, a bridge player, and by leading a life that is irreproachably pure."

It is understandable that a virtuoso of Mr. Piatigorsky's stature would find wandmanship, by his own admission, more exhausting than rewarding, for the disparate roles of *performer* and *conductor* can hardly stand comparison. All too frequently today, the notion persists that even the gifted composer should, on that basis alone, be therefore a qualified and precocious conductor. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Actually few, if any, can judge a conductor on the basis of a single performance. His immediate success, though, will depend largely upon his ability to forge the 104 members of his orchestra over the "anvil of his will"; it is a matter of personality, of authority, of instinct, and of psychology. The American conductor, in particular, must be an articulate and consummate musician if he is to survive the vicissitudes attendant upon the limitations imposed on him by our American culture. Unlike his counterpart abroad, the American is nearly disfranchised in his own country!

But a career in wandmanship is built only upon many years of experience with one's own orchestra. The late Frederick Stock began his career as a "comparative mediocrity" at the helm of the Chicago Symphony—but, as conductor of that orchestra at the time of his death, he was a veritable legend. To succeed in wandmanship, then, ultimately devolves on one's ability to literally "survive"; as the newly installed Episcopal Bishop Hines said recently. When asked what he hopes to be remembered for upon expiration of his tenure, he replied: "For having survived." One wonders if Maestro Piatigorsky thought of that.

ALFREDO ROGERI.
(Conductor)

Hollywood, Calif.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 22

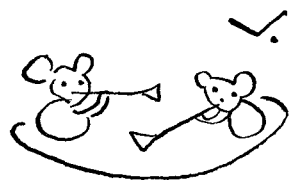
cherish even more than a *Legion d'Honneur* (they are given out much less frequently).

The impression persisted, nevertheless, that Miss Peinemann won this accolade more for her all-around attributes as a violinist than for her specific success with this work. It remains one of the major challenges of the recent repertory for the violin because it is made up of two different kinds of musical materials, which struggle for supremacy: a conventionalized, straightforward lyric element and a more acrid, gritty, and hard-driving dramatic element, which sears the fingerboard from top to bottom. Bartók's philosophic concept decrees an eventual conciliation of the two, but in the meantime the solo performer has a two-handed dilemma to resolve. Miss Peinemann acted the lyric role beautifully, but not so its antagonist, which was too often slightly out of tune, and indistinct. William Steinberg kept order throughout, even providing Miss Peinemann with an extra cue when she delayed her entrance midway in the finale (on Thursday night).

Concurrent with the appearances in the Metropolitan of the Royal Ballet, New Yorkers have been seeing what might be called the "Ballet Russe de Covent Garden." This is a likeness to the Churchillian phrase about the riddle wrapped in an enigma, but it is, really, a coterie within a company devoting its energies to isolated elements of larger works (mostly mediocre) when the self-respecting ancestors of this ensemble would never have tolerated.

Latest—and, gratefully, last—evidence of this deviation from pride and style was an acrobatic item entitled *Laurentia*, put on by Rudolf Nureyev after the original in the Leingrad Kirov Ballet. An entertainment for six dancers, it might be described as the way a *pas de deux* would look to a viewer with triple vision. Nureyev, naturally, received the lion's share of applause for his spins, air turns, and leaps, but the lioness of the party was clearly Antoinette Sibley, whose style of performance is marvelously entire—fingertip to toe. The *pas de six* was completed by Brian Shaw, Graham Usher, Svetlana Beriosova, and Merle Park. The quaint musical background was credited to A. Krein.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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COTTAGE FOR TWO on Maine Island. 3 rooms, all conveniences. Shorefront, North Haven, Penobscot Bay. $50 a week. Box M-970.

CAPE COD—Falmouth oceanfront adjoining cottages, heated. 3 bedrooms, fireplace, sunroom. Season $1,700, month $800. 2 bedrooms, sundeck, patio, season $1,300, month $600. Small boat, private beach, fishing and quahoging. Box M-982.

MAINE COAST: tiny snug primitive cabin; June 11th-July 23rd. $30 weekly. Box M-923.

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Charming. Overlooking trout stream. Modern, electric kitchen. 2 bedrooms, fireplace. Swimming, golf nearby. Season $500. 203-FU 7-0718, Box M-977.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Very special. Sleeps 4-6. Two full baths, electric kitchen, linen, china, fireplace, sundeck, dock, sailing dinghy. References. Box M-973.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MAINE LAKE—SURRY. 5 acres, privacy, modern, 4 bedrooms. Boat, outboard, canoe. $150 week. Box M-903.

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VERMONT MOUNTAIN CHALETS—Modern, de luxe accommodations. 2 weeks or monthly. Comfortably furnished except linens. Heart of Vacationland. Write for descriptive literature. Box 241S, Burlington, Vermont 05402.

EAST ORLAND, MAINE—Lake Alamoosook, Route 1. Housekeeping cottages $55 weekly. Also for sale. References exchanged. SR Box M-940.

MOUNTAIN ESTATE, central N.H.—Lodge, guesthouses, half mile drive. 700 acres, 60 mile view. Near recreation/entertainment. $1,500 season. Box M-947.

CAPE COD—Secluded waterfront. Year round. 3 bedrooms. Access Pleasant Bay. Seasonal $1,800, monthly $800. References. Box 767, Orleans. Tel. 617-255-0404.

PENNSYLVANIA COTTAGE. 3 bedrooms, fireplace. Private lake, summer sports, theater. Unspoiled country, easy shopping. Season $350, month $200. SAcramento 2-8460 NYC.

WALKER VALLEY, N.Y. Rent summer cottages. Beautiful wooded elevation. Modern facilities. Unsurpassed vacation. Unusual swimming pool. 2 hours NYC. Telephone collect 914-647-6850. No colony.

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APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

RIVERDALE, N.Y. 3 rooms, July-January. $150 month. Box M-896.

WASHINGTON—DuPont Circle, 1 bedroom, fully equipped, air-conditioned de luxe building, all utilities, garage. July, August, September. $250 per month. Box M-953.

For Rent—Unfurnished

GRAMERCY PARK AREA, NYC. Spacious air-conditioned 3½. Sublet July through September. $190 month, or new lease. Box M-964.

For Summer Rental

OGUNQUIT, MAINE. 2 bedroom garden apartment, excellent equipment, completely furnished. Near Lookout Hotel. Box L-810.

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Main part charming home, privacy, beauty, center the Arts, Recreation. Adults. Box M-958.

4 BEDROOMS, Manhattan, children welcome, June 19th (or July 1st) to August 31st. $275 month. Box M-897.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, near Harvard Square. 2 room apartment overlooking river. Write Mrs. Buell or see Supt., 988 Memorial Drive.

MANHATTAN—96th Street, Central Park West. 2 rooms, private bath, share kitchen. Air-conditioner. July-August. $130. Box M-954.

DOBBS FERRY, NEW YORK. 50 minutes NYC. 3½ room apartment, beautifully furnished, wing of historic Hudson River mansion. Adults. June-September, $200 per month. Pool available. 914-OW 3-0816.

EAST 80s, NYC. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. 24 hour doormen. June 15th-September 7th. $1,500. References required. Box M-997.

LOVELY LARGE APARTMENT, screened porch, overlooking Connecticut River, Essex, Connecticut. Bud Lahm, Sunset Terrace, Essex, Connecticut.

VERSAILLES, completely furnished apartment. 4 bedrooms, August-September. $250 month. Write Celier, 85 Avenue de Saint Cloud, Versailles, France.

EAST 60s, NYC. July-August. 4 rooms, 2 bedrooms. New air-conditioned building with children's nursery. $250 monthly. UN 1-0872, Box N-10.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

FOR A FEW with good taste. A country club has been established on an old 300 acre estate in the magnificent hills and fields of central Orange County, New York, 55 miles from New York City. Facilities include an attractive club, swimming pool, all season tennis courts, riding trails, small game hunting, and other outdoor activities. For those who can afford it, we have a choice of seven wooded house sites, six to ten acres each. Fees and land costs are substantial, but in keeping with the character of the estate, and objectives of the owner. Further information—write George W. Kohl, Box 447, Goshen, New York.

MAINE—Wooded acreage—$10.00 per acre—Old farms, shore property, retirement homes. Franklin Realty Co., Mr. Barrows, 46 Main Street, Farmington, Maine. Telephone 207-778-2852.

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MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Unique 5 acre setting. Unparalleled views of ocean. Private beach, tennis. Box M-738.

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SMALL WOODED WATERFRONT LOTS, good harbor, prices start at $3,500. Talbot Real Estate Co., Box 613, Easton, Maryland. Phone 822-4098.

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FREE BOOKLET, "990 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 828-Y, Brooklyn 18, N.Y.

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MAINE SAILING SCHOOL—summer camp, coed, ages 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Some tutoring available. The Hilburns, Box 174, Lakeport, California.

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STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Coed. Specialties include theater, dance. Full sports. NYC office: 342 Madison Avenue. TN 7-6690.

TOMOKA FOR TEENAGERS, 13-19, Tomoka for TOTS, 4-7, Tomoka for INTERS, 8-12. 3 distinct, separate Camp Units near Tanglewood, Becket, Massachusetts. Creative Skills, Culture, Sports and Seminars. 2, 4, 6, 8 week sessions. Camp Tomoka, 17 Helene Avenue, Merrick, L.I., N.Y. 516-MA 3-0032.

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CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children. Elmer 24, New Jersey.

HAS YOUR TEENAGE SON OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, provides a summer that is different, constructive, memorable. 19th year. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut.

OUT ISLAND SUMMER SEA CAMP. Tropical Staniel Cay, Exumas, Bahamas and 60' Schooner PINOCCHIO. Coed. 12-18. Diving, sailing, fishing, skiing, navigation, native arts, etc. Limit 30. July 15th-August 15th. $600. Brochure, Capt. A. Kadey, City Yacht Basin, Miami, Florida.

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ARE YOU THINKING *about retirement? Peace of mind?* Making ends meet? Keeping well? Meeting new friends? A program giving you independence, security, freedom and dignity. In the newest colonial apartment-like building completely within your means. Life lease fee and modest basic monthly care fee providing your needs. Located in suburban-residential Richmond, Indiana. Good food, friends, facilities and transportation. Write J. J. Boomgard, Jr., Friends Fellowship Community, Inc., Executive Offices, 1106 East Main Street, Richmond, Indiana 47374.

ADD MORE LIFE to your retirement. Investigate romantic Guadalajara. Best climate this hemisphere—culture and beauty abound. Lower living costs; medical plan; moderately priced homes starting at $6,900 and up. Box L-100.

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LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, Excellent Meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country Inn on 250 acre estate. Children's supervised summer program. *Informal entertainment.* $12.50-$23 day includes meals. Family rates. AAA. Color folder. Open all year. Telephone 413-498-5341. Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

WESTERN ADVENTURE *on authentic ranch. Fun for all* ages on operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips, all ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R 676, Livingston, Montana.

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LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

MAINE'S MOST COMPLETE lodging complex on beautiful Rangeley Lake, Rangeley, Maine, Inn, Motel, and Camps. 100% pollen free. Ideal for vacations. For reservations call 207-864-3341.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from *frantic joy-mills,* free as a *gull. Picturesque harbor* to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes delicious meals. Lower June rates. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

IT TAKES a somewhat adventuresome spirit to make one's way to Monhegan Island. There's no direct route, train, plane or bus. But then, who expects it to be easy to get away from cacophony, crowds, jukeboxes, billboards, traffic and TV? And find peace, quiet, beauty . . . in spruce forests, on cliffs and shore? Ten miles off the coast of Maine: The Island Inn, Box W, Monhegan Island, Maine.

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OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. *Artists' colony, summer theater, deep-sea fishing,* golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For Information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

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GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P.O. Sunset, Maine.

LAKE SHORE FARM—Boating, fishing, swimming, private beach, children's haven. Northwood, N.H.

THE YODLER—*Golf, swimming, tennis, riding, summer* theater. Stowe, Vermont.

UNIQUE DEEP-WOODS LAKESIDE HIDEAWAY near Tanglewood. Rustic lodge, cottages, honeymoon cabins, outdoor music, unorganized activities, informal serenity. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

GET AWAY FROM IT ALL. One of the last of the Old Adirondack Inns. Roam our 130 woodland acres, swim from our private beach, enjoy your own private cottage and our fine food. Potter's, Blue Mountain Lake, New York.

SWISS RESORT. AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports; Swiss cuisine; excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Tel. 603-447-2818.

QUIET SEASIDE ROOMS with complete breakfasts. Red Inn, Provincetown, Massachusetts.

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THE CLEARING—Remote, secluded, charming Berkshire country estate. Adults. Swimming pool. Brochure. Box 39, West Chesterfield, Massachusetts.

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ACTION AND RELAXIN', that's New Hampshire—a great little state that packs your vacation with summertime fun. Crystal clear lakes, towering mountains, a rollicking coast, fine motels and restaurants . . . ask what you will, New Hampshire has it. For your free vacation kit write: Vacation Center, 130 State House *Annex, Concord, New Hampshire.*

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information: Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

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RECREATE AT RAINBOW LODGE, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Mountains, trout streams, filtered pool. Quiet, secluded. American Plan. Private baths. Near Woodstock. Brochure.

VACATIONS

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NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. *Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket* 16, Massachusetts.

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COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. *Casual atmosphere—Luscious Food—Pool—Summer Theater* and Auctions: Golf, Riding nearby. Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut. 203-567-9127.

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CARIBBEAN MOUNTAIN STUDIO. $80 week. Bring sweaters. Hammond, Naguabo, Puerto Rico.

(Continued on page 66)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 65)

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SAND BEACH FARM, Stonington, Maine. John Marin scenery. Beach private. Food, heavenly. Cool, quiet, comfortable.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

WALKER'S WRINKLE, Brooklin, Maine. View Herrick's Bay. Rooms, Home Cooking.

PINKHAM NOTCH INN-DANA PLACE. A New England Inn of rare charm at the foot of Mt. Washington. Enjoy your leisure, superb mountain climbing, swimming and outdoor sports in an idyllic setting. $10-$16 American Plan. R. P. Whipple, Manager, Jackson 3, New Hampshire.

THE PONY BARN—Motel and apartments. Westerly, R.I. Golfing, beaching, fishing.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE—Chebeague Island, Maine (Casco Bay). "Golf." Brochure.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach—ideal for children. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kit henette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages fo 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $6 to $10 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrick, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 398-2821.

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SAIL AWAY on SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm Southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

THE OWL and the pussycat went to sea/In a beautiful pea green boat . . . having booked in advance with Trochal Associates, Ltd., 2315 Broadway, NYC. ENdicott 2-4778.

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TRAVEL

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1625

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Stupidity.	18 56 121 132 115 51 83 38
B. Fossil shell of the Mesozoic, found in great numbers, flat spiral in shape.	44 142 189 73 175 129 52 171
C. Shortens (sail; 2 wds.)	198 30 104 98 48 70 191
D. Sphere-making (in reference to cosmic creation).	167 61 26 94 23 79 152
E. Members of congregation of nuns founded, 1822, in Ireland and now widespread (3 wds.)	6 146 92 68 82 15 193 17 50 64 163 117 54 169 187
F. Early U.S. boat made by hollowing a log (2 wds.)	67 107 180 134 88 8 139 77 147 35 58
G. Any plant of genera *Lysimachia* or *Steironema*.	95 80 140 20 130 138 85 108 72 135 60
H. Followed by of *ten*, when a boxer is declared K.O.'d (3 wds.)	157 116 34 170 127 32 87 179 74 3
I. Amer. astronomer, pres. of Drake Univ., for whom is named a comet he discovered (1876-1941).	188 100 14 165 55 106 153 110 161
J. Title, Robert Ripley's popular radio program, named for his cartoon series (4 wds.)	112 151 63 19 96 131 24 123 182 16 10 144 120 109
K. Amer. novel, 1901, famous as example of "impossibly melodramatic fiction."	125 195 13 111 71 154 174 177 39

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Comment by the Duke on the latest "old enough" tidings (of "this riddle" that "runs the wisdom of the world"; 3 wds.; *Measure for Measure*).	33 69 149 166 184 118 84 11 97 81 9 43 89
M. Common expression, borrowed from the French idiom, meaning assuredly, presumably (2 wds.)	31 190 145 162 194 176 102
N. Makes a lunge to seize (2 wds.)	57 99 66 47 75 185 119
O. Familiar knot, readily undone, used to fasten one rope to another, a cleat, a post, etc. (2 wds.)	136 7 128 65 86 22 159 105 40
P. Where the figure of Jack on springs may be said to live (3 wds.)	1 124 78 4 27 183 178 150
Q. Accomplished by clever contriving.	45 192 37 155 93 53 133
R. Designating elements that have relative motions.	172 29 2 197 113 62 36 137 186
S. Describing the violet to which Wordsworth likened his *Lucy* (comp.)	103 90 21 168 160 114 28 156 5 42
T. Specifying a highly poisonous form of mercury, used for destroying parasites.	46 141 101 25 59 196 41 158 122 148
U. Promontory, with famous lighthouse, at mouth of Columbia River, Washington (2 wds.)	91 49 126 76 181 173 12 143 164

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

					1 P	2 R		3 H	4 P	5 S		6 E	7 O	8 F	9 L	10 J	
11 L	12 U	13 K	14 I	15 E		16 J	17 E		18 A	19 J	20 G		21 S	22 O	23 D	24 J	
25 T	26 D	27 P	28 S	29 R	30 C	31 M	32 H	33 L		34 H	35 F		36 R	37 Q	38 A		39 K
40 O	41 T	42 S		43 L	44 B	45 Q		46 T	47 N	48 C	49 U	50 E	51 A	52 B	53 Q		54 E
55 I	56 A		57 N	58 F	59 T	60 G	61 D	62 R	63 J		64 E	65 O		66 N		67 F	68 E
69 L	70 C	71 K	72 G	73 B	74 H		75 N	76 U	77 F	78 P	79 D	80 G	81 L	82 E	83 A		84 L
	85 G	86 O	87 H	88 F	89 L	90 S	91 U	92 E		93 Q	94 D	95 G	96 J	97 L		98 C	99 N
100 I	101 T		102 M	103 S	104 C		105 O	106 I	107 F	108 G	109 J		110 I	111 K	112 J	113 R	114 S
115 A	116 H	117 E	118 L		119 N	120 J		121 A	122 T	123 J	124 P	125 K		126 U	127 H	128 O	129 B
130 G	131 J	132 A	133 Q		134 F	135 G		136 O	137 R	138 G		139 F	140 G	141 T	142 B	143 U	144 J
145 M		146 E	147 F	148 T		149 L	150 P	151 J	152 D	153 I	154 K	155 Q	156 S		157 H	158 T	
159 O	160 S	161 I		162 M	163 E	164 U	165 I	166 L		167 D	168 S		169 E	170 H	171 B		172 R
173 U	174 K	175 B		176 M	177 K	178 P	179 H	180 F	181 U	182 J		183 P	184 L		185 N		186 R
187 E	188 I	189 B	190 M	191 C		192 Q	193 E	194 M	195 K	196 T	197 R	198 C					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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